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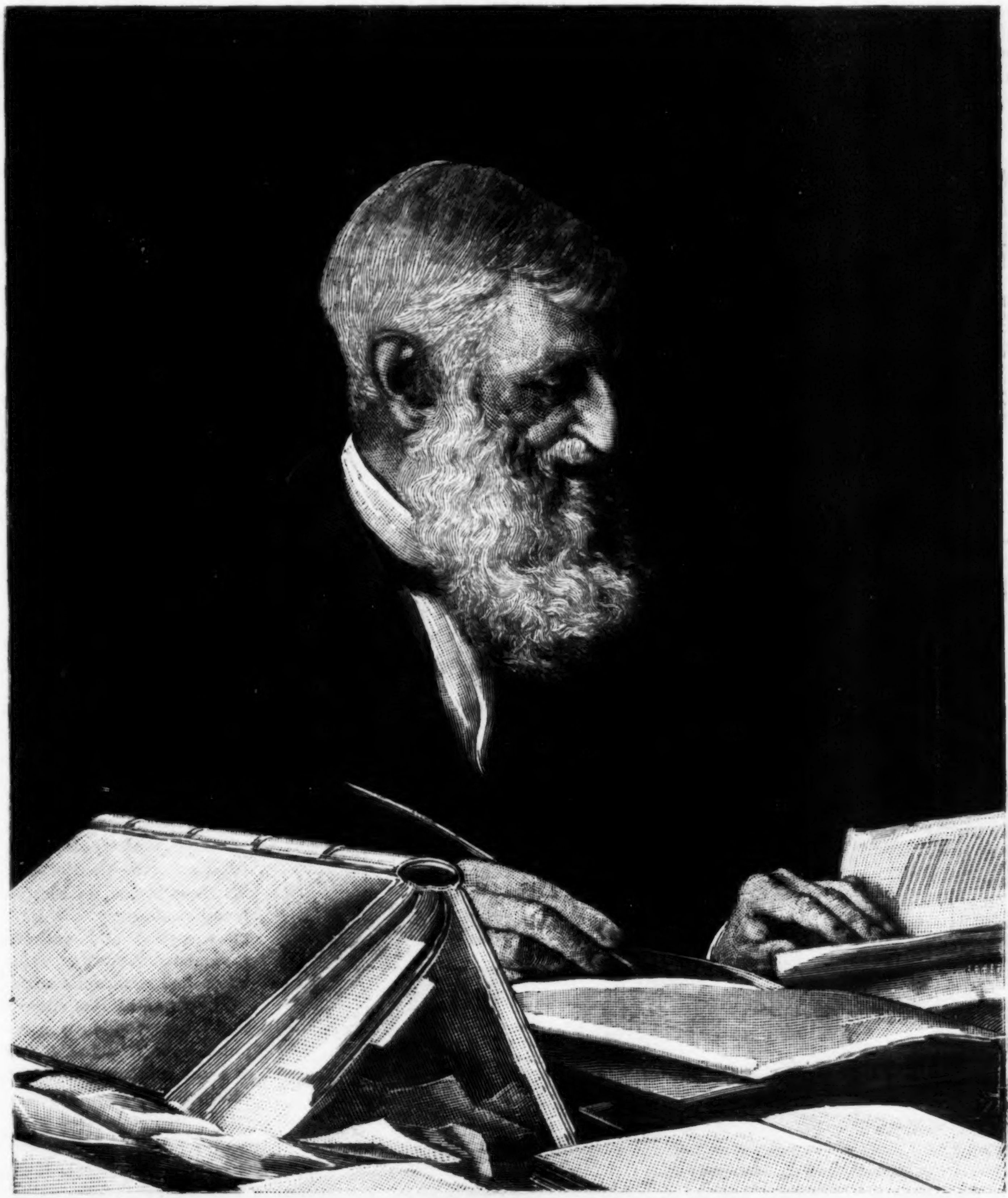


GEORGE BANCROFT, THE HISTORIAN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

GEORGE BANCROFT,

AUTHOR, HISTORIAN, PHILOSOPHER, SCHOLAR, STATESMAN, DIPLOMAT.

By Ausburn Towner.

In front of the White House, in Washington, D.C., and across the avenue, is Lafayette Square, one of the many "green and shady spots" of that city. In the centre stands the bronze equestrian statue of General Jackson, the horse being balanced on his hind feet, giving him such an appearance that some one, seeing the likeness, has called it, perhaps not inaptly, "The rocking-horse statue" of the hero of New Orleans.

Going diagonally across this square and emerging from the northwest corner entrance, you come upon "H" Street. Midway in the next block above, and on the opposite side of the street, stands a large, unpretentious square house, whose exterior seems all the plainer and more severe from having as its neighbors on either hand, and opposite, and up and down the street, houses full of the modern notions of architecture, projecting windows, steep and many gables, depressed porticoes, circular approaches and porches, stained glass windows, brass railings, brass-tipped iron pickets, and the whole done up in the reddest of red brick and the blackest of pencilings.

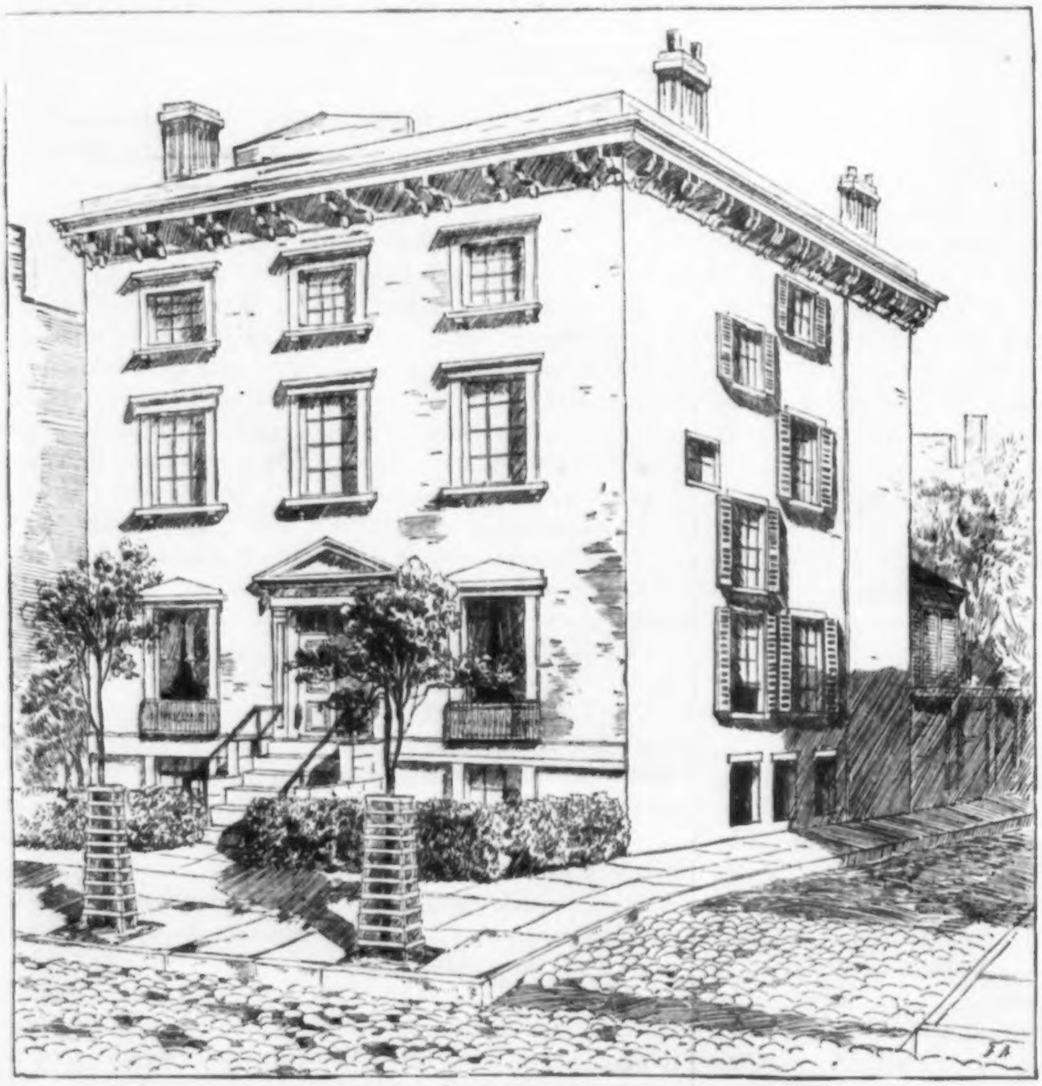
You are attracted toward this large, square, plain house, if you are at all sentimental, because it seems to say, "I came here a long time ago, and I came to stay." It has such a permanent, solid look. The great walnut outer doors in the centre of the front open into a small vestibule, and the inner doors into a broad hall, that runs through the entire centre of the building. Within, as without, the same idea of permanence and solidity is apparent and striking. The furniture is massive and solid, some of it being very old—several of the pieces, notably a number of chairs, counting the years since they were made, away back to the time of the English poet Edmund Waller. The whole aspect of the rooms reminds one rather of the old Roman interiors so much affected now in paintings and engravings, than of any Queen Anne resurrections that are so full of little niches, surprising corners, *portières* and miniature stained panes of glass.

The character of a man's home gets its impress from the character of the man, all the stronger if that character is strong, impressive or peculiar. No one entering this large, square, old-fashioned house, ignorant of who its master was, could resist inquiring, "Who lives here?" and he would not be surprised or disappointed when told that it was the home of George Bancroft, the historian, scholar, orator, statesman, diplomat and philosopher, whose life this present century almost exactly measures, that being only three months longer than this, and measures it not alone in time, but in extraordinary activity, brilliancy and usefulness.

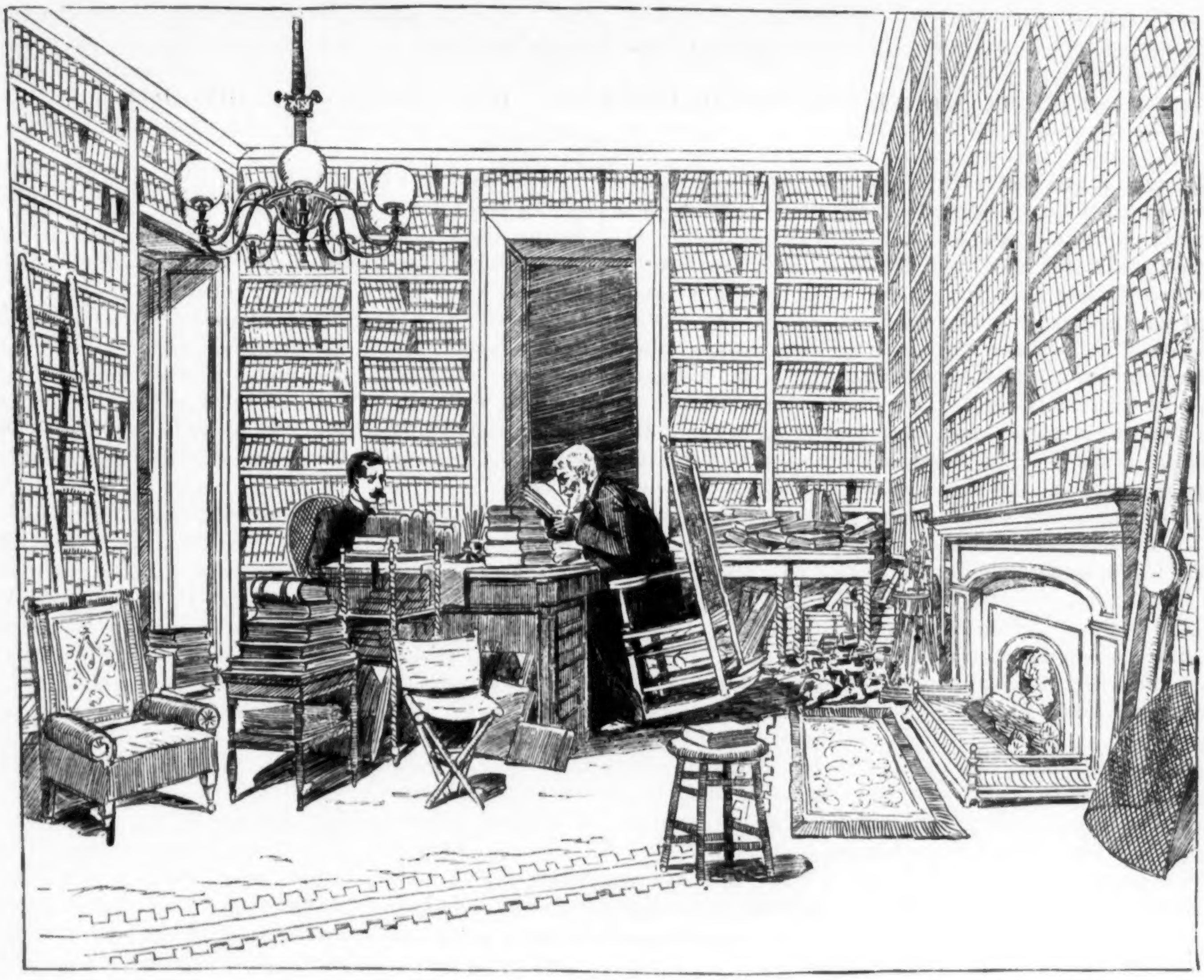
Up the broad stairway into the second story of the house you would be still further impressed with the character of the master's home. In this second story there seems to be an inundation of books, the library itself is overcrowded, and the surplus overflows into the hall, into the large room across the hall, covering window-benches, tables and chairs, and making islands, as it were, on the floor. These not at all in promiscuous heaps and disorder, but in what might be termed orderly disorder; for if one particular publication, pamphlet or book is needed, its location is known.

In this library, lighted by four great windows, two of them with a southern exposure, the master and his secretaries work; a pleasant, sightly, sunny place, quiet and retired, suggestive of study, meditation and practical results.

The value of this library could not readily be computed, especially in the line of those subjects the study of which has been Mr. Bancroft's life-work—historical composition—and that covers, indeed, a very wide field. There are, among other things, some precious



BANCROFT'S HOME IN WASHINGTON.



THE HISTORIAN AT WORK IN HIS LIBRARY.

manuscripts obtained from the original sources, and so absolutely accurate.

All these are treasures accumulated by a constant endeavor directed toward one end, and continuing for half a century. No man had better opportunities for gathering together such a vast amount of material, as we shall see, than Mr. Bancroft enjoyed; no one could have taken advantage of such opportunities more eagerly, no one could have used them more wisely.

Knowing all these things, and the further fact that Mr. Bancroft, should he live, will on the 3d day of October next be eighty-seven years of age, it is, nevertheless, not too much to say that a stranger, on seeing him, would be more impressed with what he *is* than with what he has done, even if he didn't forget the latter altogether.

Mr. Bancroft is only of medium size in height, that size which seems to be the choice of those thoughtful ones who are seeking persons having the greatest amount of physical endurance and vitality. But unless you took particular pains to notice this, or it was drawn to your attention especially, you would be ready to assert that he was a large man. Possibly you would be led to so imagine, because all of his portraits give that idea; because his work in life has been "large," and he has filled a large space in the public eye for many years. As, however, was said of Mrs. Siddons, who was a diminutive woman, "Her manners are large," so it could be said, and truthfully, of Mr. Bancroft, "His manners are large." His slender form is erect, and there is a courtliness and stateliness in his address, without any forbidding coldness or *hauteur*, that comes largely from nature, but which has, doubtless, been polished and perfected by a long life of association with all that is pure, noble and true.

His hair is plentiful and of a beautiful soft white, that invites one's touch, and would certainly respond to it gratefully, and the full white beard and mustache have no patriarchal look about them. His face is rosy, with a surprising absence of an accumulation of old age's wrinkles, and his eyes are bright, and on occasion can sparkle with pleasure or snap with impatience. He has one of the most beautiful and shapely hands ever fashioned by the Maker. It is small, white and delicate.

Old Time, as a man advances in years, seems to catch tighter and tighter hold of his hands, as though fearing he might escape him, and delights in gathering the veins on the back up into knots or swelling them out like cords upon the skin, making it rugged and furrowed. He has dealt gently and far otherwise with Mr. Bancroft in this, as he has in many other ways.

The later portraits and engraved likenesses of the historian do not give a correct idea of the man; the slight mustache makes a downward line at the corners of the mouth, giving him an expression of sombreness, or sadness, or sternness—a sort of a prim prism, prune preciseness that is not true nor lifelike.

Personal intercourse with such a man has an intensified interest, apart from what he has done, in the mere fact of his long life.

It is not an improbable supposition that, a century after the death of Our Saviour, there might have been living a person who had known the poor woman who had touched the hem of His garment and been healed. That

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person would almost have had the reverence of his contemporaries simply because of such knowledge. There is an interest instantly in a child now living, who sat upon the knees of his great-grandsire, who had played the organ at some of John Wesley's services, and who in turn himself had sat on *his* great-grandfather's knee, who had been a Parliamentary soldier, and stood in the ranks when Charles I. of England was beheaded. Such incidents seem to bring ages and generations closer together, and lead us to think that time is not such a tremendous factor in the history of the world as it is supposed to be.

So it brings us face to face with the same notion, when we are privileged to hear the same voice that has talked with Byron and Goethe, Palmerston and Niebuhr, Scott and Lamartine, Bunsen and Humboldt, and to touch the hand that has touched theirs. They seem so far away from us and yet are brought so near. We can well understand how, in the old times of our ancestors, some venerable chief controlled his people because he had been the companion of heroes in the past who had immortalized themselves. "He has talked with the gods!" they said among themselves.

Although in the pleasurable contemplation of these things we may forget what Mr. Bancroft himself has done, yet what he has done takes rank with the work of any who have preceded him, and makes his intimate companionship with the eminent ones of the past as much an honor to them as to him. It is from no reflection from them that his distinction and prominence arise. His light shines from himself alone.

What a strange popular delusion is that which makes it a common saying that, "Nothing good can come from a minister's son!" In the atmosphere in which they are reared, apart entirely from the religious influences, everything that is good might reasonably be expected from clergymen's sons, and in the majority of instances it will be found that such expectations are realized. As evolutionists would say, the environment from infancy of Mr. Bancroft was that of a clergyman's family, his father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, being a settled pastor in Worcester, Mass., where he remained for fifty years and more, and who, although a divinity student at the time, had been a volunteer soldier at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Further, as showing that he was one of the leading men of his generation and in advance of it, also, it may be said that, although he had been educated as a Calvinist, his protest against that faith, containing a strong leaning toward Unitarianism, was uttered long before the rise of that organization holding to the latter system or belief. The firmness of his mind is exhibited in the further fact that, although subsequently himself a Unitarian, he would never yield up his claim to being considered a Congregationalist. He, also, was an author, having written a eulogy and life of Washington, both of which were largely circulated. When he died he left it as his wish that the interests of his "history books" should be carefully looked after, but they have long since been forgotten.

Mr. George Bancroft, therefore, came of the best stock, and the original bent of his mind had plenty of surrounding incentives to develop it toward what became his life-work. Among his earlier teachers was the father of the historian Hildreth, and he was prepared for college at the Phillips Academy in Exeter, N. H., under the famous Dr. Abbott, one who is known as one of the great schoolmasters of this country.

Young Bancroft entered Harvard in 1813, and was graduated with high honors at the early age of seventeen, four years thereafter. He was intended by his father for the ministry, and his studies up to this time had been directed toward metaphysics and morals with that end in view. He acquired at this time a strong taste for the writings and philosophy of Plato, a taste that he carried through life.

His father being an early Harvard graduate, and keeping up his interest and connection with it, attracted at first an interest and attention toward the son that were deepened and strengthened by his undoubted scholarship and thoughtful habits. Harvard has always been an Alma Mater that, borrowing somewhat after the English Universities, looks out for the careers of her most promising sons. Bancroft, like many another Harvard man, was sent to Germany to prepare himself for such vacant position in the Faculty as might arise, the Greek Professorship seeming to be the most likely one to offer.

The matured intellect of the youth of only eighteen years of age was manifested while thus abroad in the conception and planning of what was to be his life-work, that of historical composition. Not until seventeen years thereafter did he begin to realize upon this conception and issue his first volume; but it shows a keenness of perception and a maturity of judgment and intellect in youth, and a steadfastness of purpose in manhood, that are given to but few men to possess; and there are few instances recorded in history where the ambitious designs or dreams of boyhood have been so fully and completely realized.

For two years Bancroft studied at the University of Göttingen, having, in view of the determination he had made, chosen history as his especial branch, but including also the literature of Germany, France and Italy, the Oriental languages, the antiquities of Greece and Rome, Greek philosophy, Hebrew and the interpretations of the Scriptures, and ecclesiastical and ancient history. In fine, his choice of studies included the whole range of ancient and modern literature, both sacred and profane. These were not merely for the two years of his stay at Göttingen, but for his whole life, as he has continued his intimacy with the languages named ever since.

In those early days, he formed many acquaintances and friendships that were to stand him in good stead in the years to come. When afterward, after nearly half a century had passed, he stood at the capital of Germany, the Minister of his country to that Court, it seemed almost like going home after a long absence. Those who, youths with himself, had studied at the University, had also, with himself, risen to deserved prominence, and were controlling the affairs of their country. If there are romances in life, they are made up of such incidents as these.

The two following years of young Bancroft's stay abroad were devoted to continued study, to travel and observation. The youthful scholar who had acquired his title of Doctor of Philosophy from his University, in the usual manner, by maintaining a Thesis, before he had attained his majority, was received with welcome wherever he went. Of course he was provided with letters; but his nationality was alone an introduction, as he was among the first of Americans who drank deep from the German fountains of thought and learning. In Berlin, where he continued his studies somewhat, and, as well, made a careful and comprehensive examination of the manner in which the several departments of the Prussian Government were conducted, he enjoyed the intimate companionship of such brilliant men as Schleirmacher, Wolf, Hegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Savigny, Von Ense, and others, who have shed so much honor and glory upon German letters. At that time, in this country, if known at all, they stood only for so many names, and that they are now so well known here is largely due to the young friend they then made.

Bancroft met Goethe at Jena under circumstances of the most favorable character, and the two interviews they had form a story of themselves that no one can tell as well as the visitor. The historian Schlosser he had the good fortune to meet at Heidelberg, and with him spent a period in study. He formed the acquaintance of the philosopher Cousin, the naturalist Alexander von Humboldt, and Benjamin Constant in Paris, and there, also, he frequently met Guizot and Lamartine. He made the conventional foot-journey in Switzerland, and in Italy was the companion of Manzoni in Milan, and Niebuhr and Bunsen in Rome. He was tempted by the strange influence of the Mediterranean, and, rowing far out into the sea, leaped from his boat and swam ashore; an incident in the lives of many other men of a similar nature to himself.

That most of these eminent men and many others not named did not forget their youthful associate, it may be observed that when, in 1870, Mr. Bancroft celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his obtaining his University degree of Doctor of Philosophy, most of those then living sent to him letters of sincere congratulation and compliment. Among these cherished reminders, full of the warmest expressions, are communications from Bismarck and Von Moltke, like himself veterans, but in different fields.

Besides these, as if the gods were giving him all of the good things at once, he had several times interviews with Byron, and received from him, which he still retains, a copy of the first edition of "Don Juan," published in London in 1822, the flyleaf bearing the author's autograph and the date, May 22. In one of these interviews, he met the lady whom Byron made famous—as did Petrarch, Laura, and Swift, Stella—the Countess Guiccioli, and whom he describes as not of a very high order of beauty, but possessing a manner of uncommon gentleness and amiability.

In 1822, Mr. Bancroft, having had a four years' experience abroad that fell to the lot of few Americans in that early day, returned to his own country. A Greek tutorship awaited him at Harvard, a position that he occupied, however, for only a year, in which period, also, he preached several times from the pulpit of his father and in the neighborhood; but he abandoned his idea of entering the ministry, if he had ever seriously entertained it.

The next year, 1823, with Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, who subsequently had charge of the Astor Library in this city, he established what became, and still is, the famous Round Hill School at Northampton. Up to this time he had depended largely for assistance upon a generous uncle and brother.

The school was modeled somewhat on German institutions of a similar nature, and a number of German teachers of a high order of merit were employed, giving it a great reputation from the start. There was some friction, but not ill-feeling, between the two founders of the school in relation to its business, and at the end of ten years, the period originally set for the continuation of the connection, Mr. Bancroft retired.

During the same period he had married, his wife being a member of the well-known Massachusetts family of Dwight. Three children were born to them, one daughter and two sons. The daughter died in infancy, and the sons are still living, John in Boston and George in France. They neither of them inherit from their father any literary inclinations, although John at one time was strongly attracted toward art. Soon after Mr. Bancroft retired from the Round Hill School, Mrs. Bancroft died.

During this period, also, his school duties did not entirely occupy the attention of Mr. Bancroft, and it may be said that at that time his literary activity began. In 1823 he published a small volume of poems, a copy of which it is not an easy matter now to obtain. The verses were evidently inspired by the scenery of Switzerland and the ruins and ancient art of Rome and Italy. The same year he published a translation from the German of Heeren on "The Politics of Ancient Greece." In this year, also, he began seriously his work on his "History of the United States," gathering material and preparing the plan.

Democrats in Massachusetts, at any time, have never been very plentiful, their scarcity making them rather conspicuous persons. Viewed from different points of view, they were either specks on a pure surface or oases in a desert. Mr. Bancroft was a Democrat after the type of Thomas Jefferson himself, and as such he soon became known and recognized in the community where he had taken up his residence. He was not what we in these days understand as a leader in his party, but he was known as one who held pronounced views on the politics of the time, and hesitated not to make them known. It happened then that, in 1826, at a gathering in his town, he delivered an address, in which he took strong ground for universal suffrage and uncompromising Democracy. Four years later he was chosen, without his permission, and almost without his knowledge, to the Massachusetts Legislature, but refused to take his seat; and the next year, although sure of an election to the Senate of his State, declined to be a candidate.

Deeply interested in politics, and an active, though not conspicuous, worker, out of the tenderest regard for his wife, who was a member of a prominent Whig family, and to whom he had given his promise that he would not accept office, he persistently declined repeated offers to do so, and kept that promise for many years after she died.

The next year after giving up his school at Round Hill, he published the first volume of his long contemplated work, "The History of the United States." It was issued under the title of "The History of the Colonization of the United States," and its preface was dated June 16th, 1834.

That seems a long time ago in the literary history of our country. Bret Harte, Frank Stockton, Aldrich, Stedman and Mark Twain were not even born. Hawthorne, Emerson, Curtis, Poe, Holmes, Longfellow, Motley and Prescott were names unknown. Bryant and Irving were at their zenith, and Willis was just coming forward. We can somewhat transport ourselves back to those days, with gratification, by reading some of the notices that the various reviews and magazines gave the new book. "Saul was among the prophets" from the first.

I know of no more entertaining reading than the critical reviews on its first appearance of a work that subsequently establishes itself in the literature of the world. The shrewd guesses, the fulsome praise or the bitter condemnation, are amusing in the light of after events.

There is this one thing about this History that we of the present generation cannot fully appreciate. It was the last of that kind of publication, of such magnitude that only a volume at a time could be issued, and that at unknown and irregular intervals. It is a question whether or not, in these days, a work would attract attention or achieve any permanent place in our literature, whose

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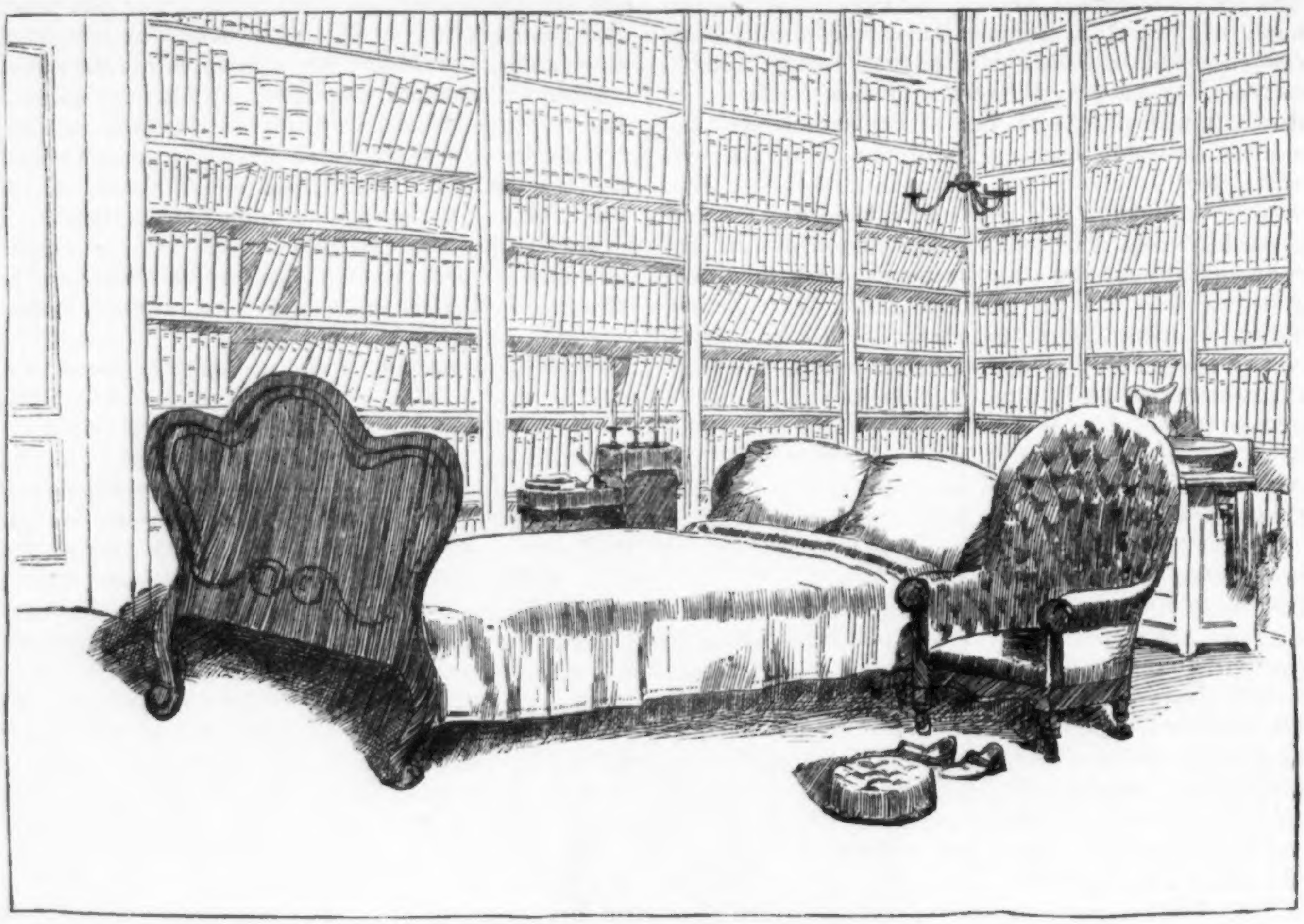


MR. BANCROFT'S ROOM.

publication was a volume at a time, and intermittently for a long series of years. We can readily imagine, for example, with what impatience the next volume of Gibbon's "Rome" was awaited, when that great work was first published ; but with how much more intolerant impatience would this generation have awaited upon its continuance, accustomed as it is to complete newspapers that are books, and magazines that in a brief time become in themselves libraries.

We now know what Mr. Bancroft is. He has proved himself to us, and more than justified the statements made at the time his first volume was published. At that time he was unknown, and it was, indeed, something to have one like Edward Everett say of the History that "it compares advantageously with the standard British historians ;" that "as far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the kind, and, if completed as commenced, will unquestionably be regarded both as an American and English classic." This is but an echo of the expressions, both in this country and in England, when the first volume was new. The predictions were verified.

Four years after, in 1838, the second volume appeared, and in two years more, 1840, the third. Then came a very long interval.

In 1835 Mr. Bancroft removed to Springfield, Mass., that he might have access to more books, and in the two Winters following he was in Boston, attracted thither by the libraries of the State, the Athenæum and at Cambridge. In 1837 he married for the second time, a lady originally of Plymouth, Mass., of wealth and culture, fitted to stand by the side of one just entering upon a career of usefulness and brilliancy. She was the niece of Judge Davis, who, for many years, was the Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Only one child resulted from this marriage, and it died young. For nearly forty years this perfectly matched connection lasted, Mrs. Bancroft having died only last year, sincerely mourned and sorely missed by the companion whom she left behind her.

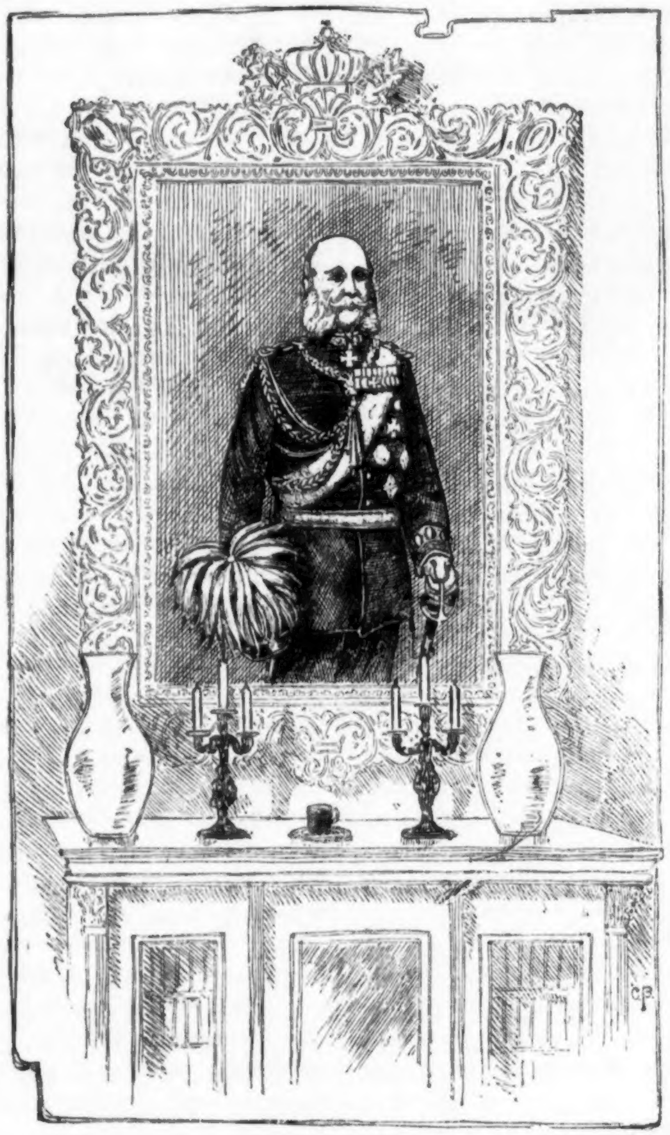
Notwithstanding Mr. Bancroft's constant and devoted labors on his History, he found time to be exceedingly useful to his party. In 1835, at the instance of the Young Men's Democratic Convention of his State, he drew up an address to the people of Massachusetts. It was a strong paper, and, whether or not it had influence where influence was required, it certainly drew to its author the attention of the conspicuous men of the party, and he was remembered for it.

His felicity and facility in the use of the pen made him always a valuable man in drawing up resolutions and in preparing addresses and platforms, and during these years he was frequently called upon for such purposes. He was, also, for a time, actively engaged in political speaking.

When Van Buren was elected President, the services of Mr. Bancroft were remembered, and he was made Collector of the Port of Boston. He filled the office in a manner that reflected credit on the Administration that had chosen him for the place. A fact that attracted considerable attention to him throughout the country arose out of the custom of paying duties by means of bond. Before his accession to office, there was a large number of these bonds unpaid, which had accumulated under former Administrations, thus representing simply debts due the Government. Not a single bond taken during Mr. Bancroft's term remained unpaid at the time of his resignation of the office, and his collections of those outstanding mounted up into the millions.

During his Collectorship, too, he was able to extend a helping hand to a brother in the field of authorship, we of America's choicest spirits, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Almost the first act that he performed after he became Collector was to ask the author of the "Scarlet Letter" to accept a position in the Custom House. Hawthorne had not applied for a place, but he immediately accepted the office, and subsequently received one worth about $5,000 a year.

So conspicuous had Mr. Bancroft become in his party, that, in the canvass of 1844, he was nominated for the Governorship of his State, and, although defeated, polled the largest vote ever given a candidate on a purely Democratic ticket. His loss there was a gain for the whole country, for Mr. Polk, who was elected that same year President of the United States, invited him to a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. He was the unanimous choice of the New England Democracy, and on all the prevailing questions of the hour—the Annexation of Texas, the Boundary question with England, the Tariff, the Treasury reform, and others—by his speeches and writings he had shown that he stood squarely and honestly with the Government. There seemed likely, at first, to be a hitch in regard to his confirmation by the Senate in consequence of certain utterances of his about slavery, but the inquiry resulted in nothing to his disadvantage, and for this office, as well as for every other to which he was subsequently nominated, he was unanimously confirmed.



PORTRAIT OF EMPEROR WILHELM, PRESENTED TO MR. BANCROFT.

Contemporaneous comment is sometimes valuable, and always interesting. One prominent periodical of the day observed: "Mr. Bancroft's brilliant, although brief, career at the head of the Navy Department (it lasted only eighteen months), has been watched with no slight degree of attention; at first, curious to see how such novel duties of administration would be performed by one whose previous reputation had been only that of a scholar, a student and an author." The "Scholar Secretary" he was termed, with a compliment mistakenly intended to disparage.

It was speedily found that, besides the qualities supposed to reside in persons of the character named, Mr. Bancroft possessed a goodly share of hard-headed New England common sense, and that the same kind of brains that could conceive clear and beautiful English could grapple successfully with the most practical problems.

Reform was as much of a political watchword then as now, and Mr. Bancroft applied it to his department, meeting, of course, with the usual clamor from the inefficient, the jealous and the ignorant. A reduction in the numerical force of the officers held a prominent place in his plans; this reduction contemplating, however, an increase of efficiency and in the number of vessels and guns to be kept afloat. In one of his communications to Congress, as an illustration of useful retrenchment in his department, he says: "A series of reforms have been begun, which, if vigorously maintained by necessary acts of legislation, will have effected a saving of nearly a million of dollars without diminishing the number of officers, or of men, or of ships, or of guns, employed at sea."

Whatever a million of dollars may represent now in the affairs of the Navy, they stood for a large sum in those days.

Other noticeable incidents marked Mr. Bancroft's connection with Polk's Administration. He established the Academy at Annapolis, the chief source from which is now recruited the officers for the Navy, doing this so shrewdly that no additional expense fell directly upon his department. The money required was obtained from savings in other directions; the Secretary of War, Mr. Marcy, turning over to him, at his solicitation, the military fort and grounds at Annapolis, and the instructors and professors being ordered there, instead of, as had been the custom, having their schools at sea. When Congress was eventually asked for authority to establish the Academy, there was one already at hand, and they had only to take it, which they did.

It was by Mr. Bancroft's order, as Secretary of the Navy, that the United States took possession of California, and he, acting for Mr. Marcy, as Secretary of War, for a month, issued the order that sent General Taylor into Texas, the first occupation of that State by our Government. He is probably, too, the only Secretary of his day whose estimates were allowed to pass without cavil by the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives.

He did not forget his scholarship in these times either, for, mainly by his influence, additional appropriations were obtained for the Washington Observatory; new professors of eminence were employed and the best and most approved appliances were procured for the work of that valuable institution.

It was the frequent remark of that time among the best officers of the service, as well as members of Congress and others thoroughly acquainted with the subject—and I again quote contemporary comment—that,

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"Mr. Bancroft was probably the very best Secretary that had ever been in the department; that his reforms were, in general, of the most valuable character, and that the adoption of them was indispensable to the continued healthy efficiency, if not of the very existence, of the navy, in any sense worthy of the name."

That was the record and reputation made, and still held, by Mr. Bancroft in one of the highest official positions in the country.

An opportunity now arose for him to supply himself with materials for the continuation of his History. He was offered the position of Minister to Great Britain by Mr. Polk, and, resigning his Secretaryship, went to England in 1846. This was the first appointment to a first-class mission of one who was especially a literary man; an example that has frequently been followed since with much credit and satisfaction to the country.

Mr. Bancroft spent three years abroad, and as our representative was an able and successful Minister. His commercial knowledge, gained while Collector of the Port of Boston, enabled him to aid materially those interests in both countries. He negotiated a postal treaty, which placed that important service on the most liberal footing for both nations, and made it extremely popular with all the people. It was ratified by both Governments. He succeeded in persuading the British Ministry to adopt more liberal laws of navigation. He vigorously urged the rights of naturalized American citizens, and on his demand some Irish-Americans who had been arrested were released.

But beyond the earnest and zealous performance of his duties as Minister, which he never neglected, he extended his acquaintance with the scholars and literary men of England, among whom he was recognized as an equal. With Peel and Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli, he was on terms of intimacy, and with Macaulay, Milman, Hallam and Lord Mahon he enjoyed a closer friendship. All libraries, public and private, were thrown open to him, and some of the choicest manuscript collections, and he eagerly seized the opportunity to perfect the data for his American History. The English Ministry gave him access to the records of the State Paper Office containing all the military and civil correspondence of the Government, and to the records of the Treasury. He spent days after days and weeks after weeks in taking copies and making memoranda of all he needed, examining, selecting, comparing and preserving whatever proved valuable. Lord Lansdowne, whose ancestors made the treaty of peace between Great Britain and America, himself brought to Mr. Bancroft's house in London folio after folio, because he would trust no one else, out of which the historian copied everything of any importance pertaining to the War of Independence. The private collections of many others, whose ancestors occupied distinguished positions in America, were also thrown open for his examination, and from these he made numerous extracts.

During this time Mr. Bancroft spent two months of every Winter in Paris, and there, too, the most valuable records were submitted to him for research. Guizot was the first to assist him in this respect, and his successors continued the order. The closeness of his examination may be attested by the remark of the custodian of the archives, who said, as Mr. Bancroft was going away for the last time: "You have everything. You have not left a single mite." De Tocqueville also gave him assistance, and he was nowhere refused anything that he asked, whether it was for or against France. Thiers helped him, one day opening for him a suite of closets filled with papers he had collected for his own "History of the Consulate and Empire."

Some idea may be gained of the immense amount of labor in this sifting, separating, examining and comparing, which might be called simply opening the door to get ready to begin work, by the statement that these papers so gathered make a library in themselves of more than two hundred folio and quarto volumes! It is, without doubt, the most extensive, expensive and valuable collection of American *memorabilia* in the world.

During this period Mr. Bancroft was honored by being chosen Correspondent of the Royal Academy of Berlin and also of the French Institute, and just before his return to America, in 1849, the University of Oxford made him a Doctor of the Civil Law.

The social career of Mr. Bancroft in England while he was Minister was brilliant in the extreme, culminating, on the eve of his departure, in a farewell breakfast given to Mrs. Bancroft by Lord Macaulay, at which were present the noblest and best of all England.

Nine years had now passed since the publication of the third volume of the History, and it had been brought down only to the close of the Colonial period. Mr. Bancroft, on his return, took up his residence in New York city, and began the preparation of the fourth and fifth volumes. He came home having earned the position of one of the most distinguished citizens of the Republic, and any public honor that he had chosen to seek would have been given him. But he sought none, and although he had pressed upon him a number of public offices, he declined them all, and devoted himself entirely to his literary labors; occasionally, however, delivering addresses before historical and other societies.

Mr. Bancroft's perception and good taste were never more clearly shown than during the year after his return, when he began to build his cottage at Newport, which he has occupied every Summer since with the exception of the years when he was in Germany. It was a retired and quiet place on the "Point" then, but Mr. Bancroft's judgment has been so entirely acquiesced in by all that is cultured and refined in the society of this country, that now the rural retirement of the scene has been changed into one where the numerous "cottages" narrowly escape being palaces, and where, in the season, life is as busy and bustling as it is in our most active cities.

The fourth and fifth volumes of the History appeared in 1852, and the sixth in 1854. In 1855 were printed a collection of the miscellaneous writings of Mr. Bancroft, under the title of "Literary and Philosophical Miscellanies"; his History having achieved such a popularity that there seemed to be a demand for a reproduction of his other works. This book contains studies in German literature in which the sketches or portraitures of Herder, Richter, Schiller and Goethe are masterpieces of delineations of that character. Mr. Bancroft was a pioneer in the mine of German literature, as far as this country is concerned, and, it may be, was at least among the first to direct the attention of literary people to its manifold excellencies.

The book also contained a number of addresses delivered on stated occasions by Mr. Bancroft. One of them, delivered the same year of the publication of the book, on the "Progress of Mankind," and before the New York Historical Society in Niblo's Theatre, contains an exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity that will scarcely find an equal in the most eminent of theological writings. A distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of New York city, who arose at the conclusion of the address to propose a vote of thanks to the orator, was so overwhelmed with the strength, eloquence and beauty of the exposition, that he had to be reminded of his original purpose, he was so intent upon complimenting Mr. Bancroft.

The seventh volume of the History was published in 1858, the eighth in 1863, and the ninth in 1866. Then succeeded another long period.

During this period, and, in fact, until he again went abroad, he continued to make New York his principal residence, regarding that city as a pleasanter place for a home than any other with which he was, at that time, acquainted, and forming friendships and intimacies that were congenial and delightful. He was elected President of the Century Club, succeeding its first presiding officer, Gulian C. Verplanck, and held the position until he was made Minister to Prussia. He was elected an honorary member of that club, and is the only person that has ever been accorded that distinguished position.

His life at this time was an ideal one for a student and scholar, and calls to mind the calm and peaceful existence of the ancient philosophers. Far removed from the complaints and perplexities of money-getting, or bread-winning; in the prime of his physical and mental manhood; the centre of a circle of devoted and admiring friends; possessing a lovely, helpful and sympathizing wife; distinguished for what he had already accomplished, and promising yet higher flights in the same field; a welcome visitor in the society of the most eminent or the most distinguished, it was a life like the flowing of a calm and deep river whose surface is unruffled by a ripple.

His mornings he gave wholly and unreservedly to his literary work, rarely receiving a visitor; later in the day, if the weather was favorable, came the ride on horseback, returning for dinner, and the evening devoted to society, either in receiving his friends at his own home, or in accepting invitations to theirs. There are many who can recall with the most delightful associations his "Sunday Evenings" at his home on Twenty-first Street, just out of Fifth Avenue; a custom which he borrowed from his old friend Schleiermacher, and from which he seldom departed. At those times, in the simplest and most unostentatious manner, he welcomed those who, either because of personal friendship or attracted by his reputation as a writer, came to pay their respects to him.

The ninth volume of the History attracted more of what might be called the popular attention than any that had preceded it, being more talked about in the newspapers and in other than purely literary circles.

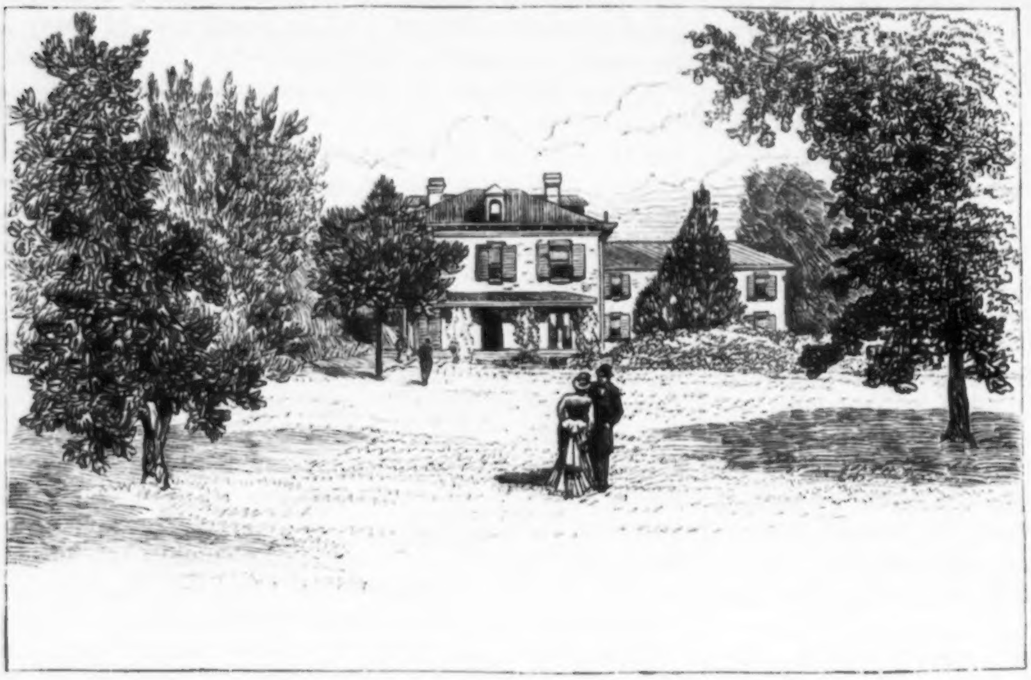
There is a streak in human nature that is easily touched, whether from reasons of curiosity, displeasure or eager acquiescence. This is in regard to long-established customs, beliefs or notions. Let any one take an old proverb that has been a text, maxim and axiom for generations, like "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., and show the utter absurdity and foolishness of it, as has been done, and you disturb the thinking world down to its lowest strata. Let some one arise and prove that no such man as Tell ever lived or could have lived, but that he was a myth referable away back to our Aryan ancestors, and you set communities by the ears. When the seeker after truth blew away the mist and halo that had settled about Pocahontas, and set forth that she was only a frivolous Indian girl turning somersaults and cartwheels for the amusement of the not over-moral settlers in Jamestown, and when Froude somewhat upset the fetich that the English had made and named Queen Elizabeth, and built her up anew from incontrovertible documents, two nations and two worlds arose and fairly howled. Didn't they burn some one once for saying that the world was not flat, but round?

Something of the same kind of a storm was aroused by Mr. Bancroft's ninth volume, the History having reached the period that is regarded as the heroic age of our country—the Revolution. A good many of the worthies who figure in the popular imagination and tradition as just narrowly escaping being demigods, under his researches assumed quite another character. Israel Putnam, "Old Put," the hero of the boyish schoolbooks, stories and legends, turns up in the pages of the ninth volume as scarcely equal to Hannibal or Prince Eugene; Joseph Reed, whom the "English King didn't have gold enough to buy," appears as a very weak or a treacherous man; Wayne, Sullivan and Schuyler, the most favored and best of our idols, are described as unskillful, sometimes as incompetent, and General Nathaniel Greene, who had long been accorded the place the very next to Washington in commanding abilities, suffered terribly under the critical examination of the historian.

These and other iconoclastic portions of the ninth volume caused much attention to be bestowed upon it. It was attacked in many quarters, The historian was represented "as squaring off against all comers, and cracking a crown wherever he saw one," his object being, it was declared, to elevate the character of Washington at the expense of those surrounding him. A descendant of General Greene took up the gauntlet in behalf of his ancestor and published a pamphlet in reply, and the friends of Reed appeared in a similar way in his defense. There were a good many bitter things said, but the effect of these publications was mainly to attract public attention more widely to the history; and the general conclusion arrived at, which twenty years has not materially altered, was, that the historian had been conscientious in his work and had had nothing but the truth in view.

It is rather peculiar, as going a good ways to show the unprejudiced and unbiased character of the work, that there have been so few adverse criticisms upon it. A careful research among the reviews in the long period of its publication, covering from the issue of the first volume to the last, just forty years, shows so little written against it that it could almost be compressed into a column. There is, however, one remarkable instance of disapprobation which merits notice and recalling, from the fact that it stands so alone that it is conspicuous, and because it is so bitter that it is amusing, and must have brought a smile even to the lips of Mr. Bancroft himself if he chanced to see it. It, of course, had, and could have, no effect upon the public and popular opinion concerning the work.

This was a centennial article by Edwin P. Whipple, which had for a general title, "American Literature in the First Century of the Republic." He begins by saying that "It would be tedious to enumerate other works, which are valuable contributions to our annals; but, in 1834, George Bancroft appeared as *the* historian of the United States, or, rather, the historian of the process by which the States became united. He professed to have seized upon the underlying Idea which shaped the destinies of the country. In later volumes he indicated his initiation in the councils of Providence." In this strain he proceeds, contends that the chief characteristics of the historian are his dogmatism and theorizing; intimates that he makes his research, which he concedes to have been indefatigable, support rather than create his theories, and concludes that "there are chapters in each of his volumes which, considered apart, might lead one



MR. BANCROFT'S HOUSE AT NEWPORT.

to suppose that the work was misnamed, and that it should be entitled, 'The Psychological Autobiography of George Bancroft, as Illustrated by Incidents and Characters in the Annals of the United States'!"

The same year of the publication of his ninth volume, Mr. Bancroft was chosen as the fittest man in the country to deliver, before Congress and the Diplomatic Corps, an oration in honor of Abraham Lincoln. His habits of thought and previous preparation in similar fields of labor peculiarly marked him for this duty and pleasure. Twenty years before, he had been called upon to perform, for Andrew Jackson, a similar duty. In both cases he acquitted himself to the eminent satisfaction of the country, and in the latter instance presented an effort that attracted wide attention and the most thoughtful consideration.

During the same year he was made, by President Johnson, our Minister to Prussia, a duty he undertook with the utmost gratification. An accomplished German scholar, he was welcomed warmly by the Government to which he was accredited, and was able to care fully and completely for the interests of his countrymen where they required care. Among other things that he accomplished, was a treaty with the North German Confederation by which naturalized German Americans were entirely released from allegiance to the Government of their native country.

Mr. Bancroft's whole tarry of five or six years as Minister to Prussia, and afterward to the Imperial Government at Berlin, crowned a brilliant career with the greatest *éclat*. He was the friend and intimate of the Emperor, Empress, Bismarck and the Court, all striving to do him honor. He was elected a member of many of the learned societies of Europe, and received numerous degrees from the German universities. In 1870 he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of obtaining his degree from Göttingen. On the eve of his return home, in 1872, the Royal Academy of Berlin gave him a farewell dinner, when last words of affection and remembrance were uttered by that chief exponent of German letters such as are seldom spoken.

On his return to America, in 1874, Mr. Bancroft removed to Washington, D. C., where he has taken up his permanent residence. In that same year, also, he published the tenth and last volume of his History, bringing the record down to the close of the Revolutionary War.

More than thirty years ago, in reply to a friend, who asked to what period he should bring the History, he said: "Down to the formation of the Constitution, for all subsequent to that is experiment." Whether or not there will ever be another volume added to the History, unless his "History of the Formation of the Constitution," published in 1882, be considered a continuation of the general plan, is extremely doubtful, although it is quite certain that what he called an experiment, and which is assuredly a successful experiment, cannot be followed by him through many periods.

There have been numberless editions of the History printed, and its sale has now run far into the thousands. It has been translated into the German, French, Danish and Italian languages, and there is a fine Scotch and English edition of it. In 1876 Mr. Bancroft published a centenary edition of his History in six volumes duodecimo, that he subjected to the most rigid revision, the main object, he states in the preface, "being the attainment of perfect accuracy, so that, if possible, not even a partial error may escape correction." In 1882 he began the last revision of his entire work, and is still engaged upon it, the sixth and seventh volumes having been issued a little more than a year ago.

Employed in this task he spends his green old age, his habits of work having become so fixed that he could not, with safety, even if he would, change them. His daily life in Washington is much the same as it was twenty and more years ago in New York: The early rising and light breakfast and the hours from nine until two spent in his library. A slight lunch and a visit to his conservatory, where his especial joy and pride are his roses, some specimens and varieties of which are unequaled in the country. If the weather is at all favorable, a long horseback ride in the afternoon, lasting often as many as four hours. He sits his horse as firm and erect as a dragoon, although sometimes on his return he droops a little in the saddle. A few months ago he gave up this exercise, but he has latterly resumed it. He is a great advocate for the open air, contending that it will give health and robustness to the body and vigor to the mind. He has a late dinner, and especially enjoys a hot and fragrant cup of tea in his drawing-room afterward. He never goes out in the evening, but gives a hearty welcome to those who come to him as friends of his own or friends of his friends. Frequently during the season he gives small but very choice and delightful dinner parties, which his vitality and constant flow of spirits make incidents of great enjoyment to those so honored as to have a place at the board.

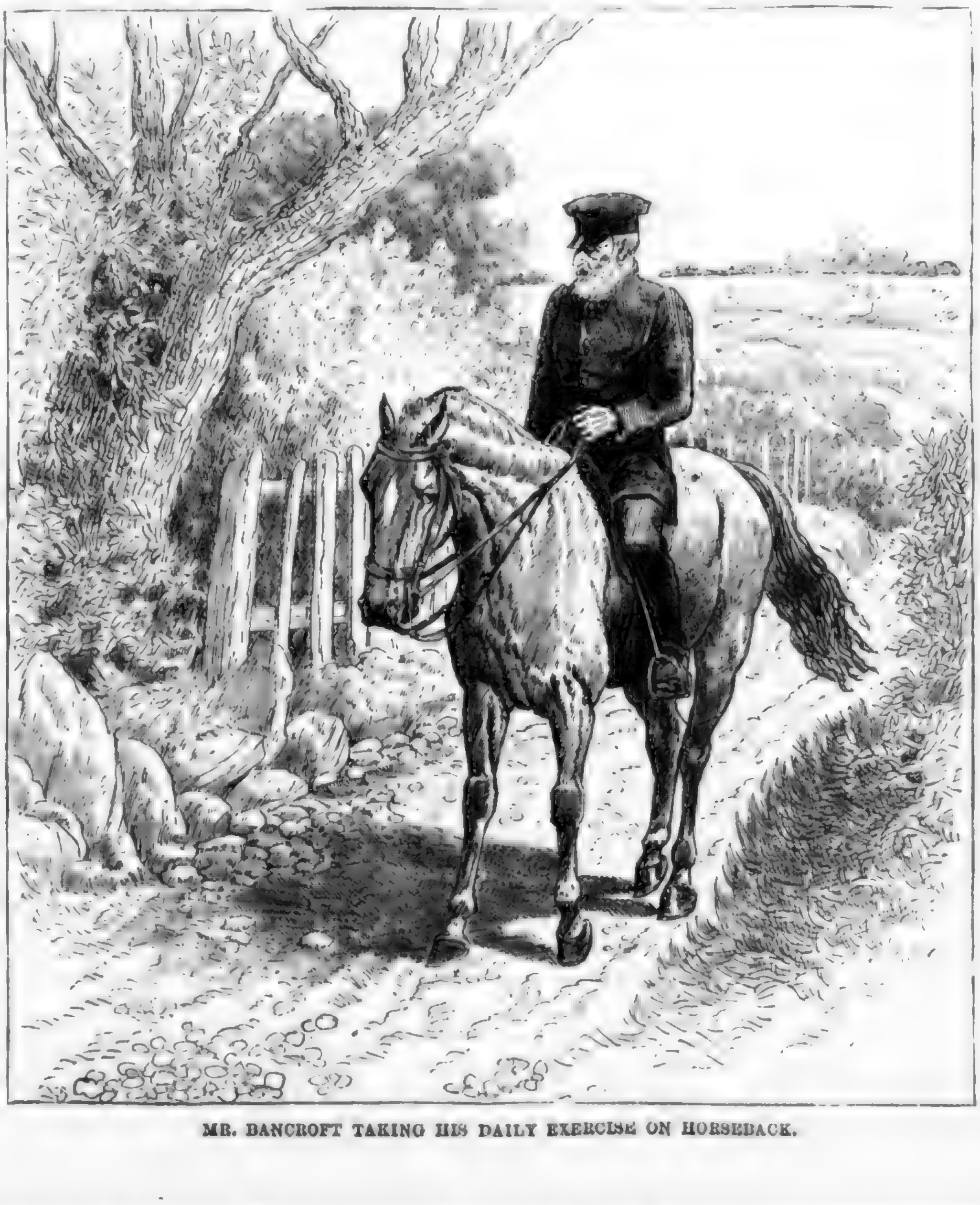
It is a quiet and subdued household now, with the shadow of the passing away of the gentle mistress of it still hanging about it; the active, if aged, master; his two grandchildren; and the faithful Hermann, who has been the family mainstay for twelve years, and who will remain to the last.

About the middle or latter part of June, gathering his literary Lares and Penates, with his secretaries accompanying him, Mr. Bancroft takes flight to his Newport home, remaining there until the latter part of October. He keeps up his labors there, but does not suffer himself to be held so closely by them; receiving oftener and at all hours the visits of those desiring to see him.

He has outlived his contemporaries and has formed few intimate associates in the newer generations, but during the season in Washington he is sure to see whoever comes to the capital of the country that is in any way distinguished or conspicuous. He is a great friend of Judge Edmunds, the Senator from Vermont, and is frequently accompanied in his rides by Spofford, the Librarian of Congress. His views on religious subjects, as may be judged from the address already alluded to, are pronounced and decided, but he has no regular Church connection. He, however, twice each year, at Christmas and Easter, attends services, going out to St. John's Episcopal Church, less than two blocks from his residence.

Of late, his friends have been trying to prevail upon him to publish his own personal memoirs, but he continues to decline, saying that he never kept a diary, and so what he would write would simply be reminiscences and might not be entirely accurate. What a volume such a work might be made, coming from such a source! It could be accomplished by no one else who has ever lived, covering a period that would include personal recollections of such men as Percival, Bryant and Irving down to Aldrich and Stedman, and at the same time from men like Van Buren, Marcy and Polk, down to Bayard, Logan and Sherman.

The vigor of the historian seems to indicate many years yet of activity and usefulness, and it may be that he will win the gratitude of this generation and of the generations yet to come by producing such a work.



MR. BANCROFT TAKING HIS DAILY EXERCISE ON HORSEBACK.

THE ROMANCE OF HADDON HALL.

By Mary Titcomb.

"Be sure and go to Haddon Hall," was the parting injunction of a friend, as we were about leaving London for a trip among the Derbyshire Hills. Of course. Did we not want to visit all the noted places near our line of travel? Nevertheless, amid the multitude of halls, towers and castles that had been tucked into our brain of late, we confess that we had very little notion, at the moment, why or wherefore Haddon Hall was celebrated, and must be visited. But without any attempt to vivify the floating memory of some romantic tale, we just then only packed away in our mind the name Haddon Hall—for future reference.

A week afterward we were lingering at Matlock-Bath, in the lovely valley of the "silvery Derwent," where the craggy front of the High Tor and the pine-covered Heights of Abraham contrast so beautifully with the soft, tangled luxuriance that carpets the river-banks. The whole country was so wonderfully picturesque, that it was easy to understand why the "Peak District" is a popular resort.

It was from Matlock that we started, one fine morning, on our excursion to Haddon Hall. When we reached Rowsley, five miles distant, whither we went by cars, we found that the "regulation" thing to do was to go first to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. So, having made a selection from the carriages that were drawn up in front of the station, we were soon entering the great Park—eleven miles in circumference—which incloses the duke's magnificent mansion.

It proved not a specially favorable time for visiting Chatsworth, for it chanced to be a holiday with the working classes, and a party, evidently exhilarated by too liberal potations of beer, had come to see the building—like ourselves, and a few other American travelers—and all were admitted together. It was noticeable, however, as the dignified housekeeper led the way through the elegant apartments, that she checked with marked asperity the noisy forwardness of her own country-people, while she most courteously responded to the

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questions, and all the indications of interest, on the part of the travelers.

Perhaps none of the costly evidences of taste and luxury at Chatsworth impressed us so much as the remembered fact that Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in the old Chatsworth Hall for thirteen years. There still remains, in a sheltered position, a small, square building, called Queen Mary's Tower, where it is said she passed much of her time.

Having fortified ourselves with a good luncheon at the neat little village of Edensor, just outside of Chatsworth Park, a drive of four miles brought us to Haddon Hall, a fine old baronial residence, standing on a bold elevation, overlooking the River Wye. A couple of little rosy-cheeked boys made a pretense of holding open the gate leading to the grounds—although this service was quite unnecessary—and were quickly engaged in a hand-to-hand tussle for the expected pennies which were tossed to them. At the entrance half a dozen grown-up lads sprang to open the carriage-door—the successful one looking, of course, for his penny.

The big door of the old Hall was securely shut, and we had ample time to inspect the front of the exterior, and to walk along the grassy terrace on the side, before we heard the turning of a key, and the door opened. The delay was only that the party admitted might be larger, and other visitors had just arrived.

Passing across the courtyard, we were conducted through the various apartments by a young woman who gave certain explanations in set phraseology, indicating that she had learned a lesson with little appreciation of its meaning: *This* was the chapel, the south aisle of which dates back to the eleventh century, and an eastern window bears the date 1427; *this*, the banqueting-hall, with music gallery and old fireplace, and the arms of the Vernons over the doorway; *this*, the dining-room, remarkable for its oak paneling and decorated ceiling; *this*, the drawing-room, hung with old tapestry. Then, the grand ball-room, 110 feet long, with walls of oak, elaborately carved; the great kitchen; the bake-house; the beer-cellar; the state bedrooms and other chambers; and especially the Eagle Tower and "the Dorothy Vernon Steps." And, having communicated these facts, which enabled us somewhat to comprehend the peculiar features of this remarkable edifice, the young woman opened the door which led into the terraced gardens, and silently waited—for her *fee!*

We lingered more at our ease in the gardens, recalling to mind the story of Dorothie Vernon, which invests Haddon Hall with such romantic interest.

More than three hundred years ago Haddon Hall was the residence of Sir George Vernon, a proud, ambitious noble, but so famed for his lordly hospitality, and for the magnificent style in which he lived, that he was known, far and near, as the "King of the Peak." He had but two children, Margaret and Dorothie—heiresses of his enormous wealth. Of course, there were many suitors for the hands of these fair maidens; for fair they were, particularly Dorothie, the younger, who was not only very beautiful, but possessed great sweetness of disposition and engaging manners. Margaret did not bear the reputation of having an amiable temper, but that little circumstance did not prevent many a noble gentleman from seeking the favor of the elder daughter of a wealthy knight.

Sir George, however, was determined his daughters should join their fortunes only with the highest noblemen of the land; and he was quite satisfied when Margaret became the affianced bride of Sir Thomas Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby. Pretty Dorothie, unknown to her father, had already lost her heart. John Manners, second son of the Earl of Rutland, had met her by chance, and fallen in love with her at first sight, and resolved to win her for his wife. He was both bold and handsome, and in the few interviews he obtained with the young girl awakened a warm feeling in her own heart. Manners frankly went to Sir George Vernon and asked permission to visit Haddon Hall as Dorothie's suitor. But unfortunately he was a *second* son, and his prospects were not sufficiently good to satisfy the haughty Lady Maude, stepmother of Dorothie, with whom Sir George took counsel before returning an answer to this proposal. So a decided refusal was sent to John Manners, and poor Dorothie sternly forbidden to have anything to do with him.

But the young man determined not to obey this arbitrary command. He contrived, in the disguise of a woodman, to get employment on the estate of Sir George, and taking into his confidence the faithful old nurse of Dorothie, managed to carry on some communication with her, and to get an occasional stolen interview, some of which took place in the Rookery, or Upper Terrace, now known as "Dorothie Vernon's Walk." The Lady Maude, always harsh and unkind to Dorothie, suspected something, although she could discover no disobedience; but she restricted the young girl's liberty, and made her life unhappy. Nevertheless, when young Manners boldly proposed to Dorothie to fly with him and become his wife, she shrank from such a rash step; and it was only after the most urgent persuasions and convincing proofs that it was impossible to overcome her stepmother's objections, that she consented to his plan, believing that afterward her father, at least, would forgive them.

It was decided that Dorothie should secretly leave her father's house on the night of her sister Margaret's wedding, when, amid the marriage feasting and revelry, she might more easily make her escape unobserved. Meanwhile John Manners made every preparation to take away his destined bride safely and swiftly, when once she gave herself to his care.

Only a few times did the lovers meet before the eventful night arrived. Margaret's wedding was to be celebrated with great magnificence, and many noble guests had come to Haddon Hall to participate in the festivities, which were to continue several days. When the marriage ceremony had been performed in the little chapel, the feasting and merriment began, and lasted for hours. Doubtless poor Dorothie longed for release from the banqueting-hall, but, of course, she must be present on such an occasion. Later came the grand ball; and we can imagine the restless excitement with which the beautiful girl joined in the gayeties of the ball-room, from which she dared not absent herself. But when the revelry ran highest she stole away unperceived.

Everything was ready. Her devoted nurse covered her light ball-dress with a warm wrap. There was a sad and hasty parting, and Dorothie Vernon ran down the now famous steps, flew across the dark pathway and up the stairs that led to the terrace. It was but a moment, and she was safe in her lover's arms; but it had been a moment of intense excitement. There was no time for delay. The fleetest of horses was soon widening the distance between Haddon Hall and the runaway couple. Nor did they make any needless stops until they reached Aylstone, in Leicester Forest, where, all arrangements having been previously made, faithful John and loving Dorothie were quietly married.

Great was the consternation at Haddon Hall when the flight of the younger daughter was discovered. The marriage festivities came to an abrupt termination, and the most vigorous search was made for the fugitives—all in vain. But Sir George had dearly loved his little Dorothie, and mourned her loss. So when, very soon, letters came to him from her and her husband asking forgiveness for marrying without his consent, he could not withhold his pardon and blessing, and in a short time Dorothie returned to the Hall with her chosen life companion.

The early death of Margaret left Dorothie her father's sole heiress, and thus Haddon Hall, and all the estates of Sir George Vernon, passed into the possession of the Manners family, and from them descended to the Duke of Rutland, the present owner.

In the church at Bakewell, not far from Haddon Hall, stands a handsome monument, erected over the tomb of Dorothie Vernon, her husband, Sir John Manners (for he was afterward knighted), and their four children. The following inscription is carved on the pedestal:

> "Here lyeth Sir John Manners, of Haddon Hall, second sonne of Thoas, Erle of Rutland, who dyed the 4 of June, 1611; and Dorothie his wife, one of the daughters and heires to Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, Knight, who deceased the 24 day of June, in the 26 year of the raigne of Queen Elizabeth, 1584."

AN AMERICAN PEER.

Some years ago (says an English gentleman), I was enjoying a walking tour on the Welsh border. At an hotel at Ross I met a very pleasant American gentleman, who seemed to take unusual interest in the antiquities of that charming neighborhood. We talked and walked together a good deal; but, although I discovered that he came from Virginia, and was evidently a man of wealth and importance in that State, I did not learn his name until we parted. Even then I only learned it by accident. He was leaving for London. At the station I saw his portmanteau being handed into the carriage in which he was sitting. On it, in large letters, appeared the words "Lord Cameron." In some parts of the United States "Lord" is not an uncommon name; but I soon found out that in this case, although my acquaintance was a veritable American citizen, "Lord" was not a name, but a title. My traveling companion was, in fact, Lord Fairfax of Cameron, in the Peerage of Scotland, a descendant of the celebrated General Fairfax of our Parliamentary wars. Ever since the close of the seventeenth century this noble family has been permanently settled in Virginia; and, although the head of the house retains his title, he is, in this country, where I have since had the pleasure of meeting him, considered as merely the representative of one of the oldest and best of the many old and good Southern families.

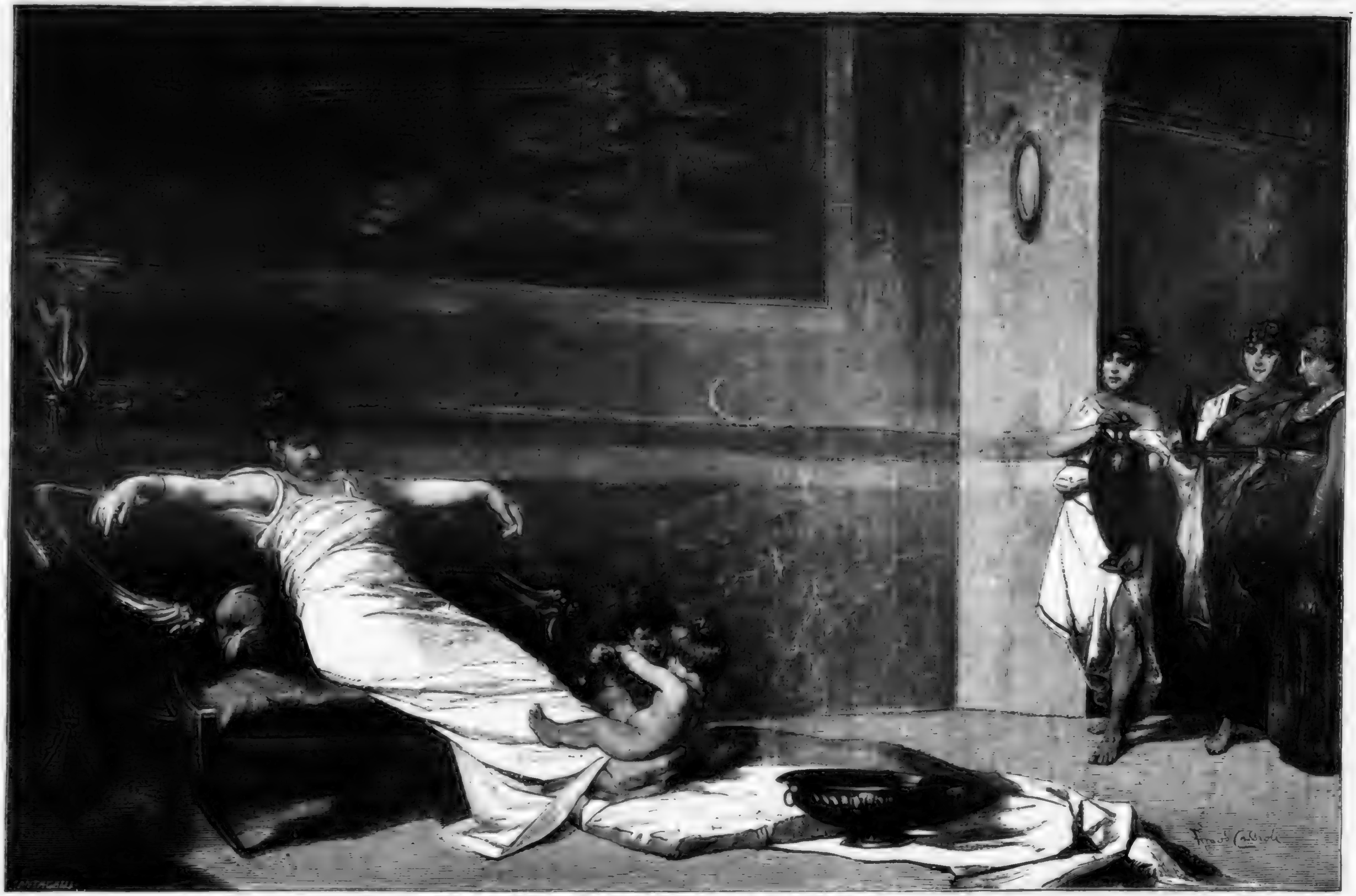
THE FIRST RUSSIAN HISTORIAN.

Two hundred years ago, in Russia, there was born Vasily Tatistcheff, who became the first historian of that country. When eighteen years old Tatistcheff was sent abroad with other young and able Russians by Peter the Great, to learn different sciences and arts. At home Tatistcheff occupied different posts, beginning with that of mining engineer, and rising to be Governor of Astrakhan; but he never abandoned his favorite study, that of Russian history. In 1739 he published the first two volumes of his "Russian History from the Most Remote Times, Composed during the last Thirty Years." The Russian Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg honored the "Father of Russian History" by a general meeting, at which were present most of the learned men of the Russian capital.

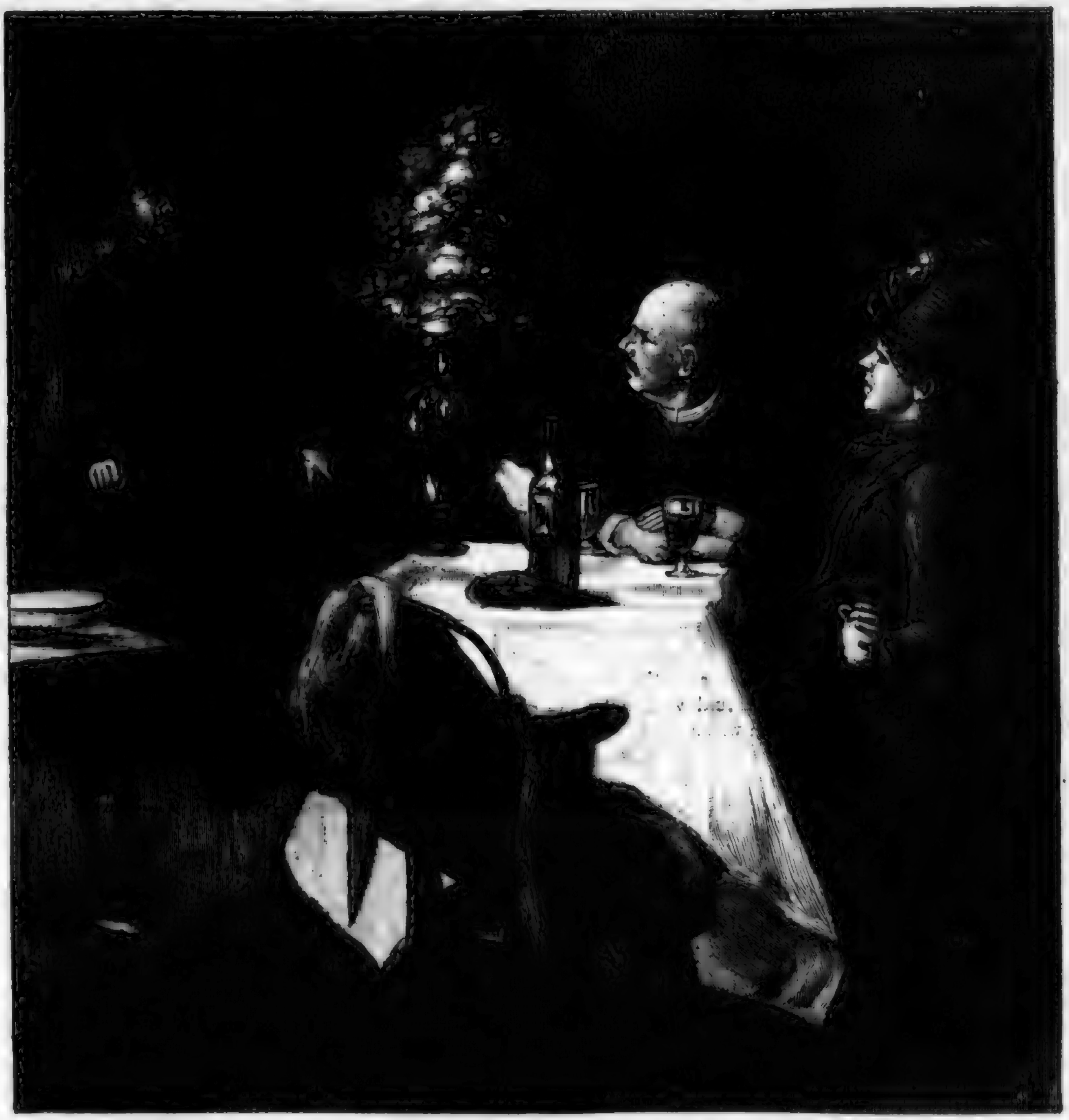
THE SOUL-STIRRING DRUM.

The drum, it is said, is to be re-established in the Italian Army. Over four years ago General Farre, then in the plenitude of his power, decreed its abolishment in the Armies of the French Republic, and shortly after both Belgium and Italy followed suit, and the roll of the "sheepskin fiddlers" was no longer heard in their ranks. The French, keenly imitative of all German models, no doubt observed that the Prussians, long before the idea of German unity had become a reality, cut down the big drum from the dimensions it had assumed under Frederick to the shape and proportions of an ordinary tambourine. So the edict went forth, and "not a drum was heard" in French regiments for some four years, to the inexpressible grief of the *bonnes* and *gamins*, who were wont to worship the big bearded and much-belaced man, the tambour-major, as he flourished his awe-imposing stick, surmounted with a huge gold knob, at the head of his noble squad of drummers. The history of the drum, if written, might be not only entertaining, but instructive. The instrument is supposed to be of Oriental invention, and is said to have been introduced into Western Europe by either the Moors or the Arabians. Of drums there were three kinds: the bass or Turkish drum, the largest, consisting of a hollow cylinder of oak, covered at each end with vellum fastened to the rim, so that it might be tightened or slackened by small cords or braces acted upon by leather runners; the double or kettle drum was nearly hemispherical, covered with a strong head of calfskin, and standing upon three iron legs; they are always in pairs, and are tuned by screws, one to the keynote of the piece accompanied, the other to a fourth below; the third is the side drum, constructed, like the first, with a brass cylinder, but much smaller. Students of Shakespeare will recall the constant reference he makes to drums. Possibly General Farre may have been reading the "Divine William" when he decreed the disestablishment of that blatant instrument, and said with Parôlles, "I'll no more drumming: a plague on all drums." The drum, however, is renowned in modern French history. The deep roll of the tambours drowned the voice of ill-starred Louis XVI. when he attempted to address the crowd beneath the guillotine, and the drums which beat at Marengo, Jena, Eylau, and Austerlitz proclaimed the victories of the French forces. It is not difficult to see why the French welcomed back the *grosse caisse*, but incomprehensible to understand why they banished it for four years from their regiments. Nor is it a matter for surprise that Belgium and Italy have again followed French fashion, and that to all three, in Benedict's words, "There is no music to them but the drum and fife."

Sometimes one is led to believe that indifference is an attribute greater than virtue, and that it should be so recognized, cultivated and developed. If, however, one is possessed of a conscience—that rare factor which so seldom enters into the problem of life—indifference is impossible.


Amos Cassioli
CANTAGALLI

A ROMAN MATRON.—PAINTED BY AMOS CASSIOLI; ENGRAVED BY CANTAGALLI.



A PROVENCE ROSE.—"VANCE WAITED NO LONGER. WITH A SMOTHERED OATH HE FACED THE TWO, WHO STARED IN ASTONISHMENT. THE GIRL'S FACE GREW GRAY IN ITS PALLOR."

A PROVENCE ROSE.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"Where have I seen her before?" thought Vance Erskine, as he pressed forward in the crowd. There was "standing room only."

He had wandered into the music-hall, after a long, dull day in the bank, spent in puzzling his brain over accounts. He felt a sudden longing for a new experience—a passionate impulse to break through restraint—that had more than once led him into thorny ways and perilous paths, from which he had been glad to come back to a safe conventionality once more.

There was a young girl singing an Italian song. She was clad in a simple white gown, and there was a white rose in her dusky hair. Her soft, dark eyes were full of unconscious yearning. She did not see the audience, apparently, but looked away to some haunting scene. The tender grace of a day that was dead enfolded her. Erskine seemed to follow that gaze. His imagination kindled again. This is what he saw: A rose-garden in fair Provence, that land of song and story. A white mist was curling upward from it under the sunshine; like a curtain it was lifted, and the fairest scene Erskine had ever looked upon was stretched out before his eager eyes.

A wilderness of roses—that was all! Impossible to describe the riot of color, the wealth of incense. There was a gray castle in the distance; but Erskine did not look at that. Neither did his glance dwell long on the flowers, for there was a young girl there gathering them, and his eyes met those other eyes, soft and dark, tender as a southern night, and rested there.

There was a tender reserve, almost sadness, in the face, and the flush on the cheeks was not deeper than that of the blush rose she held in her hand. Erskine was not an artist, he was only a bank clerk on a holiday; but that picture was photographed on his soul.

She stood by a mossgrown fountain, where a wingless dragon spouted up a silvery stream amid dripping wreaths of maidenhair. Huge cypress-trees stood in the background; but in the illuminated space among the flowers was this gracious figure in a dull-blue gown, that defined the soft curves and rounded outlines.

What irony of fate had transplanted her from the wilderness of roses to a London music-hall? He felt at once an imperative need of knowing the story.

The voice soared up like a lark to meet the sunbeam. A storm of applause followed, and the young girl seemed suddenly recalled to the present. She glanced about timidly and bowed slightly. There were no smirks or bold glances. She glided away quietly, and the encore did not bring her back.

Vance cast one glance at the glittering blonde who followed, and then he rushed out of the hall. He astonished the nearest florist by emptying his purse—not too well filled—for roses. Dark, velvety Jacqueminots and cream-white blossoms, mingled with others pink as a girl's blush, in his hurried grasp.

"Ah, hallo!" said a voice near him, as he paused at the stage entrance, wondering vaguely as to what should be his next step. "Why, Vance, my boy, are you a captive in *her* train, too?"

"Oh, get out!" answered Vance, impatiently, looking around at a pompous-looking individual with a heavy, rubicund visage and scant hair. He was a man of forty-five, and an authority on 'Change, but he had by no means laid aside the follies of youth.

"Bah—flowers," said Mr. Zachary Sheldon, looking at the roses; "they like diamonds better."

"Come," said Vance, fiercely, astonished at the sudden fire in his heart, "no sneers. I'm not in the mood for them."

"Well, we won't quarrel," said Sheldon, with a mirthless laugh. "Of course it's the blonde Lilian."

An unconscious feeling of relief came into Vance's heart.

"The other one is a poem—Rosalia, beautiful Rosalia. She's a flower, a sunbeam—no, too pale for a sunbeam—a silvery moonbeam. She says——"

At these words Vance regretted his bad humor. This man could help him. He knew the Italian nightingale.

"I say, Sheldon, excuse my gruffness; somebody stepped on my corns just now. What does she say?" he asked, eagerly.

"That she cannot sing her songs in a strange land; that she has left her soul among the roses. Ah, you rascal, I see. Roses! But *not* for the blonde Lilian."

"No; introduce me!" eagerly cried Vance. And that was the way it began.

It was only Zachary Sheldon's confidence in the supreme power of money that made him under-estimate the charm of youth, and eager hopes and young romance. He found out his mistake when, smitten beyond his power to withstand it, he offered himself and his moneybags to the pale Italian girl. It was rather comical to see the emotion in his fat face, the gleam in his small, pale eyes.

Rosalia did not smile. She was troubled; but the luminous pallor of her lovely face was not flushed with the palest rose-tint as she declined the favor.

"I can restore you to Italy," he said. "What can Vance Erskine do for you?"

"He can bring Italy here," answered Rosalia, as she thought of the past three months, when she had walked over enchanted ground in that light which never shone on sea or land.

"A young man cannot love you as I do," he said, with a gasp, for the blow was hard. "He loves himself best, you will see. He is an ill-regulated fellow. You can't count on him. He's not reliable."

"I love his imperfections," said Rosalia, a light coming into her eyes and transforming her face into perfect beauty.

Sheldon was turning away with a curse, but his heart was sore. He could not give up all hope.

"I want to be your friend," he said, with an effort. "If I can ever help you, come to me."

Rosalia looked relieved. She was too tender-hearted to wish to hurt any living thing. She reached out her delicate white hand.

"How thin your hand is," he said, looking at the fragile thing that lay like a rose-leaf in his stubby palm. "This life is killing you. Let me at least help you to give it up."

"Oh, how could that be done?" said Rosalia, with a nervous laugh. "Vance will soon be promoted, and then——"

Sheldon went out gnashing his teeth.

"Curse the fellow!" he said. "I wish I could grind him to powder. I don't give her up yet. I will hinder that promotion if I can."

At that very moment the fortunate lover was cursing his luck, and pacing the street in a reckless way—seeing nothing, hearing nothing, of his surroundings. The world had grown indifferent to him, for he was standing face to face with death—death or disgrace. He had been forced by his own reckless folly into a corner where he must choose between the two. And life was sweet to him because of his love, and disgrace was all the more unbearable because of her.

He had no excuse for his folly. He had borrowed a sum from the bank, relying on an expected payment from a friend. The friend suddenly died insolvent. Vance had squandered the bank's money, partly at the gaming-table. It must be replaced, or——

He turned suddenly. He would tell Rose all. How unworthy, how ignoble he was! At his best he had never deserved her, and now—— Her love should have lifted him out of his follies—should have sufficed for him. He seemed to see all the sweet possibilities of his life rising before him. He caught his breath with a gasp—it was too late, too late!

A drear London mist was rising. He was rather glad to have the people blotted out, and the houses. He longed to be alone somewhere—anywhere—yet he shuddered at the awful loneliness of death.

"But it would be easier to leave a world wrapt up in fog," he said, "than a land of sunshine and flowers. If there's anything that can make a man feel like suicide, it's a London fog."

Rosalia was waiting for him. She was not to sing this evening, and she paced the room impatiently, with some feeling of unrest she could not explain. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes shone like stars. Of late she had lost her pallor in the evening. Roses bloomed on the delicate cheeks—such roses as would have made her mother's heart ache if she had lived to see them. "Such brightness dying seems diffuse."

Vance was not wise enough to understand. He only saw that she was growing more beautiful. When he looked into her eyes he tried to mask his own misery, but she read some terrible secret in his face.

"Tell me," she faltered. "I can bear anything if you will only be frank. Is it that you have ceased to love me? I have been much afraid of that. Nothing else can hurt me."

"No, no! God knows I never loved you better!" cried Vance, bitterly.

"There! I am answered," cried Rose, in ecstasy. "No matter about the rest."

Vance caught the slight form in his arms, and crushed her to his breast.

"My darling," he cried, "I have been mad! I see it now. Why did we ever meet?"

"Because we were meant for one another," whispered Rose, faintly smiling.

"Let me tell you. I must," said the young man, in sudden anguish. "I will tell you all the truth."

He poured out his story with feverish haste.

"There!" he gasped, as he finished. "What is left for me?"

"*I* am left, Vance," she said, nestling up to him.

"You see, I can't say, 'All is lost save honor!'" cried Vance. "Honor is lost first of all."

"How much time is there before——" She faltered, paling visibly.

"Before discovery and the trial and the prison? Bah! do you think I would face that?"

"Oh! what do you mean?" she cried, clinging to him in terror. "But I know—I know! Oh, promise me, Vance, you will not. You will wait—wait two days. I might think—of a way."

"Child, what could you do? Have you hoarded up five thousand dollars?" cried Vance, mockingly.

"No; do not jest, but promise me."

He saw her face so ghastly in its terror, that he did his best to dispel the phantom he had raised.

She only half believed him. When he left her she could not rest. It was ten o'clock, and the night was a dreary one. The fog had turned to a dreary drizzle, and the pavements looked slimy and forbidding in the pale glimmer of the street-lamps.

Rose shuddered as she looked out. A child of the sun, she shrank from cold and fog and storm, but she faced it, nevertheless, wrapping herself in a waterproof and covering her black felt hat with a vail.

"I have no time to lose," she said, and the scarlet spot flew back to her cheeks, though her teeth were chattering. "He will be busy to-morrow. I must see him to-night."

Once out in the street, she was sensible of a cold misery that penetrated her being. She was too absorbed in her mission to analyze it, or to notice that her kid slippers were soaked and sodden.

"It is a chance," she said to herself, "and I must not let it go."

She had calculated well. Zachary Sheldon had expected to hear her sing that night, and was even now emerging in a very bad humor from the hall.

The blonde Lilian was smiling on him in vain. He excused himself, and plunged into the fog, a big, unwieldy figure, who looked capable of making his way through the mist that seemed solid enough to lean against. He stopped with a jerk as a little trembling hand was laid on his arm.

"You said—you said," faltered Rose, almost in tears, "that if I ever wanted a friend—and, oh! I want one now."

"Why, bless my soul, my dear little girl," said Zachary, "to be sure. Come right in here—it's all right—and tell me all about it."

Rose did not pause. She scarcely glanced at the place, which was, in reality, an apparently respectable ice-cream saloon. There was a little room at the back entirely deserted. The night was too dreary for the chilly dainty.

They sat down at a table, and Zachary called for something. Rose did not notice. She could not swallow, and the cake and wine remained untouched.

The blonde Lilian, who had been snubbed, stood for a moment in silent wrath. She had designs on the broker, and saw plainly that Rose was in her way. She recognized the lovely face in the light of a street-lamp.

"The brazen thing!" she muttered; "to lie in wait for him in that way, when she pretended to give him the cold shoulder before folks!"

A dark form that seemed blindly stumbling along in the fog passed by, and she called out:

"Just a moment sooner, Mr. Erskine, and you would have found her."

"Her?—who?" muttered Vance, in a startled tone.

"Ah, what! the one woman in the universe, to be sure—the Provence Rose! She's a primrose generally, but to-night! Ah, I always suspect the prim ones. Now I am frankly gay. It's all open and above-board. But who would suspect that little puss of scheming for the favor of the rich broker! There they go, turning into Minaud's, I declare! Well, I've had some pretty little rackets at Minaud's."

Vance had grown white to the lips. He stopped not for a word, but sprang after the retreating couple. He saw them enter the restaurant, and then he stopped to catch his breath. He was panting like a runner. He had reached his goal and knew not what to do next. A mad, unreasoning jealousy had gained possession of him. The rain increased, and he stood out in it, miserably wondering what he should do.

Rose sat at the table, the wineglass in her hand. Her eyes fell under the ardent gaze of the man near her, who had been listening to her passionate pleading for another. His heart had grown as heavy as lead.

"And if I do this thing; if I lend my money to release a man I hate, what am I to have? what will be my reward?"

Rose looked into the man's eyes, and her face blanched.

"I—we will work and pay you back," she said. "And oh, it must be grand to be able to help a human being who is driven to the wall—to save a soul alive!"

Zachary was abashed before the pure innocence of the girl. The divine spark that had nearly gone out in the choke-damps of sin flamed up for a moment. He thought of a little sister who had died when he was a boy. He drew out his check-book and filled out a check.

"I will not ask much," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "You are asking me to help a rival."

Rose flushed and drew back as he handed the check to her.

"The conditions?" she faltered.

There was a proud dignity in her face.

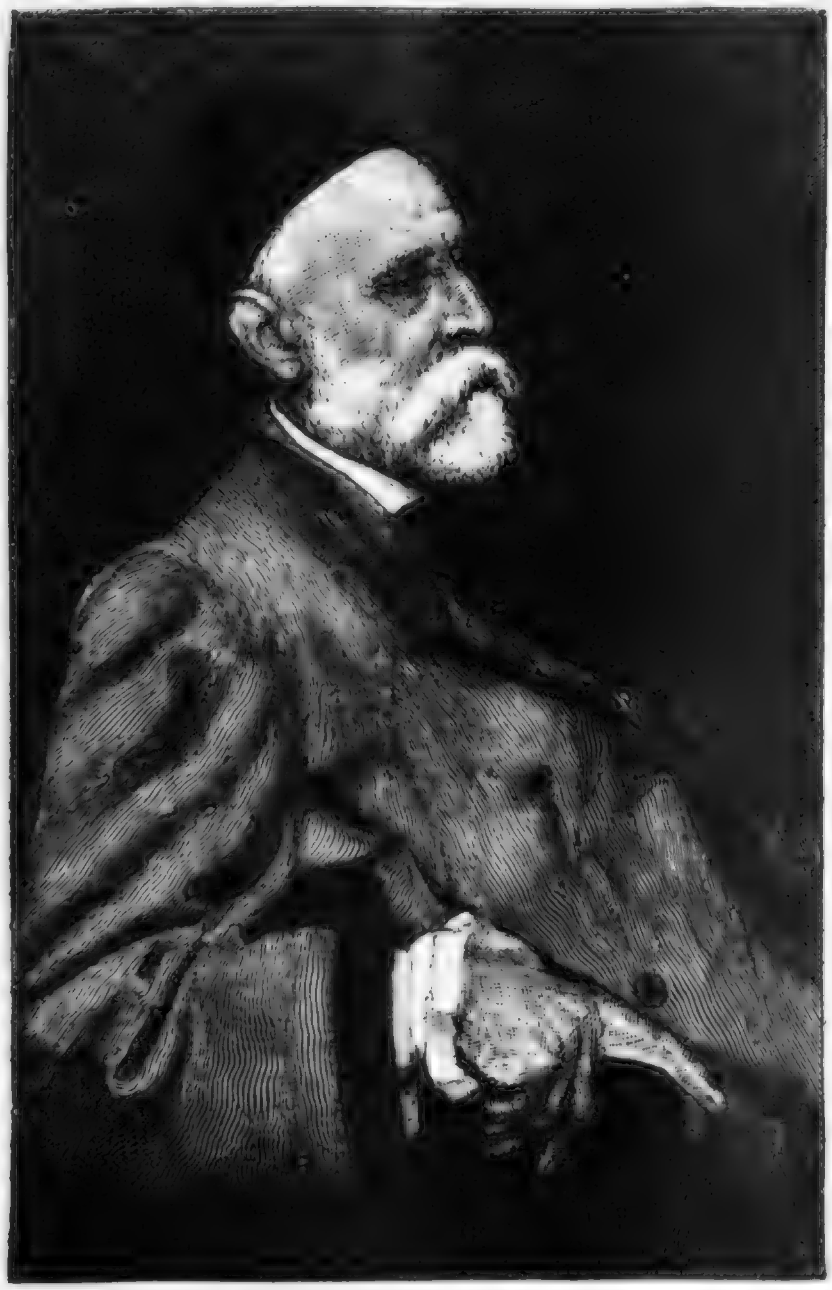
"Remember me in your prayers," said Zachary, laughing.

At this moment Vance had made his way to the door. His face grew white and hard and scornful as he looked.

"What is he giving her?" he thought, the flame kindling in his eyes. "By Jupiter! she is false! This meeting, with such a man!"

What was she saying?

"*He* must not know!"



Yours very truly
G.F.Watts

"Of course not!" said Zachary, holding the little hand a moment longer than was necessary, and looking into the lovely eyes.

Vance waited no longer. With a smothered oath, he faced the two, who stared in astonishment and fell apart. The girl's face grew gray in its pallor.

But there seemed to be flames before Vance's eyes, and his heart gave a great throb of pain. Rose started, and laid her hand on his arm, in terror at the expression of his face.

"Come away! I can explain!" she said. She saw his face as in a mist. Everything swam before her.

He shook her hand off angrily. His eyes grew burning hot. The blood surged through his brain.

"Go!" he said. "I must settle with this man. I have nothing to say to you!"

Zachary's face was a study. Perhaps his time was coming—who knew? Yet he was manly enough to speak.

"This lady's explanation will do her honor. If you will not hear her, I must make you hear *me!*"

"Oh, we all know what men of honor say at such times!" sneered Vance.

The very air swooned about the girl, but through the mist she seemed to see a gleam! It rose, it leaped like a flame! In whose hand was the cruel knife?

She seemed to reel between them. A stinging pain struck her, and there was a sudden shriek that rang out like the crack of doom.

Those who rushed in saw a dark mass of drapery on the floor; a man kneeling beside it, pressing a girl's head against his breast. He was sobbing without restraint. Zachary stood afar off, as one paralyzed. The girl's white face was convulsed with pain, and there was a horrible wound in her side, but she was groping feebly about, clutching at her breast.

"I—have it somewhere," she moaned. "It is safe, Vance! You can live now! The money is all right."

Like an electric flash, Vance comprehended all.

"Oh, my love, my love!" he sobbed, "was it for me? Fool! beast that I am! Oh, Rose, stay! I cannot live without you! Oh, forgive!—forgive me!"

There was only a fluttering sigh in answer, but in that sigh the soul of the fading Rose escaped from its prison.

Vance Erskine wanders over the world like a lost spirit, but he never fails to keep the roses bright and blooming about the slender shaft of Italian marble that marks his darling's grave. The inscription reads:

"Rose—she lived as roses live,
But a morn."

MODERN ENGLISH ARTISTS.

By Lily Higgin.

The whole conditions of what is somewhat absurdly called "High Art" in England are vastly changed since the days when Sir Joshua Reynolds bought pictures by the old masters, and scraped them to ascertain, if possible, their mode of working. Some, at least, of our modern artists appear to think that they have nothing to learn from Raphael, and, following the lead of Ruskin, in one of his varying moods, do not hesitate to speak contemptuously of Michael Angelo. There is nothing new in this, of course. Since the days when Æsop wrote his fables, ignorance and conceit have gone hand-in-hand, and these sprightly gentlemen dig the grave of any little reputation they may envy in a manner which is quite satisfactory to the general public, which has no desire to remember them.

Not so very long ago was the golden age of modern painters—prices far beyond their intrinsic value were paid for pictures by *nouveaux riches*, who were anxious at once to furnish their gorgeous houses and establish a satisfactory reputation for good taste. "I want a picture that has fine figures in it—I do not care about anything else," said one of these, in giving a commission to a Royal Academician some few years ago. He bought his pictures as he bought his furniture-coverings—they were wall-hangings first, evidences of wealth second; since every one knew the prices he paid, and the name of a successful artist was all that he cared for in the purchase, beyond so many feet of canvas and gilt frame. Money was plentiful, and painting became a lucrative trade; hundreds of young men rushed into it, in a great measure because it was a tempting, not to say, to their minds, an easy, career. It was pleasant to lounge away the Summer, palette-in-hand, "getting backgrounds;" and then look at the prices pictures were fetching! The life, altogether, was easy, tempting, full of leisure.

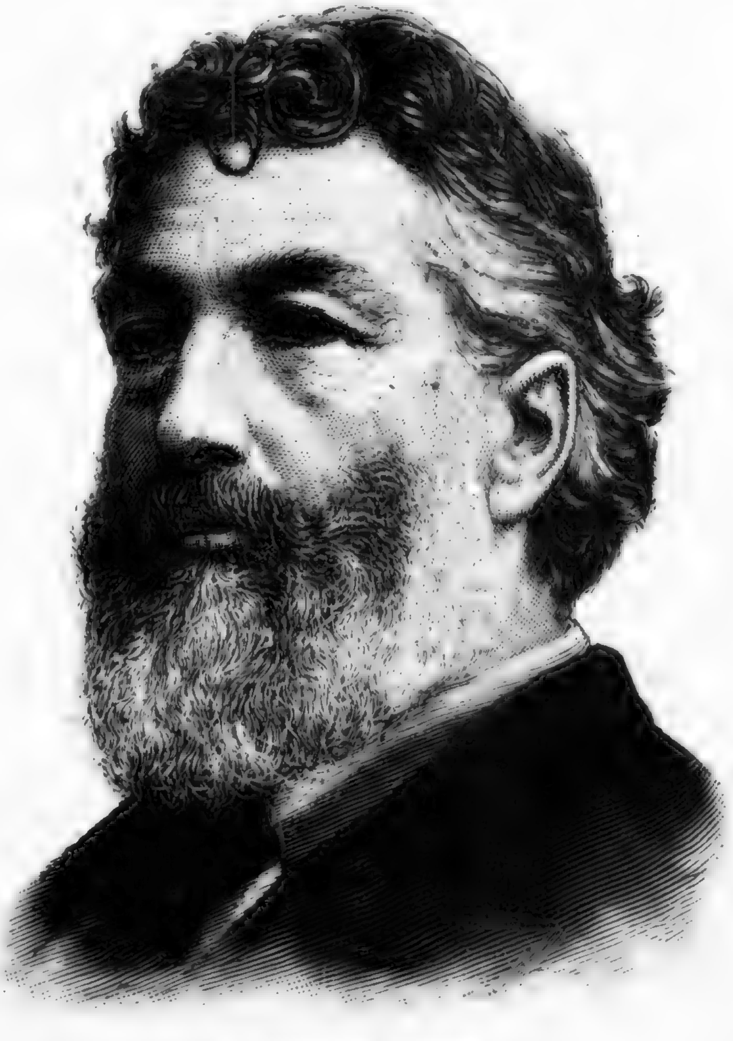
Many of these would-be artists were taken up by some rich brewer or cotton lord, who liked to feel that he was encouraging art; he bought the artist's pictures, which were supposed to "give promise," and launched him fairly into the stream of those who were inundating the Academy with immature work. A few years have changed all that. Times are bad; painting is no more lucrative; the Royal Academicians find their pictures have an ugly habit of returning to roost in their own studios, and they have taken to portrait-painting, and even to pastel sketches, by way of keeping the pot boiling, while lesser lights have been fain to sell their pictures for anything they could get to repay their outlay in models and materials. Those artists who wisely invested their money while the harvests were coming in plentifully can afford to wait for better times; but prudence and worldly wisdom do not, as a rule, go hand-in-hand with the artistic temperament, and some, at least, who were wont to get prices that were quite beyond any possible value of their pictures, are now reduced to absolute straits. Pictures that millionaires, with more money than wit, paid £10,000 for, sell for a few hundreds at Christie's now, and in lesser degrees the deterioration in value runs throughout the productions of modern artists. Yet a few men appear to keep on the upper side of Fortune's wheel, and if one is to judge by the dwellings of modern English artists, their incomes must be almost princelike.

English artists are divided into sets and classes (rather than schools), by some invisible boundaries which no one quite understands, though the demarkations are well known. There is the Kensington or Holland Park set; the St. John's Wood clique, who were somewhat absurdly said to have bound themselves together in a league, which had for its object the introduction of every one of their community into the Academy; the Scotch set, whose pictures are distinctive enough of themselves to mark them off from the colder coloring of their English rivals; and, as distinctive figures, stand out the conscientious plodders: Holman Hunt, who alone has kept faithfully to the letter of the Pre-Raphaelite creed, through good repute and through evil repute; the strange poetical painting of Burne Jones, also an acknowledged Pre-Raphaelite, who seems ever to be trying to express something more than he can convey by his brush, and suggesting more than his admirers are able to explain; and, lastly, the genius of G. F. Watts, the painter who has linked thought to his brush, and whose work will perhaps alone take rank among the princes of art in the time to come.

The best-known, and by far the most picturesque, figure amongst English artists, is the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton. Strikingly handsome as a young man, his is one of those faces which only grow more beautiful as age advances. His whitening locks seem rather to enhance the nobility of his personal appearance; and at the gorgeous spectacle of the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition by the Queen, and the vast concourse of brilliant uniforms and of striking costumes of one kind and another, as the procession filed into the Albert Hall before the royal party, there was no one who, for striking personal beauty, could compare with the President of the Royal Academy in his simple court dress of black velvet, as he passed down the steps to take his place.

It is the fashion to say that Sir Frederick Leighton owes his position rather to his social qualities than to his rank as a painter; and it is a fact that the choice of a President of the Royal Academy is generally guided a good deal by the possession of the qualities which make a successful speaker and the urbanity of manner which makes way with all sorts and conditions of men. These, the present P.R.A. has in the highest degree; but, perhaps, since the first president, there has never been one who united with eminent social qualities so complete a scholarly knowledge of his profession and who stands so high as a painter.

Sir Frederick Leighton has never been a struggling artist, in the sense of having to earn his own living by the brush; and much should be forgiven to those less fortunate men who must make their daily bread, even while studying art, and are forced into doing work that



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

will sell rather than that which slowly but surely makes them into artists in the true sense of the word. He was born at Scarborough, in 1830, so that he is now in his fifty-seventh year. He had shown such marked talent as a child, that, while still a boy, his father determined to show his work to the American sculptor, Hiram Powers, and abide by the report of that master as to yielding to the boy's desire to devote himself wholly to art.

The sculptor's opinion was favorable, and young Leighton, there and then, entered on the serious study of the profession in which he has gained so much honor. His first studies were in Rome, but in 1845 he was at Florence. Later he went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, to Brussels, Paris, and at last back again to Rome, when his studies were so far advanced that his master considered he was capable of assimilating only what was good from the Italian masters. Here he painted the picture which—the first he exhibited in England—drew universal attention to the young painter. It was the procession bearing Cimabue's picture of the Virgin to the Church of Sta. Maria Novella. It was purchased by the Queen, by whom it was lent to the Manchester Art Treasures, and to the International Exhibitions.

Up to this period young Leighton's time had been spent in the most severe and painstaking study. Nothing was overlooked or slighted that could conduce to a thorough mastery of art, and it is characteristic of the man that he is never content with anything less than the best from himself; he would not scruple to destroy his work if he felt it was inferior to his greatest present possibility.

From the exhibition of the Cimabue Procession, with occasional interludes, Leighton continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy. In 1864 he was chosen an Associate; in 1869, a Royal Academician; in 1878, President; and shortly after, knighted.

His house in Holland Park has been described and illustrated so often, that it is familiar even to those who are not fortunate enough to have the *entrée* to it. It is a veritable palace of art: the Arab Hall—the designs for the mosaics of which are W. Crane's— the staircase, the studio itself, in which are gathered together all that is beautiful, but from which Japanese art is somewhat strangely excluded, since it fails to satisfy the love of beauty in form which is the President's idiosyncrasy.

Sir Frederick Leighton is a perfect linguist, speaking Italian altogether like a native, with a power over the beauties of that language which even Italians envy, besides French and German; he is ever ready to help and encourage young and struggling artists who are really in earnest, and have not "gone in for art" as a means of livelihood only. Few men in general London society are more popular, and certainly no one could better deserve that popularity. He is a great personal friend of George F. Watts, which is of itself sufficient to answer for the perfect earnestness and thoroughgoing honesty of all that he does.

As an example of social success and of popularity as a painter, Mr. John Everett Millais—recently made a baronet—perhaps stands highest. He is but one year older than the P.R.A., having been born in Southampton in 1829, of Jersey parentage. He, too, showed promise of genius while still a mere child, and was, with some little demur on the part of his parents, allowed to follow art as his career. He studied, however, in English schools; beginning at Sars's Academy, amid a ruck of young painters, many of whom have risen also to fame, though, perhaps, none have had the luck to become so "fashionable" as he. "Johnnie always loved money," these men say, "and always meant to make it, by one means or another." He was one of the original P. R. B., or Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of whom the others were Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, James Collinson, George Stephens, Thomas Woolneer, sculptor, and W. M. Rossetti, writer. Of all these, Holman Hunt and E. Burne Jones (who later joined the little community) alone remain faithful exponents of the doctrines which were to revolutionize art, and of which the short-lived *Germ* was the literary mouthpiece (1849).

The astonishment and outcry which some of Millais's earlier pictures (painted under the Pre-Raphaelite fad) excited will not be forgotten, and they were forcibly called to mind by the exhibition of his pictures in the Winter Exhibition of the Grosvenor last year. There was, however, an amount of promise in the extravagances of the daring young painter which attracted many, while his pictures were bought eagerly by those people who think they show superiority over the Philistine by discovering occult beauty—or, at least, pretending to do so—where it cannot be said to exist. These are the people who will give an enormous sum for a picture by Whistler, while they, as well as the artist, are unable to tell when it is hung upside down—*vide* the celebrated picture belonging to Mr. Percy Wyndham, which was brought into court in this position, and the mistake not even discovered by the artist.

Between virulent abuse from some critics, equally extravagant praise from Ruskin, and the consequent rush of the would-be artistic to follow his lead, Millais gained what he wanted—notoriety, and he sold his pictures. Nor has he ever looked back, although his undoubtedly great talents are fairly to be credited with his later successes. He has always been a fashionable painter, and the extraordinary circumstances of his marriage with Ruskin's quondam wife, and the continuance of the friendship between the two men after that event, did not seem to affect his social position after the nine days' wonder had talked itself out. If for a time it did so, all was quickly forgotten in the popular artist and portrait-painter.

His house, designed by himself, is also one of the show palaces of art, much described and minutely illustrated; albeit it has rather the character of the substantial home of a country gentleman in London than that of an artist. It is a little significant that, in the designs of the house, only the portion intended to show is decorated; there is none of that beauty of completeness in unseen portions which the old art-worker loved and practiced, and as the house has not chanced to be covered by more recent buildings, this is the more apparent. "Will it pay?" is an important question to many people, though it should not be so to artists.

To the ordinary visitor to the Millais Exhibition of last year, one of the most striking features in it was the bad taste shown in the costumes of his portraits. He seems to have exercised none of the artistic choice or control over the dress of his sitters, and he painted them in any outrageous costume which happened to be the French dressmaker's ideal of beauty at the time. Millais is credited with having said that all costumes become beautiful if they are only old enough, but this is to ignore or deny that there is such a thing as abstract beauty of line or of color, and it is one thing to paint the costume of the period in an artistic manner—as, for instance, Hogarth and Gainsborough did—and quite another to present those inharmonious combinations of crude color and lines of drapery in which all the laws of beauty are violated. It is surely the place of an artist to idealize his subjects, but long after the Pre-Raphaelite stage was passed this strange insensibility to beauty is to be noticed.

The picture which undoubtedly made Millais's fame with the people was his "Huguenot." There is certainly no modern picture which may be found enshrined in so many English homes, either as engraving or photograph. The story was one which all could understand:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

And it was told in a manner that went to all hearts.

The subject of the "Black Brunswicker" was a trading on the same theme; but, though in some respects a better picture, it never struck the public fancy as the other did, and the public does not care for repetitions of the same story. Millais is said by some to have been the first to paint women lovable, but this may be classed among the exaggerated eulogiums of his frantic admirers. Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney have surely painted lovable women long before Millais was thought of, and of the old masters the "Sta. Barbara" of Palma Vecchio, and the Virgins of Murillo, come to mind as something much more lovable than the three beflounced young ladies in "Hearts are Trumps."

We have placed the two best-known painters first, but in point of seniority, and certainly of genius, stands George F. Watts, some ten years older than Leighton and Millais. As a young man, he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1837, when only seventeen years of age. In 1843 he obtained one of the £300 prizes in the competition for cartoons at Westminster Hall for his "Caractacus Led in Triumph Through the Streets of Rome," now in the House of Commons. After that he spent three years in close study in Italy, and in 1847 again obtained a prize in the Westminster Hall competition for his "St. George," also in the new Houses of Parliament. He was chosen an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1867, and a Royal Academician in 1868. He also obtained the first medal at the Paris Exhibition, as well as one at Vienna. He was offered a baronetcy at the same time as Mr. J. E. Millais, but characteristically refused it.

His life has always been one of retirement. He gives no quarter to interviewers. Nor does he supply, or allow pictures of all the rooms in his house to be supplied, to the illustrated journals, or furnish notes for an autobiography. His house, well known to his intimate friends for its beauties, contains a picture-gallery and one for sculpture, which are open on Saturday afternoons and Sundays to any who present their visiting-cards or write their names and addresses in his visitors' book. At the present time he has announced that he will sell no more pictures. Whatever he does in the future is to be a gift to the nation. Already some of his best-known pictures are in the South Kensington Museum—"Painted and given by G. F. Watts, R.A.," as the labels tell us: "Love and Life," "Love and Death," "The Centaur," "The Spirit of Religion," dedicated to all the Churches, and one of his portraits of Tennyson.

To appreciate Watts's pictures to their full extent, one needs the kindly presence of the artist himself, telling of the thoughts he tried to illustrate.

His life has been one of kindness to others, and of conscientious work. Retiring and modest, he is as patient now with the struggling young artist who comes to him for advice, or to show his picture, as if he were himself but a tyro. His portraits seem to present to us thinking men and women—not mere models. Two of his finest—that of Cardinal Manning, and that of Tennyson, already mentioned—are now placed in the South Kensington Museum, though not in the places which will be their final homes.

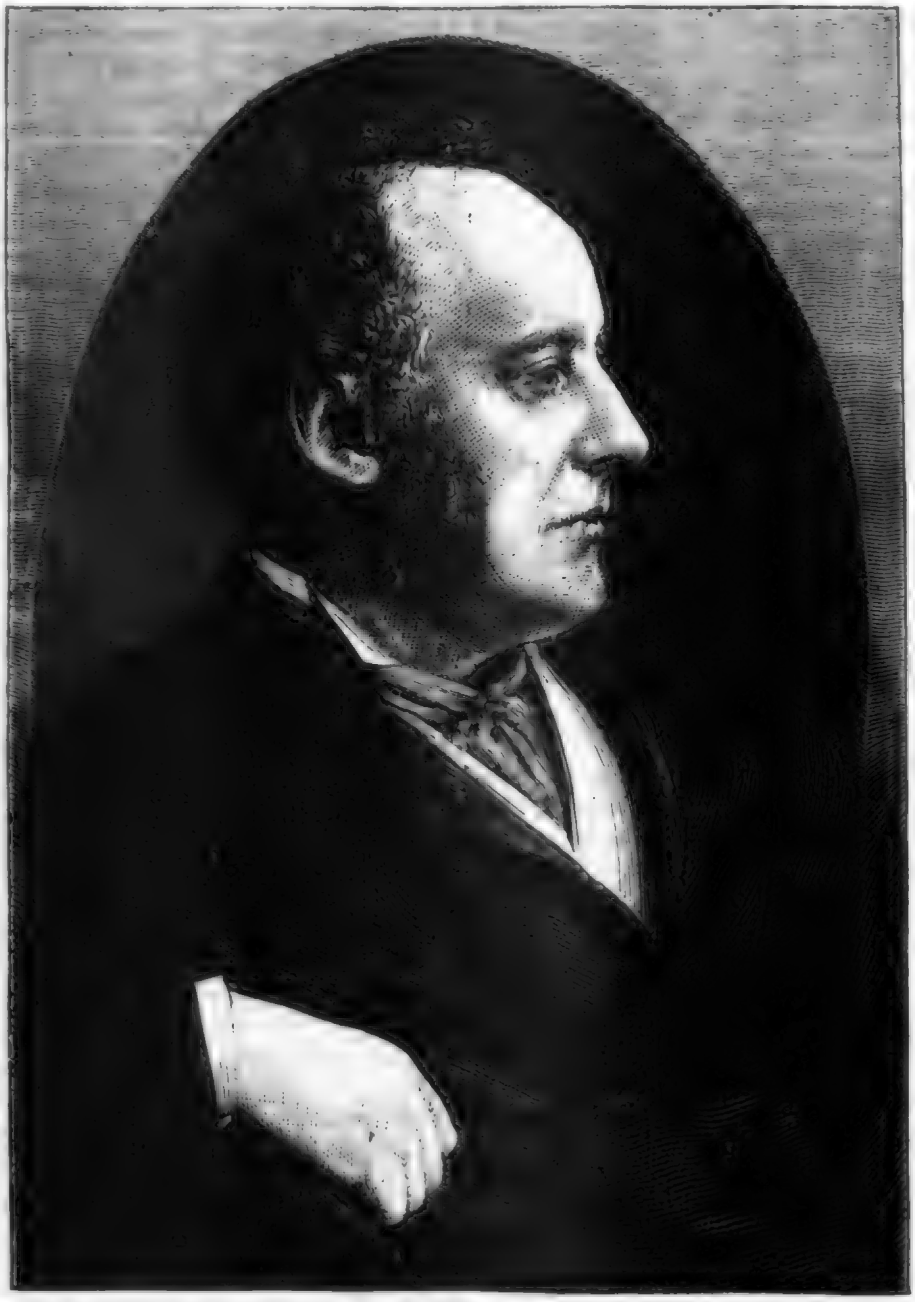
Since the unhappy termination to his marriage with Ellen Terry, which was the outcome of mistaken chivalry—also a nine days' wonder, and now a wellnigh forgotten episode in the life of that actress—Watts has lived a life of retirement in one sense, although few men have closer or more devoted friends.

Some few years ago, perhaps, no artist's name was better known than that of Holman Hunt. It was supposed to show superiority of mind to appreciate his pictures, consequently everybody appreciated them. Hundreds rushed to the exhibition of the "Shadow of the Cross," and of all the high prices that have ever been paid for single pictures, none have reached the sums which this painter received. He has not changed. He still spends years in the study of one picture; still paints and repaints, and works with a plodding conscientiousness which thinks no time or labor too great so that he obtains what he considers perfection. But alas! fashion has changed. There are still those who honestly appreciate his painting, and look upon him as the master of the age; but the general public care no more for him. The exhibition of the "Flight into Egypt" was a failure. The profane carried away an impression of the broad back of Joseph occupying almost the centre of the picture; found fault with the Virgin for looking old and worn out, and with the floating babies for being as muscular as dwarfed Hercules. They dared to say what they thought. That was all the difference.

Of the St. John's Wood clique, as they dubbed themselves, Calderon, of Spanish parentage on the father's side, is perhaps the best known. Swarthy, like his nation, and with all their suave courtesy, his studio is always a pleasant one to visit, not only on account of his pictures or for the charm of the studio itself, but because its owner is as ready to talk about his art and enter into his motives for choosing certain subjects or modes of working, to the ordinary lover of pictures, as to his brethren of the brush.

Hodgson, who for many years after a journey to Morocco and the East has painted little else but Eastern pictures, or, rather, those in which the East and West were brought into sharp contrast; Leslie, who affected an air of *niaiserie*, which he perhaps thought brought him down to the level of ordinary mortals—the painter, *par excellence*, of smooth greenswards, over which the latest patent lawn-mower has evidently just passed, and of pretty, pink-faced girls; Yeames, the painstaking, learned painter, who somehow always manages to get as many straight lines as possible into his pictures—long flights of steps most accurately drawn, interiors of modern suburban churches, with prosaic lines of pews or such like; Marks, the painter of the revels of monks of comic birds, and generally more or less humorous subjects, with his fixed eyeglass and his eminently unartistic exterior; Story, known by many charming pictures, but uncertain in his work—all these and some others belonged to a kind of private club called "The Gridiron," because each in turn was supposed to submit to be placed on the gridiron of the criticism of all the others. They passed their time, when not painting, in meeting at each other's houses for croquet in old times, and lawn-tennis more recently; in doing what children call "dressing up" and having themselves photographed by one of the clique in character; by excursions together up the Thames when the Academy spurt was over. Altogether an easy, pleasant life when times were good and pictures sold easily, though scarcely, perhaps, so halcyon now.

The Scotch artists are a hardier crew. They also have fine studios in London, and spend at least a part of the year there; but when the season is over they depart to the Highlands, not as Sir J. E. Millais does, to do the shooting in truly lordly style, but to disappear from civilized society for a time and live *au naturel.* They perch their little wooden shanties, which serve them for studios, on some mountain or some rocky glen, and paint their next year's picture thus out in the open; living for the most part in Highland cottages or little wayside inns, far from the madding crowd, while their children run barefooted through the towns or along the sands. Nay, even the artist himself may sometimes be seen with his easel placed below high-water mark, up to his ankles in water, working away with double haste to get in some fine effect before the incoming tide drives him finally off for the day. In the evenings they meet and pour libations, to their gods, of native whisky, which may or may not have made the acquaintance of the exciseman.



SIR J. E. MILLAIS.

Spring finds them back again in London, working up for the Academy, and the last Sunday in March, or "Picture Sunday," as it is now universally called, finds all the studios swept and garnished, and the pictures on view to the artist's personal acquaintances, and such others as can obtain an introduction.

Some of the artists, Burne Jones, for instance, open their studios every Sunday afternoon, and do not affect Picture Sunday especially.

Burne Jones's house, an old-fashioned one in a row in North End, Fulham, with a hanging iron bell outside the gateway, is furnished throughout in that sad-toned gray-green and green-blue which is William Morris's trade-mark. Nowhere is the monotony broken, and perhaps this somewhat depressing surrounding is a good thing to get one into the proper vein to appreciate the sadness, and yet, withal, the poetic beauty of this painter's work. As a designer for stained glass windows and other purely decorative work, he has, perhaps, no equal. In these, his dreamy melancholy never seems out of place. The appearance of the artist corresponds entirely with the style of his art. He looks as much a poet as a painter, and seems ever to be walking in a kind of dream, as do the subjects of his pictures.

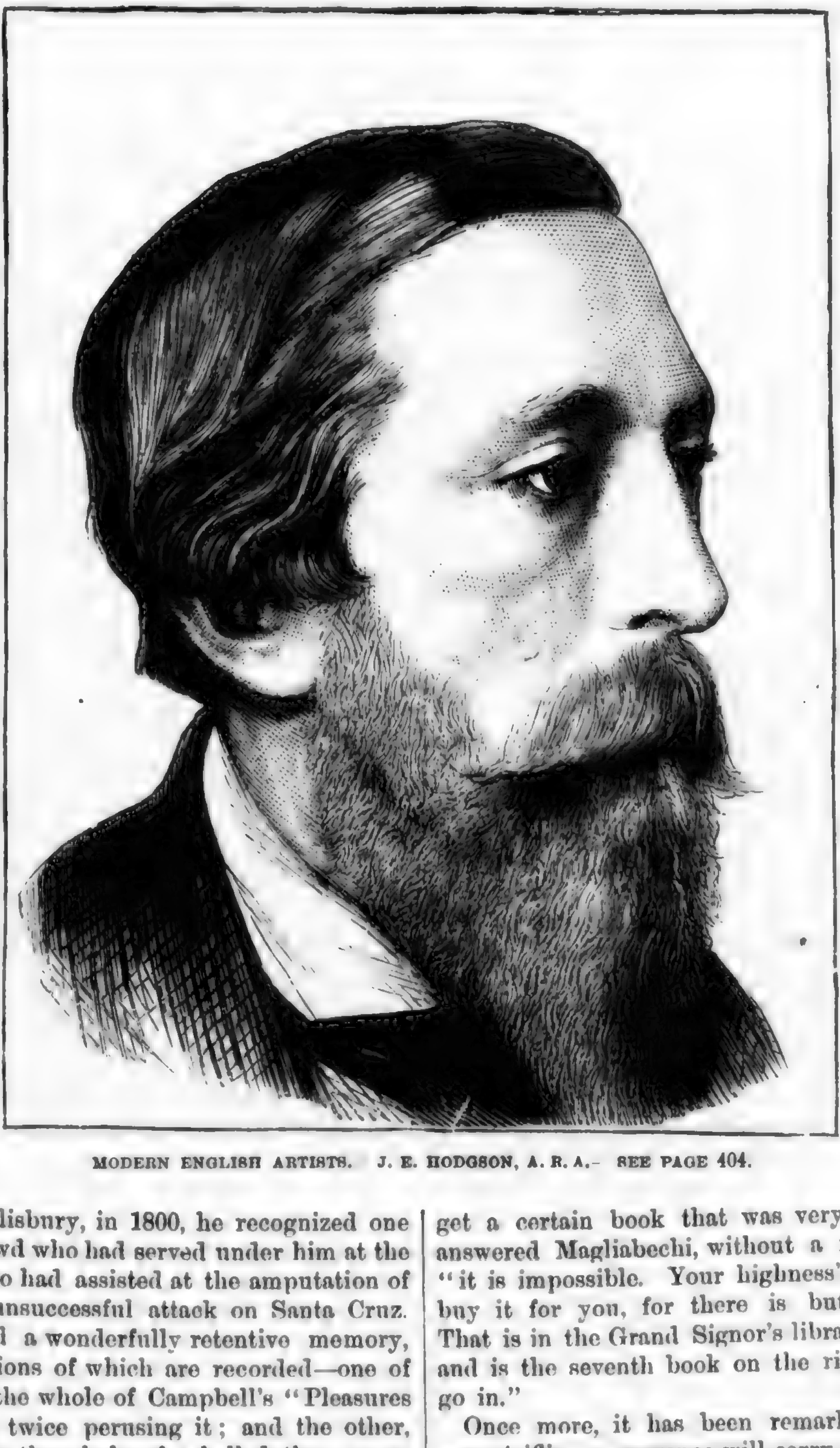
Walter Crane is another artist who must be classed alone, as he does not fairly fit in with any school or clique. His decorative work is also the best-known and the most satisfactory. Nor when he paints an easel picture does he ever seem to get out of the decorative vein. He lives, in a quiet, little, old-fashioned house in the outskirts, the simplest of unpretending lives, always looking a little sad, a little over-burdened with the small worries of life.

Of the foreign artists domiciled in London we do not speak, though they are some of the best-known figures in London society.

Alma Tadema, the painter of old Roman life, is best known to the general public for his reproduction of rare marbles and fabrics. Town's End House, once one of the show palaces of art, is dismantled, while a new and grander palace is being built and decorated. His wife, also an artist, is English—one of the Epps, of "grateful, comforting" celebrity.

Herkomer, Carl Haag, and Whistler, who, with his coat of little capes, his white locks and his eyeglass, is such a familiar figure in all fashionable artistic assemblies, and who spoils the Egyptians in a manner that must be delightful to his own sense of humor—these cannot fairly be classed as English painters.

The artistic society in London is a large one, and it would be impossible to mention one-third of even the well-known painters, without going to the rank and file who are still in that borderland which makes the hanging of their pictures on the walls of the Academy a dreadful uncertainty. One can but take the typical figures out of the crowd; but in the background stand a veritable army of young artists, still hoping to come to the front when times are better, build themselves palaces filled with treasures, and generally disport themselves in the sunbeams of success and popularity.



MODERN ENGLISH ARTISTS. J. E. HODGSON, A. R. A.– SEE PAGE 404.

GREAT MEMORIES.

Lord Macaulay's memory is one of the most famous, and many interesting instances of it are related by Mr. Trevelyan. Thus we are told how he could recite not only "Paradise Lost," but Richardson's prize romance, "Sir Charles Grandison," a work of prodigious size.

As it has been truly said, "His mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor ever seemed to feel the burden."

In short, so nicely was his memory stored, that in the list of kings or popes, or senior wranglers or prime ministers, or battles or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence.

Lord Nelson, like George III., it may be remembered, never forgot a face that he had once seen. During a visit to Salisbury, in 1800, he recognized one sailor among the crowd who had served under him at the Nile, and another who had assisted at the amputation of his arm, after the unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz. Sir Walter Scott had a wonderfully retentive memory, two striking illustrations of which are recorded—one of his having repeated the whole of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," after only twice perusing it; and the other, of his going through the whole of a ballad three years after he had first heard it. Byron, also, had a very fine memory, and often astonished his friends by the versatility of his knowledge. Andrew Fuller, after hearing 500 lines twice, could repeat them without a mistake. It is said that he could repeat, *verbatim*, a sermon or speech, and could tell, either backward or forward, every shop-sign from the Temple to the extreme end of Cheapside, and the articles displayed in each of them.

Porson's memory was so retentive that he once remarked that it was a source of misery to him, as he could never forget anything, although he wished not to remember it. Some idea of his memory may be gathered from the fact that he could repeat several of Shakespeare's plays; and he was extensively acquainted with the Greek and Roman classics. In short, so marvelous was his memory that there were few subjects concerning which he was not able to illustrate his knowledge by quotations from the writings of his own and other countries.

The late Professor Cunningham could recite the works of Virgil and Horace from beginning to end. Thomson, like Fuller, could tell the names, trades, and particulars of every shop from Ludgate Hill to Piccadilly. Woodgate was noted for his powers of memory, and one feat he was famous for was carrying in his head a debate, and repeating it a fortnight afterward.

Another remarkable man was Antonio Magliabechi, Librarian to Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence. He possessed such a marvelous memory that his head was once styled "a universal index both of titles and matter." On one occasion the Grand Duke sent for him to ask whether he could get a certain book that was very scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, without a moment's hesitation; "it is impossible. Your highness's treasury would not buy it for you, for there is but one in the world. That is in the Grand Signor's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the right-hand side as you go in."

Once more, it has been remarked how occasionally some trifling occurrence will carry the memory back and recall incidents of bygone years. There is a story told of a man who, on entering one day a strange house, suddenly remembered some fact connected with his childhood which had taken place forty years before.

TO MY MOTHER.

(TRANSLATED FROM HEINE.)

BY JOHN DENNIS.

I LEFT thee once in mad desire to find
The Love for which my spirit yearned with pain,
At many a door I knocked, and knocked in vain,
Craving Love's alms which none to grant inclined.
But laughing, treated me with cold disdain;
Yet still I wandered, eager in the quest,
For ever seeking, and for aye unblest,
Since no one gave the boon for which I pined.
Then, Mother! turning to my home I went
With weary steps and sorrow-numbing care,
And lo! my pain was lost in sweet content,
For what I sought came to me unaware;
In the dear eyes that on thy son were bent
All had I asked I found, for Love was there.

AN ANECDOTE OF EDMUND KEAN.

"SOME years ago, on a visit to Stratford-on-Avon," says William Howitt, "I picked a boy named William Shakespeare Smith out of about seventy boys at the national school there, entirely by his striking likeness to the bust of Shakespeare in that parish church. I found, on inquiry, that he was one of a family living in the place, descended from Shakespeare's sister, Joan, another branch of which of the name of Hart were living at Tewkesbury."

About fifty years ago there was an aged man of the name of William Smith, who kept a public-house in a court in the Northgate Street, Gloucester, which was called the "Shakespeare." The sign was large, and was hung over the entrance of the court, which faced the street. It represented that the landlord, "William Smith, was a descendant from and the next of kin to that immortal bard Shakespeare."

When the celebrated Edmund Kean was a member of Watson's company of comedians, he lodged at a little cottage in this court and spent a portion of his time in the kitchen of the Shakespeare. There was a poker in this Shakespeare kitchen which was called Edmund Kean's poker. In that kitchen Edmund has rehearsed "Richard III.," and in his frenzy of "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," he has wielded that instrument as a sword with terrible vigor of voice and attitude. Old Watson was the proprietor of the Gloucester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and Hereford theatres. It is said that he made a fortune by his venture. Kean left Watson's company, and went to Drury Lane, when he became the star of the first magnitude. In the zenith of his fame he was invited to play at Cheltenham. The audience, impatient for the curtain to rise, shouted stentoriously, "Kean, Kean, Kean!" Poor Kean remembered the old days of his privation and his poverty, and, taking an unobserved view of his tremendous audience, shook his fist at the vast and miscellaneous assemblage of promiscuous classes of society, and audibly exclaimed, "You rascals, once you tried to starve me to death, now you would make a god of me. Go to the deuce."

There is a very aged pauper living in the neighborhood who remembers Kean. He said: "When I was a young fellow, and Edmund was an old man, I was in the orchestra at the Cheltenham Theatre. Edmund was playing 'Richard III.' to a crowded house. At a certain part of the tragedy I was instructed to blow a loud blast on a horn or a trumpet. We had all been indulging in hot grog behind the scenes, and I was too drunk to blow or sound the bugle or horn. As soon as the scene dropped, Edmund, who was also drunk, came with a drawn sword, and, in a terrible rage, cried, 'Oh! you stupid rascal, why did you not blow the horn?' Drunk as I was, I fled for my life, and Edmund, sword-in-hand, flew after me, swearing he would kill me. I luckily escaped, or the old furious *Richard III.* would have drawn my blood, or, perhaps, have killed me."

ENGLISH BISHOPRICS.

THE English and Welsh bishoprics were instituted according to the following order of time, viz.:

London, as the Archbishopric and Metropolis of England, founded by Lucius, first Christian King of Britain, A.D. 185; Llandaff, 185; Bangor, 516; St. David's, 519 (Archbishopric of Wales from 550 till 1100, when the Bishop submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury as his Metropolitan; St. Asaph's, 547. St. Augustine (or Austin) made Canterbury the Metropolitan Archbishopric, by order of Pope Gregory, 596; Wells, 604; Rochester, 604; Winchester, 650; Lichfield and Coventry, 656; Worcester, 679; Hereford, 680; Durham, 690; Sodor and Man, 898; Exeter, 1050; Sherborne (changed to Salisbury), 1056; York (Archbishopric), 1067; Dorchester (changed to Lincoln), 1070; Chichester, 1071; Thetford (changed to Norwich), 1088; Bath and Wells, 1088; Ely, 1109; Carlisle, 1133. The following six were founded upon the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII.: Chester, Peterborough, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol and Westminster, 1538. Westminster was united to London in 1550. All the others are of quite recent foundation.

BIG BELLS.

THE following list of the age, locality, and weight of the principal bells in Europe may be interesting: Moscow, 1736 (broken 1737), 198 tons; another, 1817, 110 tons; three others, 16 to 31 tons; Novgorod, 31 tons; Olmütz, 17 tons 18 cwt.; Vienna, 1711, 17 tons 14 cwt.; Westminster, 1856, 15 tons 18½ cwt.; Erfurt, 1497, 13 tons 15 cwt.; Paris, 1680, 12 tons 16 cwt.; Sens, 13 tons; Montreal, 1847, 12 tons 15 cwt.; Cologne, 1848, 11 tons 3 cwt.; Breslau, 1507, 11 tons; Görlitz, 10 tons 17 cwt.; York, 1845, 10 tons 15 cwt.; Bruges, 1680, 10 tons 5 cwt.; St. Peter's, Rome, 8 tons; Oxford, 1680, 7 tons 12 cwt.; Lucerne, 1636, 7 tons 11 cwt.; Halberstadt, 1457, 7 tons 10 cwt.; Antwerp, 7 tons 3 cwt.; Brussels, 7 tons 1½ cwt.; Dantzic, 1453, 6 tons 1 cwt.; Lincoln, 1834, 5 tons 8 cwt.; St. Paul's, 1716, 5 tons 4 cwt.; Ghent, 4 tons 18 cwt.; Boulogne, new, 4 tons 18 cwt.; Exeter, 1675, 4 tons 10 cwt.; Old Lincoln, 1610, 4 tons 8 cwt.; fourth quarter-bell, Westminster, 1857, 4 tons.

ETIQUETTE OF PRINCES.—The custom which princes have of wearing the military uniform of the country to whose sovereign they pay a visit dates only back to the time of Frederick the Great. It was he who in 1770, seven years after the close of the Seven Year's War, visited the Emperor Joseph of Austria at Castle Neustadt in Moravia. Fearing lest the sight of the blue uniforms of the victorious Prussians might not find favor in the eyes of the vanquished, he ordered for himself and the officers of his suite white fancy uniforms, richly embroidered with silver, which resembled the uniforms of several of the Austrian regiments. What was then a delicate attention has now become a standing custom.

A VISIT TO PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL.

We had been doing Southern Brazil, a country little known to the generality of the outside world, and, sooth to say, very indifferent to that outside world. After a term of rest, which we had valiantly earned, at Rio Grande do Sul, we resolved to visit Porto Alegre. We sailed up the lake one morning early, on the steamer *Stapuan*, Clyde-built, fast and safe, reaching Pelotas, our only stopping-place, in about three hours. Here we had barely time to drive round a little, see some friends, and notice that the town was well built, clean-looking, with streets bustling, inhabitants active, and several rather pretentious-looking public buildings here and there; but, wherever we drove, an indefinable but searching disagreeable odor pervaded every thing and place, which, we discovered, proceeded from the *xarqueado* or jerked beef yards, and which the natives actually claim to be very wholesome.

Off again through the Arroyo de Pelotas, into and up the lake all day long. Dinner on board was rather a scramble, but very good of its kind.

My wife was allotted the seat of honor at the *commandante's* right hand, who carved the turbot-like garopa, shrimp-adorned, and the roast sucking-pig, without which latter no banquet in Brazil is complete. Of course there was a *feijoada*, the national dish, composed of *feijoes*, black beans, *farinha* or meal of the mandioca root, sprinkled like sawdust over the mass, jerked beef cut up very small, very fat morsels of bacon, with plenty of fresh green and red peppers. The whole, thoroughly mixed, constitutes a wholesome, satisfying food, and is daily seen on every Brazilian table, from that of the Emperor down to his humblest subject. By the initiated it is preferred to the daintiest productions of a Soyer.

Let even Boston look to her culinary laurels; once allow the insidious and succulent *feijoada* an entry into North America, and the days of baked beans will be numbered. It is *de rigueur* to wash down the national dish with an equally national glass of *paraty*, or native rum, or *laranjinha*, a similar spirit, flavored with orange. For want of more distinguished foreign guests, our healths were proposed by our jolly *commandante*, who, in grandiloquent fashion, rough old sea-wolf though he was, managed to say some very witty and pleasant things, and we responded to the best of our ability.

By six o'clock it became dark, and too cold to stay long on deck, so we retired early, hoping for a tranquil night's rest, to prepare us for what might be in store for us on shore next day.

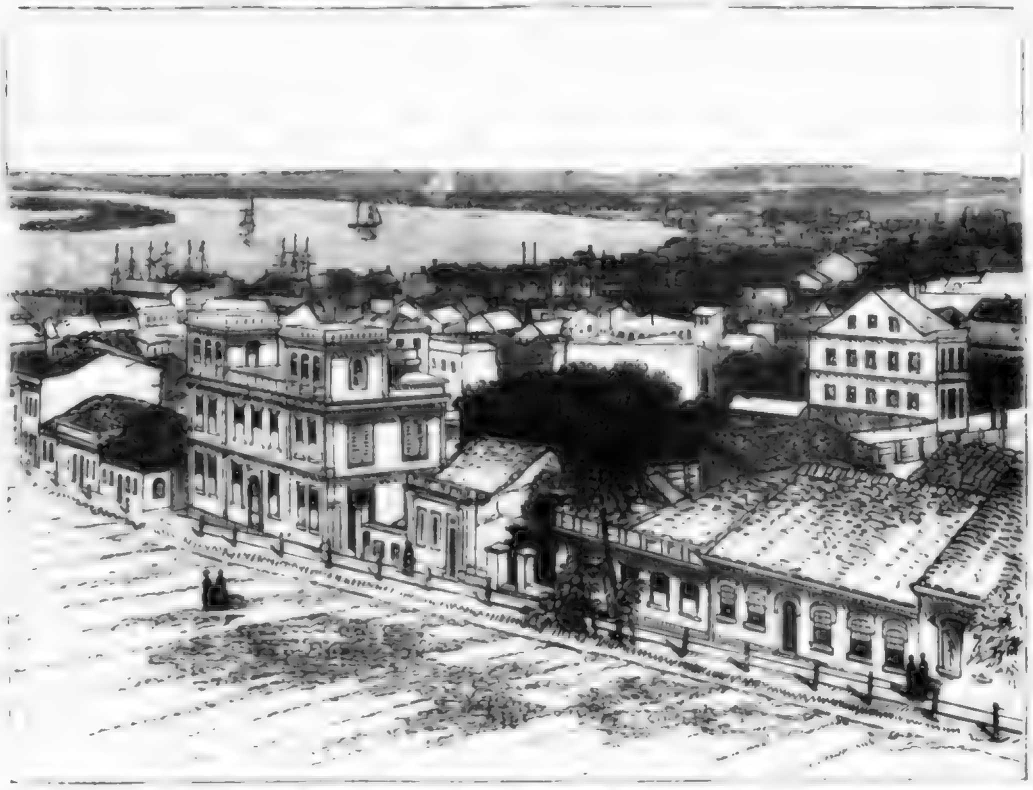
Everything conduced to sleep--the entire day spent in the open air, the monotonous churning of the propeller, and the coziness of our quarters; but "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

Our next-door neighbors proved to be a large Brazilian family, mother, several grown-up daughters and young children, tapering down to infants in arms, the last in charge of colored nurses, of different shades of duskiness, but all equally slatternly and noisy. The children began to cry; the nurses affected to soothe, but really scolded them; the mother and grown-up daughters scolded both nurses and children indiscriminately; there was racing and chasing to and fro, banging of doors, ringing of bells, and this constant din of shrill voices mingled intermittently with the cries of the children, now increasing to yells and screams, and ending in piteous wails. Finally the children cried themselves to sleep, and the whole ship's company settled down to rest, but not for long; as an unearthly sound of yelling, screaming, ordering and swearing, accompanied by the rushing of many feet, this time on deck, roused us all from a deep sleep. Our first fear was that the steamer had stranded, was sinking or on fire, but no signs of any such calamities appeared, and, as the clamor grew more distinct, we learned that there had been some trouble among the German immigrants forward, but that it was nothing serious, and that we need not disturb ourselves.

This second interruption to our slumbers proved too much for us, however, and the rest of the night we tossed about uncomfortably until daylight, when we rose and went on deck forward, to enjoy the cool of the morning, and get some particulars of the night's disturbance. There we found the rioter of the night before, an old, respectable-looking German, in appearance like a country pedagogue, lashed securely to the mast from head to foot, his hands swollen from the cold and frayed by the ropes. He had, it seemed, been celebrating his approach to his adopted country by taking more rum than was good for him, and—disregarding the rights of his fellow-passengers, who were huddled up in their blankets on deck, mummy-like—had tried to prance, Juggernaut-fashion, over their prostrate bodies, to which they, unlike the pious Hindoos, strenuously objected, more particularly the husbands of the poor women thus trampled upon. A free fight ensued, in which our respectable-looking but intoxicated friend opened fire on his assailants with his revolver, fortunately more of a toy than a lethal weapon. He managed to wound one of his enemies slightly, hence the diabolical noise of the night before, and his ignominious position this morning. He will be delivered over to the police on shore, and remain in prison, awaiting trial, for perhaps a year or more, and probably be severely sentenced in the long run. Rather a sad beginning to his new life at his journey's end.

The lake, near its head, narrows rapidly, and its shores are dotted here and there with bright-looking villages, until we come within sight of the smiling town of Porto Alegre. But first we have to pass the Pedras Brancas, formidable white rocks in mid-channel, which requires some skillful steering, and soon we are nearing the town, most pleasantly situated on a series of low hills, stretching away indefinitely in the background. Some English friends met us at the wharf, and soon we were comfortably installed at the Hôtel do Brazil. We found everywhere signs of German enterprise, the principal merchants, and even the local traders, appearing to be of that nationality.

Stores and offices are generally on the ground-floor, long, lofty, capacious, and full of the most miscellaneous kinds of merchandise from all parts of the world; prints and shirtings from Manchester, hardware from Birmingham, furniture from Vienna, matches from Denmark, flour from Baltimore, lager-beer from Bavaria, palm-oil from the West Coast of Africa, kerosene and sewing-machines from New York—all could be seen elbowing each other in the same stores. Local business is still a barter trade to some extent here, the German colonists from S. Leopoldo and neighborhood, and the *estancieros*, sending down their corn, beans, mandioca, pork, hides, tallow, etc., to the town merchants, and receiving in exchange imported necessaries. Population is about 40,000, of which half are German, or of German origin. The town is well built, fronting the lake, with several



PORTO ALEGRE.—VISTA DO ARRAIAL DO MENINO DEOS.

handsome churches, good hotels, an imposing town-hall and presidential palace, an excellent club belonging to the city merchants, and its miniature watering-place, reached by mule-cars, rejoicing in the euphonious name of "Menino Deos" or the Infant God. The most thriving colony of the province, S. Leopoldo, is altogether German, numbers about 20,000 souls, and is about fifty miles up country from Porto Alegre, with which it is connected by an English narrow-gauge railway.

The country is alternately hilly and prairie-like, well wooded, with unlimited good pasturage, and well watered by the Rios Cahy, Cacequy, Taquary, Pardo, and their tributaries, some of which are traversed for considerable distances by small, light-draught steamers.

Small game, such as wildduck, pheasant, snipe and woodcock, abound almost to within the city boundaries, whilst pacas, cotias and oncas, or Brazilian jaguars, are sufficiently plentiful to satisfy the more ambitious sportsmen. All northern cereals would grow in this favored region, but, strange to say, no wheat is produced; all flour coming from the neighboring States of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, with some from the United States, but necessarily at great expense in freight. Horses are so cheap, that strangers, when hiring to ride long distances, are required to deposit the value of saddle and bridle only. An excellent animal can be bought for about $15. In the streets of Porto Alegre we saw an actual "beggar on horseback," plying his vocation, and he was not looked upon as a phenomenon. Beef and mutton are so cheap that they are sold at retail by the great piece, and never weighed; the buyer indicating what cut he wants, and receiving a huge chunk for a very trifling cost. Reduced to northern precision of weight, beef is worth about three cents per pound, and one can easily buy an entire leg of mutton for eighteen cents all told!

Want of time prevented our accepting the invitation of a Brazilian friend to visit his *estancia*, some fifty miles up one of the rivers, where he raises stock to an astonishing extent, owning about 25,000 head of cattle, and as many sheep, and droves of horses, half, and sometimes wholly, wild, to be counted by the thousands. Most of the cattle raised in the province find their way to the stockyards of Pelotas, where they are killed in very primitive fashion; the hides, horns, hair, bones, tongues, etc., exported to Europe and the United States, and the carcasses are torn into long sheets of varying thickness, from an inch to three inches, salted and sun-dried on framework in the *xarqueadores* yards, and afterward shipped, without any packing, on board small schooners, to all of the Northern Brazilian ports, from whence it is packed into bundles, small enough to go into mule-packs, and so distributed all over the interior, often hundreds of leagues, into regions far from both rivers and railways. The tallow and grease extracts find ready markets at Rio for cheap candles, lubricators and soap-making.

The River Plate *xarqueadores*, possessing a similar country, excel the *Rio Grandeuses* in enterprise, by raising more stock, by killing and preparing in a more scientific and economical manner; and, as a natural sequence, compete with the Brazilians in their own markets, in spite of protective tariffs; besides which, they ship largely to some West Indian markets, and have lately started shipping the fresh meat to Europe, in steamers specially constructed to keep their cargoes frozen hard by means of cold-air chambers, in which latter traffic they compete successfully with both the United States and New Zealand.

The *Rio Grandeuses* of the interior, like the *Gauchos* of the River Plate, are all perfect horsemen and expert lasso and bola throwers. Of superb physique, inured to hardships, and constantly in the saddle, their cavalry regiments constitute the flower of the Brazilian Army, and in the event of any serious outbreak with their Argentine neighbors, could be depended upon to give a good account of themselves.

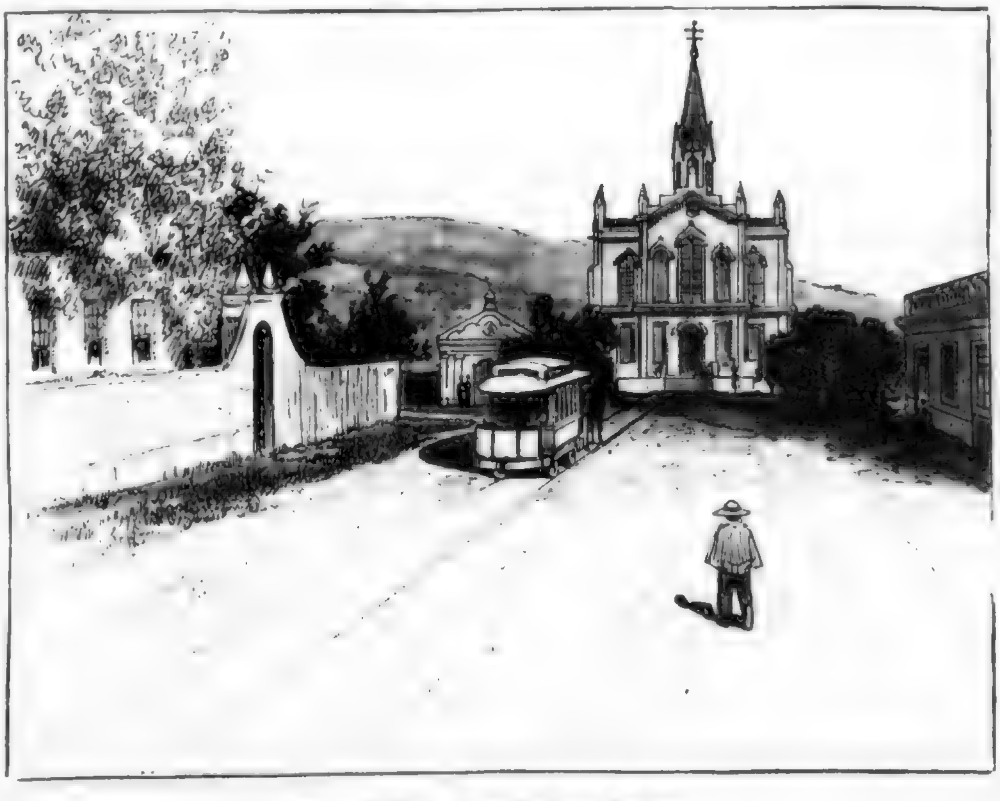
The question of boundaries between Brazil and the Argentine Republic has never been quite settled since the division of the spoil by the allies at the close of the Paraguayan War in 1870, and periodical disturbances on the disputed territory of Missiones keep both countries on the alert, and necessitate the maintenance of their armies and navies on a war footing. Brazil is rapidly completing her strategic railway from Rio Grande to Alegrete, thence to the Argentine and Uruguayan frontier at Uruguayana, with which she will be able to mass troops at the shortest notice, and retain excellent bases of supplies all the way down to the City of Rio Grande.

We spent a most pleasant week at Porto Alegre, thanks to the kindness of our English friends, who were determined that we should carry away only delightful remembrances of their adopted home.

Coming away on the steamer, an amusing instance of the small value put upon punctuality in this part of the world was afforded us by the steamer's detention for fully an hour after all mails, passengers and cargo were on board, and several hours after her schedule hour for sailing; the sole reason for which was that his excellency's (some high local official) mail had not arrived, and the steamer could neither sail away without this valuable correspondence, nor could the captain, under penalty, perhaps, of losing his position, expostulate, however mildly, or send messengers to expedite matters.

The steam-whistle kept tooting, lugubriously and pleadingly at intervals, but this was the only indication of impatience on the steamer's part. Finally, a mounted orderly arrived, quite leisurely, with one letter! At which a mild derisive cheer arose from the passengers.

We had but little time left to spare at Rio Grande, as our old friend Captain James, of the *Calderon*, had returned from Montevideo in our absence; so, bidding cordial Good-by to our many friends there, we hurried on board at midnight, that nothing might prevent the steamer's getting over the bar by daylight. Morning came, and we expected to find ourselves out at sea, but instead, the bar had again been behaving badly, and we were caught inside, this time, some ten miles from our friends at Rio Grande, anchored, with the signal-station and lighthouse on our left, and a straggling cluster of fishermens' huts on our right. There was apparently but little hope of release that day, and yet there was just enough to deter us from venturing back to town, where we could have spent the time so much more pleasantly with our friends for another twenty-four hours. The novelty of the situation reconciled us to our fate for the first day, but when, the second day, there appeared less chance of release than ever, we began to grow impatient, and make inquiries as to the longest detention on record. We learnt that some steamers had been caught inside for ten or twelve days, perhaps more; that it altogether depended on the direction of the wind; that, if the present wind lasted, we might attain immortal renown by exceeding the record; that sailing-vessels were frequently detained for months; that one had actually been six months on either side the bar; that we had reason to be thankful for not being on a sailing-vessel, and much more Job's comforting of a similar nature. Among the passengers was a much-traveled Englishman, a civil engineer, who was on his way to Rio to point out to the Minister of Public Works his plan for removing this same bar for ever by an ingenious system of dikes, whereby the bar was to dredge itself, and to request an appropriation therefor. As, however, Sir John Hawkshaw has already decisively proved to the Government that it would cost several millions sterling to construct breakwaters of sufficient strength to remedy the trouble in anything like permanent fashion, and that, even then, unforeseen combinations of weather and circumstances might arise to destroy his calculations and their costly breakwaters, our friend's mission did not strike us as particularly hopeful.



PORTO ALEGRE.—PRAZA DOM PEDRO.

By the third day, and no more water on the bar, we wanted somebody's blood; so, to appease us, the captain took us ashore to interview the commander of the bar (strange misnomer) and the oldest pilots of the coast. Only evasive answers from these dignitaries could we elicit. "Bar was undoubtedly very bad, but it had been worse. Have patience! Perhaps to-morrow we will have better luck!" The only blood we got was that of an unhappy bullock, chased, lassoed and slaughtered by a band of rollicking sailors detailed for the duty. This supplementing of the ship's stores looked like taking up our residence on the bar, and did not tend to pacify us. The situation, from being ridiculous, was becoming serious. We had important business awaiting us at Rio, which we could have attended to by cable, from even Rio Grande, but we dared not leave the steamer, as, in the meantime, the water might rise and the steamer be off without us. Here we were, without any other means of conveyance, caught in a trap; no getting out or turning back.

Fourth Day.—Same disappointment, but aggravated by the sight of a neighboring steamer of smaller draught sailing out for Montevideo.

Were we to be detained here, shut in by these sand walls for ever? We had no ambition to become either ancient mariners, or raving lunatics, or both.

We seriously considered whether it would not have been better, after all, to have braved all the dangers and uncertainties of the Jaguaras diligence and Uruguayan railway to Montevideo than to be detained here for apparent ages. At least we would have been making progress of some sort, even although greatly in the wrong direction. Anything seemed better than to be chained where we were, indefinitely. Ah! there was the rub! Each morning we rose, no more chance of getting out than the preceding day; another day lost, and same prospect for the morrow. To-day we visited the lighthouse, climbing to the top, some 100 feet, and looking over the fragile railing, wondered how such a flimsy-looking brick structure could resist the full force of the ocean gales. Without anything greater than a moderate breeze blowing we felt the building perceptibly

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vibrate. The keeper told us that during storms the lighthouse positively rocked and trembled as though in an earthquake, and that he supposed it was only a question of time ere some sou'wester, greater than usual, would demolish both the lighthouse and himself. Still he seemed happy. "What can I want more? The work is easy, the pay is good. If I am fated to die in this way, patience; Nossa Senhora will take care of me!" The lights are simple oil-lamps with deflectors, with heavy weights attached to keep them revolving all night long; the keeper's work being to watch every lamp carefully, to trim and oil constantly, and prevent any from going out. Doleful enough occupation; but our fatalistic friend did not seem to be particularly depressed. His wife and family lived at the foot of the lighthouse, and all their material wants were supplied by the neighboring *venda*. And had they not the benefit of the society of the burly pilots and their families? What more could any one desire?

Fifth Day.—The bar continued just as unfriendly as ever, and we got up an impromptu picnic on the ocean sand, and collected basketfuls of conch and other shells. Then we had the spectacle of almost a shipwreck occurring on the bar a few hundred yards from where we stood. The actor in this ocean drama was the steamer *Cavour*, of the same line as our steamer. Altogether a cargo-boat, of lighter draught than ourselves, she had been encouraged to attempt crossing inward, from the tower-signals indicating the depth of water necessary. No sooner, however, did she get on the bar and appear to be in trouble, than down went the illusory signals that had brought her into the peril. For upward of an hour she was bumping, tumbling and sticking on the bar, and it must have been a most anxious time to the captain and crew, as it looked at one time as though she must founder. With characteristic British pluck and good seamanship she stuck to her task, and at last got clear off, and sailed triumphantly in, but little the worse for her tussle. The bar tugs went out to her assistance only after the worst was over; reminding one of the tactics of policemen who, during street brawls, are so frequently invisible, and so gratuitously officious when the row is over.

Sixth Day.—We received letters of condolence from our Rio Grande friends, who, pitying our fate, had kindly chartered a special sailboat from town to offer us any assistance possible; but, however grateful we felt for the kindness thus evinced, we were now less inclined than ever to run the risk of taking a flying trip back to the city and perhaps miss our steamer. To-day we spent in fishing and visiting the opposite bank, hitherto unexplored by us, and in making the acquaintance of a few fishermen living there, but they could throw less light on our situation than even the pilots had done. This afternoon a dense fog sprang up, and it was with some difficulty that we made our way back to the ship. What a small world we were in! No news, no change in our daily companions nor in our diurnal grumbling, but one all-absorbing theme of conversation and objurgation—the unappeasable, the diabolical bar! How eager we were every morning to read the first signals on the tower, and how perfectly exasperating it was, morning by morning, to find how much we required to be free! How we then stormed, raved and generally behaved foolishly, until, quite overcome with our absolute helplessness, we would each retire, muttering, to our respective dens, until our ever-cheerful captain would propose some little excursion or amusement, and drag us all out of our lethargy and momentary despair! This evening we went to bed more desponding than ever; the fog prevailing, the wind, if any, was diametrically opposite to where it should be to do us any good: everything indicated a still prolonged stay.

Seventh Day.—At daybreak the fog began to lift and the wind to veer round to the right direction for us. First, 9 feet on the bar was signaled, greatest depth yet witnessed by us; then, later on 9½; then—oh, joy! could we believe our eyes?—10 feet! just what we required with which to regain our liberty. Yes, we were not mistaken. All is suddenly bustle and preparation on board. A good head of steam is up, anchor weighed, captain on the bridge, everything shipshape, and hope again warmed every heart. Off we started toward the bar. Oh! what a delightful prospect! Was there ever such a magnificent scene as that now before us, at ordinary times principally made up of sandbanks and vessels in distress? But now we appeared to be entering the gates of Paradise, and everything was glorified in our eyes, when suddenly, bump! grind! rasp! We were disillusionized. It was not the celestial gates we were entering, but the black, sullen Styx we were crossing, and our implacable enemy, "the bar," had triumphed, and was bearing us down to destruction, jeering and mocking at us with her hoarse, booming breakers! But it was only for a moment. The *Calderon* reeled as if stunned, recovered herself, and in shorter time than it takes to relate it we had positively got into smooth water. The bar was defeated; we were released, and mutual congratulations were showered on all sides by all and every one to anybody or nobody, such was the excitement, and nothing but smiling faces were seen on that ship all day long, and "Weren't we all glad?"

To properly celebrate our escape, by the captain's permission, and in pursuance of time-honored Brazilian custom, we let off immense signal-rockets, and floated ignited tar-barrels at night, a veritable *feu de joie*.

The return trip was delightful—no pamperos or adventures in little sail-boats. We stopped at the same ports, met our good friends again, related our "bar" experiences, and felt somewhat like little heroes in the narration. We passed between the mainland and San Sebastiao, between Santo and Rio, one beautiful, bright afternoon, and this dream of beauty alone well repaid us for our late troubles.

Finally we got to Rio, within a month from the date of starting out, much pleased with our trip and the many kindnesses we had received wherever we had been, and we quickly forgave even our arch-enemy—the Rio Grande "bar."

COLORING MATTERS IN FLOWERS.

"The colors of petals and other colored parts of the flower," observes Dr. Goodall, "are dependent either on the presence of corpuscles (the colored plastids) or of matters dissolved in the cell-sap. The following account of the coloring matters in the very common *Viola tricolor* is condensed from Strasburger: A vertical section through a petal exhibits the epidermis of the upper side as consisting of elongated papillæ, while that of the lower side has only slightly rounded ones. Just below the epidermis of the upper side there is a layer of compact cells, under which are several rows of smaller cells with conspicuous intercellular spaces. The cells of the epidermis of both sides contains violet sap and yellow granules; the layer of compact cells under the epidermis of the upper side contains only yellow granules. The striking diversities in color presented by different parts of a given petal depend wholly upon combinations of those two elements of color—namely, violet sap and yellow granules. In some places, which are devoid of either of these elements, there are white spots; at these places the light is refracted and reflected by the intercellular spaces which contain air. If the air is removed by pressure, the spots will become transparent. The cell-saps in the parts of the flower may have almost any color, especially shades of red and blue; from this sap the coloring matter sometimes crystallizes in the form of short and slender needles, for instance, in the *Delphinium consolida*.

A MINER'S VICISSITUDES.

HUMBOLDT relates of a Frenchman, Joseph Laborde, that he went to Mexico very poor in 1743, and acquired a large fortune by the mine of La Canada. After building a church at Tasco, which cost him $450,000, he was reduced to the greatest poverty by the rapid decline of those very mines from which he had annually drawn from 130,000 to 190,000 pounds' weight of silver. With a sum of $100,000—raised by selling a sun of solid gold, which in his prosperity he had presented to the Church, and which he was allowed by the archbishop to withdraw—he undertook to clear out an old mine, in doing which he lost the greatest part of the produce of his golden sun, and then abandoned the work. With the small sum remaining he once more ventured on another undertaking, which was for a short time highly productive, and he left behind him at his death a fortune of more than half a million.

BIRDS' NESTS AND EGGS.

THE philosophy of birds' nests and eggs involves questions far too profound to be settled in an hour's lecture. The extreme partisans of one school regard birds as *organic automata*. They take a Calvinistic view of bird-life: they assume that the hedge-sparrow lays a blue egg because under the stern law of protective selection, every hedge-sparrow's egg that was not blue was tried in the high court of Evolution, under the clause relative to the survival of the fittest, and condemned, a hungry magpie or crow being the executioner. The extreme partisans of the other school take an entirely opposite view. They regard the little hedge-sparrow, not only as a free agent, but as a highly intelligent one, who lays blue eggs because the inherited experience of many generations has convinced her that, everything considered, blue is the most suitable color for eggs.

Perhaps the first generalization that the egg-collector is likely to make is the fact that birds that breed in holes lay white eggs. The sand-martin and the kingfisher, which lay their eggs at the end of a long burrow in a bank, as well as the owl and the woodpecker, which breed in holes of trees, all lay white eggs. The fact of the eggs being white, and consequently very conspicuous, may have been the cause, the effect being that only those kingfishers which breed in holes survived in the struggle for existence against the marauding magpie. But the converse argument is equally intelligible. The fact that kingfishers breed in holes may have been the cause, and the whiteness of the eggs the effect; for why should Nature, who is generally so economical, waste her coloring-matter on an egg which, being incubated in the dark, can never be seen? The fact that many petrels and most puffins, which breed in holes, have traces of spots on their eggs, whilst their relations, the auks and the gulls, who lay their eggs in open nests, nearly all lay highly colored eggs, suggests the theory that the former birds have comparatively recently adopted the habit of breeding in holes, and that, consequently, the color being no longer of use, is gradually fading away. Hence, we assume that the color of the egg is probably the effect of the nature of the locality in which it is laid.

The second generalization which the egg-collector is likely to make is the fact that so many of these birds which breed in holes are gorgeously colored, such as kingfishers, parrots, bee-eaters, etc. The question naturally arises, Why is it so? The advocates of protective selection reply: Because their gay plumage made them so conspicuous as they sat upon their nests, that those that did not breed in holes became the victims of the devouring hawk, exactly as the conspicuous white eggs were eaten by the marauding magpie. But the advocates of sexual selection say that all birds are equally vain, and wear as fine clothes as Nature will let them, and that the kingfisher is able to dress as gorgeously as he does because he is prudent enough to breed in a hole, safe from the prying eyes of the devouring hawk. The fact that many birds, such as the sand-martin and the dipper, which breed in holes, are not gorgeously colored, while others, such as the pheasants and the humming-birds, are gorgeously colored, but do not breed in holes, is evidence, as far as it goes, that the gorgeous color of the bird is not the effect of its breeding in a hole, though the white color of the egg probably is. It must be admitted, however, that the latter cases are not parallel. Whilst the hen kingfishers and bee-eaters are as gorgeous as their mates, the hen pheasants and the hen humming-birds are plainly, not to say shabbily, dressed. If birds be as vain as the advocates of sexual selection deem them, it must be a source of deep mortification to a hen humming-bird to have to pass through life as a foil to her rainbow-hued mate. Whilst the kingfisher relies for the safety of its eggs upon the concealed situation of its nest, the humming-bird depends upon the unobtrusiveness of the plumage of the sitting hen.

A very large number of birds, such as the grouse, the merlin, most gulls and terns, and all sandpipers and plovers, rely for the safety of their eggs upon the similarity of their color to the ground on which they are placed. It may be an open question whether these birds select a site for their breeding-ground to match the color of the eggs, or whether they have gradually changed the color of their eggs to match the ground on which they breed; but, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is perhaps fair to assume, as in the previously mentioned cases, that the position of the nest is the cause, and the color of the egg the effect.

Many birds make their nests in lofty trees, or on the ledges of precipitous cliffs. Of these, the eagles, vultures, and crows are conspicuous examples. They are, for the most part, too powerful to be afraid of the marauding magpie, and only fear the attack of beasts of prey, amongst which they doubtless classify the human race. They rely for the safety of their eggs on the inaccessible position of the nest. Many of them, also, belong to a still larger group of birds who rely for the safety of their eggs upon their own ability, either singly, in pairs or in colonies, to defend them against all aggressors. Few colonies of birds are more interesting than those of herons, cormorants and their respective allies. These birds lay white or nearly white eggs. Nature, with her customary thrift, has lavished no color upon them, because, apparently, it would have been wasted effort to

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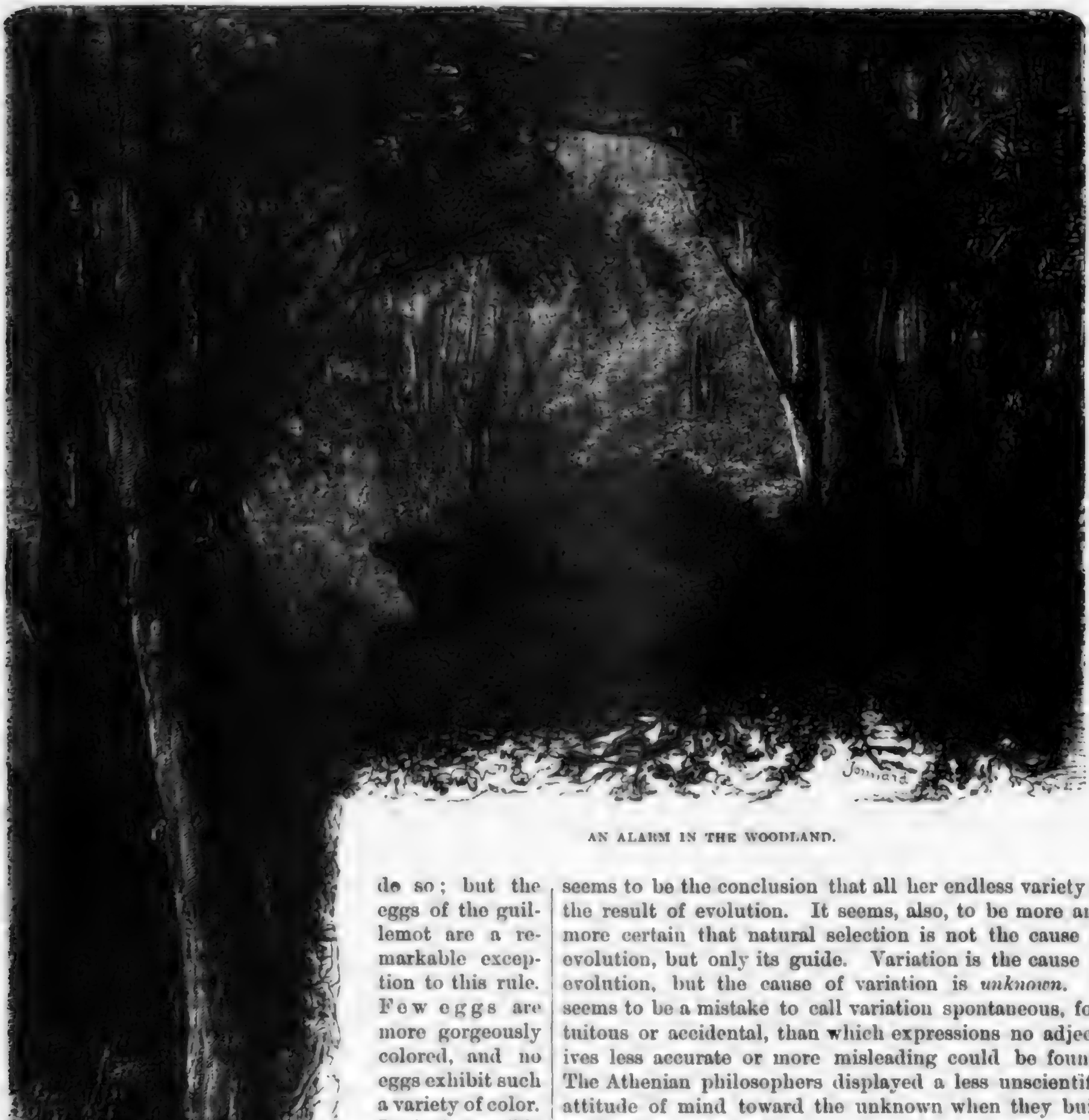


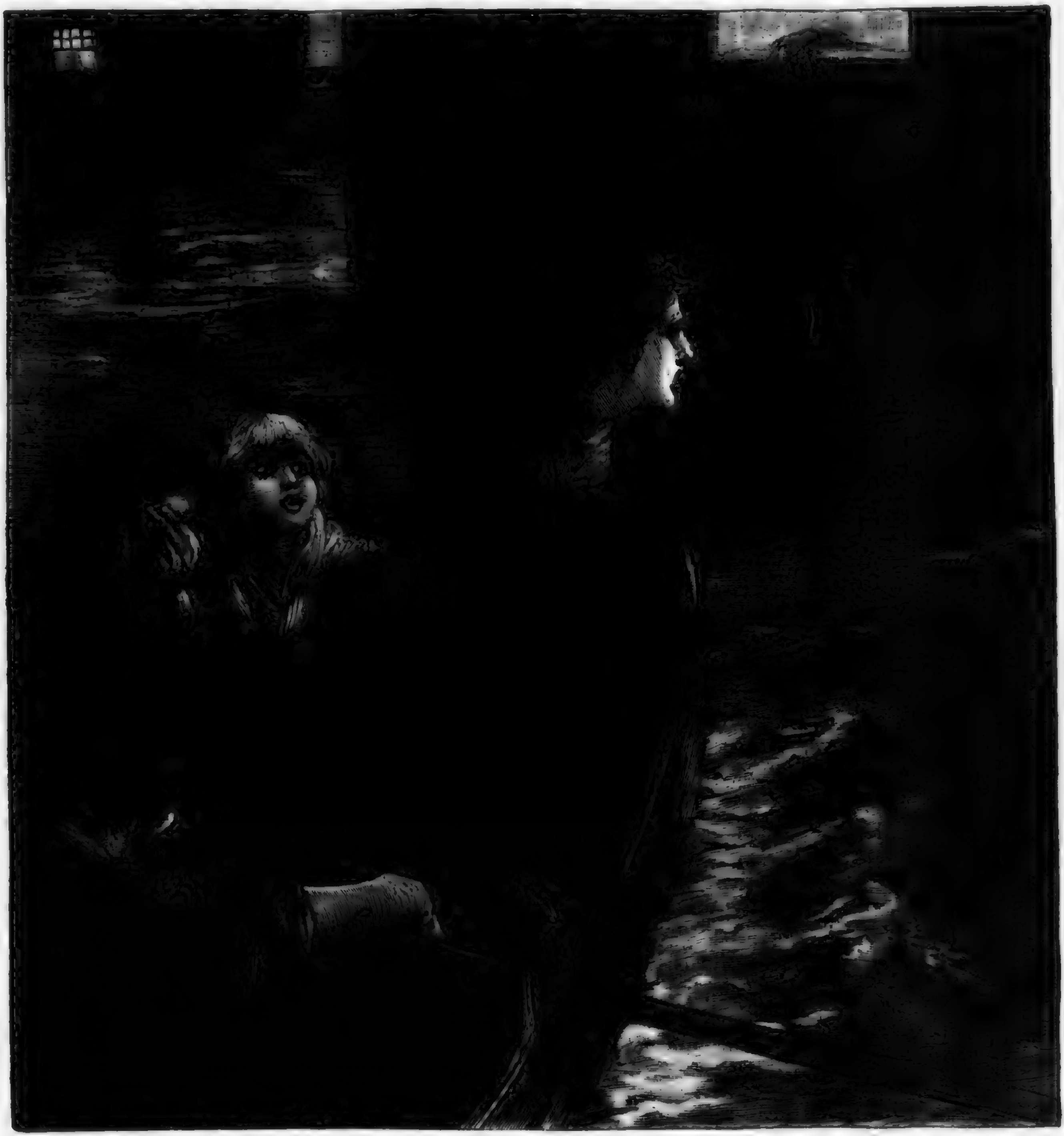
AN ALARM IN THE WOODLAND.

do so; but the eggs of the guillemot are a remarkable exception to this rule. Few eggs are more gorgeously colored, and no eggs exhibit such a variety of color. It is impossible to suppose that protective selection can have produced colors so conspicuous on the white ledges of the chalk cliffs; and sexual selection must have been equally powerless. It would be too ludicrous a suggestion to suppose that a cock guillemot fell in love with a plain-colored hen because he remembered that last season she laid a gay-colored egg. It cannot be accident that causes the guillemot's eggs to be so handsome and so varied. In the case of birds breeding in holes secure from the prying eyes of the marauding magpie, no color is wasted where it is not wanted.

The more deeply Nature is studied, the more certain seems to be the conclusion that all her endless variety is the result of evolution. It seems, also, to be more and more certain that natural selection is not the cause of evolution, but only its guide. Variation is the cause of evolution, but the cause of variation is *unknown*. It seems to be a mistake to call variation spontaneous, fortuitous or accidental, than which expressions no adjectives less accurate or more misleading could be found. The Athenian philosophers displayed a less unscientific attitude of mind toward the unknown when they built an altar in its honor.

The Inventor of Postage-stamps.—The invention of postage-stamps is generally ascribed to the English. They were first brought into use in England in 1839; but a Stockholm paper, the *Fryskitten*, says that, so far back as 1823, a Swedish officer—Lieut. Trekenber—petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the Government to issue stamped sheets of paper, especially designed to serve as envelopes for prepaid letters. "The fact," it adds, "is duly recorded in the minutes of the Chamber, under date of the 23d of March, 1823. The proposition was warmly supported by Count de Schwerin, on the ground that the invention, if thus used, would be convenient to the public and the post-office; but it was rejected by a large majority."

The English Alphabet contains 26 letters; the French, 25; Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, 22; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; Spanish, 27; Italian, 20; Arabic, 28; Persian, 31; Turkish, 36; Coptic, 32; Russian, 43; Sclavonic, 27; Dutch, 26; Bengalee, 21; Brahman, 19; Sanscrit, 28.



PUSSY WILLOW.—"ESTHER LOOKED BACK. SHE FANCIED SHE HEARD DALE'S VOICE SENDING A LAST CHEERING WORD TO HER. OH, WHY HAD HE NOT COME WITH HER?"

PUSSY WILLOW.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

I.

"Music—awake her! Strike!" All the stage accessories are here. Pull back the curtain! Enter two!

Yesterday I was listening to Sterndale Bennett's "'Dawn, Gentle Flower!" It is the flower of Truth here now coming into this dim apartment—a lad and a young girl together. They are radiant but subdued—subdued by just the faint likeness of a shadow cast on their brightness, for Death has but just now left the threshold.

"What a funny, little, dark old room!" cries the girl.

The boy turns round and faces her with contradicting eyes in a flame.

"It is not funny, it is not little, and it is not always dark as it has been to-day. It is a dear old room, Esther."

The girl puts her hands into her apron-pockets and wheels about, taking in her surroundings with examining eyes.

"Ah, yes! You like it, and that makes a difference; but I think it is a dismal room, Dale! Why don't you have curtains up at the windows?"

"Curtains!" echoes Dale, with all a boy's defiant scorn roused to defend his own. "That is just like a woman. You would shut out all the splendid view yonder"—he made a gesture full of eloquence—"just for the sake of curtains."

"Oh, well! of course, if you like the view." Esther dropped the subject. She went up to a small picture, a smoky India print, hanging on the wall, its black frame relieved against the red paper. "What a queer old picture; but the girl is pretty, what I can make out of her. Who is it? I suppose it has a history." She ran her finger over the text, trying to decipher it. "Das—Wanderjahre"—she spelled the letters out—"von——Oh, it's something nasty and unknown," she cried out, in a disgusted tone. "I can't read it."

"It means the Wandering of Psyche," the boy came to Esther's aid. "There is a book on the table telling about it."

"Oh, is there? Which one is it?" Esther ran to the table and opened the first book she chanced to touch. She bent her fair young forehead over the yellow, ancient page a moment, and then the same vexed expression that had been in her eyes when she turned from the picture on the wall came back, intensified. "I can't read it. It is—it is——"

"It is German," said the lad, finally. "It is a book of mythology."

"Oh, indeed!" said Esther, frigidly; "and why do you not have books one can read?" Her voice changed—the expression of her face changed. "Oh, I hate to be so ignorant. I wish—oh, I wish I knew things!"

Tears rose to her clear and large brown eyes.

"Those were my uncle David's books," said the boy, with a slight lowering of the voice as he named the dead man, who had just been carried out of his home, to the place on the hillside where he had elected to finish the journey lying beyond the life he had left here.

"Poor man! He had to leave them," she whispered.

"He was very fond of his books," said Dale, coming to the girl's side. "Sometimes, you know, he acted as if he was afraid of them."

"Afraid; but why?" asked the girl. "Afraid!"

"Oh, it was a sort of superstition," answered Dale. "You know how one of our ancestors, old Captain Joshua Cumberbourne, brought them from Paris. It was in the days of the Revolution, and everything was tumbled into the streets. An old priest, or scholar, was guarding a great heap of these on the sidewalk, and he raved and called down curses on Captain Cumberbourne's head when his treasures were torn away from him."

"Oh, poor man! But why did they take them?"

"Because—oh, because it was the rule, I fancy," was Dale Cumberbourne's careless answer. "But the curse fell. There has never been a scholar in the Cumberbourne family since then. We *detest* books!"

The boy spoke with determined emphasis, and the words left his lips heavy with unregretting meaning.

"It makes my uncle David's will the more strange," Dale turned back to say; "that we should go to school—you and I, Esther—for the next six years."

"To school!" Esther opened wide clear eyes of astonished joy. "To school, Dale, you and I! Oh, I am so glad!"

"Are you?" was Dale's gloomy response; "but I am not. I detest the thought of it. I want to stay home, here at Pussy Willow."

"Master Cumberbourne! Oh, you are here!" The door had opened quietly, and old Mehitable, the housekeeper, stood before them. "Mr. Morris desires to see you—and you, too, Miss Endicott, before he goes. He is waiting in the parlor."

II.

"And so we are to go to school," cried Esther. "We are to go to school! Oh, I am so glad!" They were back in the red room again, and standing by the table. She touched the German text-book with caressing fingers. All the scholar's hunger, unappeased, was in her look and in her voice. "I shall know you!" she said to the book.

"To school!" There was no responsive feeling in Dale's quiet voice. "I don't want to go. I want to stay here at Pussy Willow. I like home best."

"But you can't stay here always!" cried Esther. "You will want to go out in the world to see life."

"I can see enough of life here," said the boy, sturdily. "Oh, Etty, I love the woods and streams, the birds and the blossoms here—I love them! They are *me!* Why must I leave them? Why did my uncle David will it? Why could he not leave me here in peace? And you should stay with me always, Esther!—you and I, here together at Pussy Willow! We should be so happy, dear!"

"Yes, Dale, but——" The girl paused and drew back. She could not say to the disappointed boy what she more than guessed at, that there was a penalty for failure, and if the lad missed what the dead man bade him strive for, then Pussy Willow and its meadows, woods and streams were lost to him for ever.

"Yes, Dale," she ventured gently to say; "but you know we must study. It was your uncle's wish. Mr. Morris read it to us. He wanted *you* to succeed—to show the world a Cumberbourne scholar once more, and so—when the real will is read——"

"Well," said Dale, dreamily, "what then?"

"You—you—— He said—you must show that you have earned the prize," stammered the girl.

"The prize! Pussy Willow is mine in any case," said the dreamy boy, in his sweetest song-like tone. "Come"—he touched his violin—"let us go and sing our last song to the brooks."

"Oh, not now. Your uncle——"

Esther shrank back.

"My uncle! He is only sleeping! My violin shall soothe him. He loved music. Come!"

III.

Youth runs an agile race. The nerves beat steadily, the blood runs strong and sweet; hope and anticipation are stars that rise for ever in the horizon when the sun goes down. Dale Cumberbourne bore his banishment from Pussy Willow well, for a time. The novelty of school allured him; and then there were Esther's letters:

> "Oh, I do love this life!" she wrote, rapturously. "How can I ever thank Mr. Morris, or your uncle, enough for giving me entrance to this Temple of Knowledge! (classic phrase). Deep in German lore am I. Do you remember 'The Wanderings of Psyche'?—the book we looked at in the library at Pussy Willow? I can trace her, in a dim way, through the German gutturals. And oh, how I twist myself around these awful Dutch combinations, coming over their rough solidity successfully with my soft English tongue. And, then, my painting——"

But Dale put the letter down here. Pussy Willow! He could hear again the rustle of the vine about the balcony, of Summer nights. His face took the quick and keen-pointed expression of some wild-wood creature listening for an answer to its call.

He put the letter aside and applied himself to his studies; but labor palled. He heard, above the voices of his tutor and his mates, the old, sweet call of birds in the paths of Pussy Willow fields. He heard, above the declamation of his class, the trickle of the rain from beech and birch boughs. The partridge whirred and made his ear dull to the morning and the evening bell, calling to lessons. The chestnuts that the squirrel dropped as it leaped to higher vantage-ground lay brown with October frosts across Dale's path of duty.

He could bear it no longer—this lying awake of nights, hearing the vines crackle in the wind about the home-porch so far away. He would go home. And then he read Esther's last letter:

> "I am sure I grow an inch every time I open my German books, and I'am sure my head grows thicker every day with all the lining of learning I put into it. . . . I can *think the wall* with the best of the philosophers. And oh, gracious——"

(Here Dale glanced down with some expression at the Hebrew lexicon lying on his table; it was lying shut under a volume, open, of Chaucer's "Legende of Goode Women.")

> "Oh, what do you think? I am reading 'Hermann and Dorothea'; tramp, tramp, tramp, the gutturals go marching. And oh, at such times, for the song of your vanished violin! for the touch of your vanished hand, dear Dale! Time's up, yet wait—
>
> 'Mit den Lippen, mit den Händen,
> Will ich Grüsse zu dir senden,'
>
> for I dream of you and Pussy Willow." . . .

Dale Cumberbourne went straight to his professor.

"I want to go back to Pussy Willow, sir," he began, very quietly; a shut-in vehemence was vibrating in his voice—his eyes shone feverishly—there was an unusual color in his cheek.

Professor Kubick looked a little put out.

"You are not ill? You have had no message—no bad news?"

"No, sir; nothing of that sort; but I wish to be allowed to go back for a while."

"I don't see the fitness of your going just at this time. You are asking a very unusual thing. Your guardian, Mr. Morris, expects you to keep on with your studies. He is very anxious. He would not approve your leaving now," said Professor Kubick, in a dissatisfied way. Nevertheless, he was not satisfied with Dale's looks. He was pale, thin.

"I am aware that my request is ill-timed," said Dale, in a sombre way. "I put it as a favor, sir, and I beg you will not let Mr. Morris know. It would only vex him, and—I must go. It's no use staying on here, feeling as I do now!"

"Well, well, since you must," said the professor, a little testily. He was put out, but the lad was a Cumberbourne of the east coast, and he could afford to lower his crest to one of that illustrious family.

So Dale went, and that was the beginning of the end. What were books? what Greek or Hebrew lore, now that the birds sung in the misty morning hollows, and the sound of the sea came from beyond, there, where the Atlantic lay behind the hills and wood?

IV.

"'When morning comes with saffron dressed.' I like that." Dale took up his violin. "Saffron is a good word—an Oriental word. I wonder it's not oftener in English literature."

"Oh, Dale, you think so much of these things!" cried Esther, grown now into a tall, beautiful slip of a girl student, aged not quite eighteen. "If you had cared for your studies as much!"

"Well, I didn't; I couldn't," answered Dale, with some protest. "You know I always said I should fail. I did not expect to succeed. I did not care for it."

"Don't say that; you surely cared a little."

"Well, perhaps—a little—not much; and that was because my uncle David cared for it so much. If I tried at all, it was when I thought of him. But it was not in me."

He laughed, putting the hair back from his face. He had grown into a tall and handsome youth, with bonny blue eyes that always had a tender softness in them like a woman's. A yellow mustache curved above the mouth, that always smiled and sang and had a pleasant greeting for those about him. A comely youth, gentle, home-loving, yielding, with little of a man's brusque ways.

"No hero—he will never do a heroic deed," thought Esther, with undeserved scorn. "Why has he not more strength? He is like a woman."

"Any way, it doesn't matter," he began, taking up the subject once more with a fretful distaste. "Only I am glad it's over. Morris will be furious. It's a nice thing for me that he's over in London, laid up with the gout."

"Oh, Dale, don't be heartless!"

"I am not heartless. I have got only too much heart. Witness my congratulations to you. Why, you succeeded, you gathered all the laurels; not a little leaf for me—yet I'm not a bit jealous."

He smiled at her loyally. His fair face was softly flushed, like a woman's face when she blushes; his blue eyes shone.

"Yes, I succeeded," said Esther, standing before this lover, breathing love in every tone and gesture; herself looking cool and clear and unstirred as any pearl over which a hot sunshine slips. "I succeeded, and I am proud." Her beautiful, large-lidded eyes opened as if receiving light. "Only I should be happier if you had succeeded, too, Dale. You ought to have done so."

"Don't!" cried Dale, in an impatient way. "I am satisfied. I am master of Pussy Willow. What more do I want? Pussy Willow is mine, and you are here; it is enough."

"But if you should be disappointed," urged the girl. "You know it was said at the time that your uncle made conditions."

"What conditions?" Dale turned on his companion with some heat. "There were no conditions to be made. The old home is mine; he could not take it from me. And how should you know about it?"

He looked at her suspiciously.

"I don't know. I know nothing; only it was a sort of talk—a mist in the air—a voice——"

"I should think so. And now we are here, you and I always—only you and I. It is what I have always dreamed of—you and I and home. Home here at Pussy Willow."

"I hope you will be very happy, dear," she said, with gentle coldness. "I shall think of it when I am gone."

"Gone!"

"You know I am going back to Hadley." Esther caught the white flame illuminating his face. "But I shall come back to visit you. You will keep a place for me here," with a little pale smile as she shrunk before his look.

"Keep a place for you!" he cried, with hot fervor. "Your place is here, always here, with me. Where else should it be?"

"You must know I am going back to my work," said the girl, steadily. "I have accepted responsibilities, and must not break my word."

"Your work!" Dale laughed scornfully. "A woman's work is to make a home; to—to make some one happy." His voice fell a little before Esther's steady silence. He felt her strength in the very air he breathed. "Of what use was your study?" he broke out again in angry scorn. "There are men enough, old graybeards and dreamers, to fill those places. It's not a woman's place."

"Dale, don't harden me against you. Till now I have cared for you—a little," said Esther, very gently.

Instantly the boy flung himself down before her. He put tender arms about her. The flame in his eyes dried the tears that would have flowed, while his voice broke in words of passionate caressing.

"Oh, my love! Oh, my little love! did I hurt you? But it was because you broke into my beautiful dream with your hard reasoning. It was such a beautiful dream, Etty, and I have gone on making it more beautiful all these years."

He shook his fair hair back from his forehead and looked up into Esther's face with grave and tender pride.

"It was like a piece of music, finished and ready for the player; it was like a song made ready to be sung; it was because I loved you so, Esther, that I dreamed it."

Esther put her hand softly on the fair waves of his hair. He was kneeling by her, and his head was leaning against her arm.

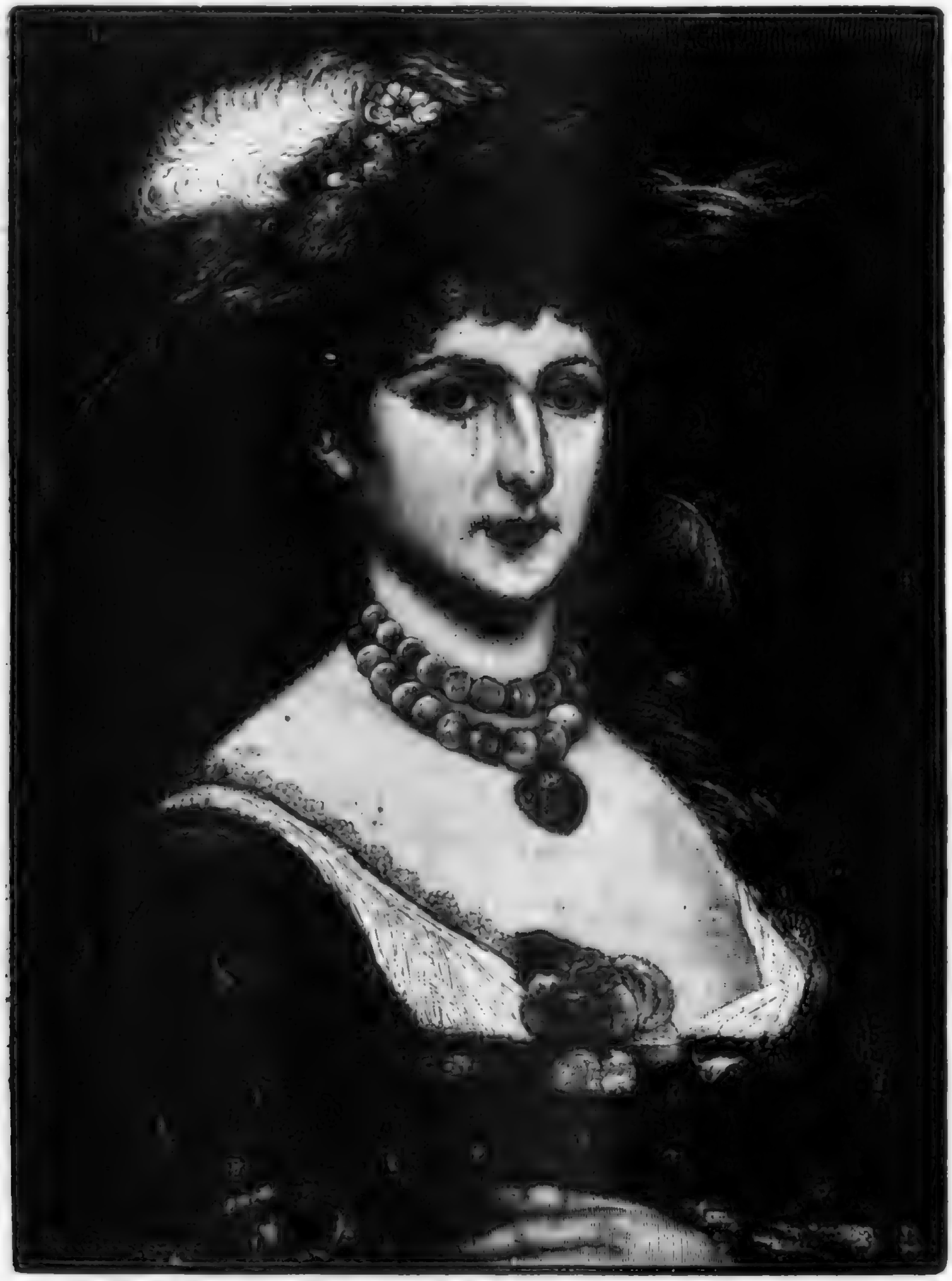
"Poor boy!" she said, softly; "poor boy!"

Dale looked up with a glad rejoicing in his eyes.

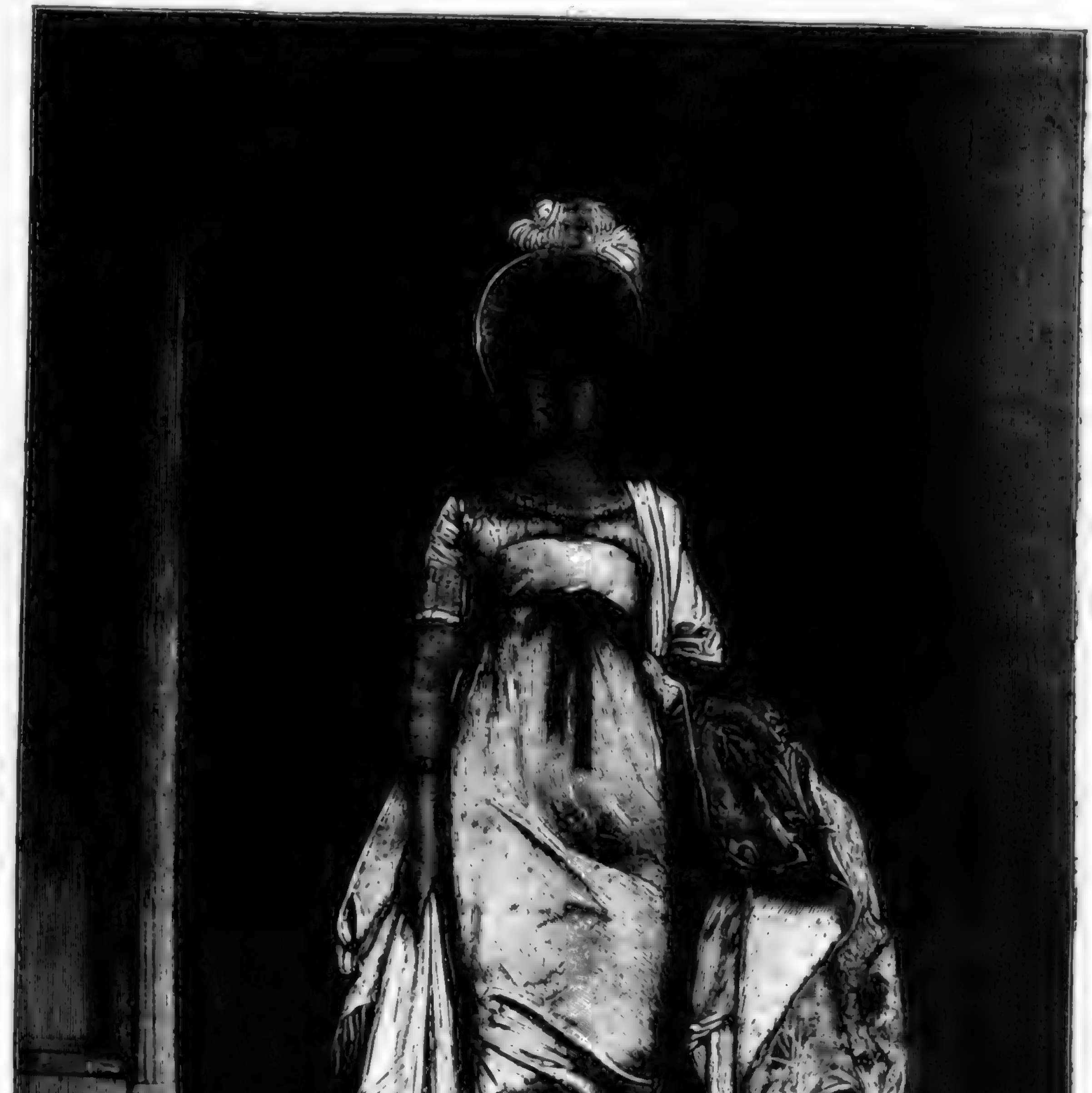
"You will stay!" he cried, triumphing in his fancied victory. "You will stay! Only think, dear"—he checked the negation of her glance by his strong joy—"only think of the happiness we can have! You shall be mistress of all here! I give you my life! my very heart and soul! my fortune! You shall have all things when you are my wife!" said this Adam to his Eve. "Pussy Willow shall be our fair paradise! our world!"

Her heart hardened against him with every word he spoke. She rose and pushed him away from her.

"You give too much!" she cried out, sharply. "Do you think a true woman wants all that? Why not be a man, and work? What use is there here for me at Pussy Willow—another idle dreamer?"



A GERMAN LADY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



L'INCROYABLE.

XUM

She would not melt, even when his widened eyes seemed to shudder away from hers in agony.

"As for me, I shall go back to my work to-morrow."

She moved away from him, but paused, her hand upon the door, and, hesitating, looked back.

"Good-by!" she said, with the shadow of a faint regretting in her voice. Her lips moved with the burden of a wish that was in her heart. "I hope you will be happy. Some day, come and tell me of some other happiness you have found."

She left him there, and went to her own room. With her brow pressed against the window-pane, she stood musing, looking out upon the fair landscape. For it was fair—it was an inheritance worth prizing, this Pussy Willow! But another picture, large and lofty, filled her vision! Another face was mirrored in the clear crystal of her maiden thought. Eyes, deep and grave, and filled with a scholar's joy, gave answering love to hers! Another hand, whose very lightest touch thrilled every nerve in her body, was stretched out to take hers and help her on her way! And oh, joy!—oh, perfect, peerless happiness!—how every nerve and fibre in her young body sprang forth rejoicing to meet him!

"He loves me, and I am his!" that would be the perfect flower of Thought, when that thought of love should flower; for, as yet, no word had been spoken.

Suddenly, though she had heard no step in the room, Esther felt a hand laid on her arm. She turned, in some alarm. The room was dim with the darkness of coming night, and at the first glance she scarcely recognized the tall and bent figure of the white-haired old woman standing beside her in the shadow.

"Mehitable," the girl cried, in some trepidation, "has anything happened? what is the matter?"

Something in the old woman's look and attitude awed her. The large, commanding figure towered over her. A white shawl was pinned across her breast; her deep eyes were bright with fires sunken, but not gone out.

"Mehitable," what is the matter?" the girl cried again. "Is anybody sick? are you in trouble?"

"So this was why you came," the old woman began, her eyes fixed on Esther's pale, frightened face; "to take my boy's inheritance! For gain, gain, gain!"

"I don't know what you mean!" faltered Esther, shrinking back against the wall.

"My boy's inheritance first, and now his heart—his happiness!" The old woman lifted a long, gaunt hand, pointing upward. "To steal it all, to take it all! Have I not found it written: 'Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the account: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.' Not one! And you! why did you come here?" she demanded, in a terrible tone, pressing closer on the terrified girl.

"I did not come for anything," cried Esther, in a pale terror. "I do not want anything! I do not understand you!"

"He was a masterful man," began Mehitable, in another, deeper tone, her deep-set eyes flaming revengefully with quick-kindled fire from memory's ashes. "A dark and resolute, revengeful, set old man! He lived and died the same. I knew him all his sombre life. Did he think his will alone, unaided of God, could bring back to the men of Cumberbourne, against that dead priest's curse, the scholar's flaming fire of learning that had long gone out? Never, never, never!"

Esther shuddered and drew back, crouching against the wall.

"David Cumberbourne, in his grave, would rob my boy, who failed in the race with you! He would have taken Pussy Willow from Dale to give to you, who strove for a prize my boy laughed at. But there was one who watched!" Her eyes flamed over Esther's bowed face. "But I—I was faithful. I saved Pussy Willow to my boy. It is his—not yours, not yours, not yours!"

Her voice seemed to rush in terrific volley from her withered throat, as she cried out, loudly:

"They shall never take it from him to give to you! You toiled for that! You would take it, and take his happiness, too. Yea! well was it written: 'And I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and whose hands as bands.' Oh, woe, woe, woe! You come to take my boy's home! You come to take his life!"

She tossed her arms above her head; her white hair fell down upon her shoulders, wrapping her face as in a shroud.

"Oh, stop!" cried Esther, covering her face as she fell on her knees; "stop, for pity's sake. Why do you say such things? How can you think such things?"

But even as she said it her heart sank down in dismay. Was it not what she herself had always dimly guessed at? Had she not hinted it to Dale. And now—now she was here, it would seem, to claim her prize—the double prize she had won. In her strong young flight in proud ambition upward, she had snatched at the laurel crown of study—she had won it—and won also Pussy Willow away from Dale, who would not strive.

"Oh, I never thought," she moaned, "I never once thought. And Dale——"

She shrunk away from the biting, blistering thought—Dale, whose inheritance she had taken from him—he knew nothing of all this, and he had offered her everything. He would have given her his home, which was hers now, she thought, and she had turned from him, taking everything that was his. She had turned away from him, leaving him behind her—standing empty-handed behind her—she having all.

And he loved Pussy Willow so. What would he think of her? Oh, she must find him. Before he knew of these things she must find him—she must. What must she do?

"Oh, dreams, dreams, dreams," she moaned; "must I give you up? I was so proud to work; I wanted to do so much."

Then she saw Dale, his home in his heart, going forth homeless through her. She knew him so well in his pride, turning his back on Pussy Willow, that she had won from him, going out into the world—a wanderer.

Oh, she must find him! She staggered to her feet, finding herself alone—Mehitable gone. She felt dizzy and sick.

In the dimness of the unlighted room she found her way to the sofa, and dropping on it, face downward, strove to choke back the sobs that filled her breast. It was cruel—cruel.

* * * * * *

She must have dozed; she seemed to dream; she was listening to music. Was that her schoolmate playing again, as in school's happy days, the merry melody of "Ole Virginny"? The rattling notes flew onward—they seemed to come nearer—"Ole Virginny—Ole Virginny—Ole Virginny shore."

Esther woke, shivering. Had she brought the music with her out of Dreamland? for it was all about her—in her ears—in the darkness that filled the room. Presently she sat up. She began to realize where she was. She was in her own room, and the music came from the hall where Dale was sitting, keeping watch across the threshold of her door.

Poor Dale! Could she now afford to do less than he had done?—offer all to him. She had said he was "no hero." And she——

Again she slept, and always the music whirled about her in her dreams. It followed her through all the hours of night, dancing its witch measure till morning came, and she awoke, feeling chill and strange and sad.

* * * * * *

She stepped out in the hall and found Dale lying on the floor, his violin by his side. His face was pale and heavy, as if he had mourned. Esther gave one look about her, then she knelt by the boy's side.

"Dale!" she cried, softly touching him. "Dale, wake up. Morning is come."

He started up at her call.

"Wake up!" she said, smiling softly. "Morning is come."

He looked incredulously in her face. Then he read a story there. He laid his face against her heart, as a child might have done, to hide his tears of joy.

So that was the end of it! Marriage! Ring, wedding-bells!

The brief time they were engaged was one long, sweet day of love-making for Dale.

"You would never let me so much as whisper the word love to you," he said, happily; "I must say it all now."

If Esther answered slowly, or not at all, perhaps it was just as well. Like many another lover, Dale was happy if his mistress listened and smiled.

Mr. Morris saw them just a moment. It was after they were married. He came hurrying up to where the young couple sat on the deck of the steamer, for Europe was of course on the cards—London and Switzerland, the Alps and Italy.

"I might have saved myself all this trouble coming to look after you," growled old Morris. "You are doing very well. And so you thought it well to take both prizes."

He turned suddenly to Esther.

The young wife lifted startled eyes. A painful color flew into her face.

"Both prizes!" she stammered, and stopped.

"You distanced Dale in the race for knowledge, and then you took him. Was it out of pity for the boy, or could not you leave Pussy Willow behind?"

Something in the young wife's pallid expression checked the garrulous flow of words.

"I thought—I thought—" she faltered—"I did not know," she said, bravely. She was looking straight before her. "I have made a mistake. I did not think I was taking Pussy Willow with Dale."

The old lawyer was watching her face keenly. If he suspected the truth, he did not say so; but his shrewd face was drawn with puckered lines.

"Perhaps it's best as it is, my dear. I hope you will be happy. I, too, was deceived. And David Cumberbourne may have changed his mind at the last. Take care of Dale, he is none too strong; but you'll be home at Pussy Willow within the year."

The bell was ringing. People were hurrying ashore.

"Time's up!" shouted Dale, from the heaps of rugs on which he was lying.

"What was Morris saying to you?" Dale asked, when his wife joined him. "Was he talking about that missing, mythical will? It's a fad of his. He can't get it out of his head."

He laughed, tossing an orange up in his hand and catching it as it fell.

"As if Pussy Willow could have been taken away from me! But I shall give it to you, my wife. It is our Garden of Eden!" said the young Adam to his Eve.

How radiant he was! As if they were the first! They glided away seaward, and they left paradise behind them for the world that lay without its gates. Esther stood apart, looking vaguely about her. She had thought to make a great sacrifice, and it had ended in this bathos. Was it always so? Was renunciation a cup that soured for ever at the lips? She had meant nobly. She had given the supreme gift—her lifeblood! And now friends were making rattling mockery of it all in her ears:

"Did you take Dale for sake of Pussy Willow?" Before her marriage vows were spoken, she had torn out of its case one pictured face. She had banished from memory the sound of one beloved voice. She had washed from her hand the touch of beloved kisses. The turf was yet green above that grave.

Was it too late? She started forward.

"Esther!" she heard Dale's voice calling. Then she remembered. She went and sat down by her young husband's side.

"I thought you were going to jump over into the sea just now," said the boy husband to the girl wife. "Isn't this delightful! How happy we are going to be!" He leaned his head against her knee. "To go away and see everything; and then, after all is over, to come back to Pussy Willow!"

The young couple loitered through Europe, plucking such flowers of travel as suited their fancy best. People who met them spoke of them afterward with admiration of their youth, their simple manners, their devotion to each other. At the very last, they chanced on a little hamlet in Switzerland, among the mountains. It was so quiet, so quaint, so filled with the breath and color of the past, that they lingered on and on. It was a season of bright sunshine, of melting snow, of Alpine flowers bursting below the glaciers. Some timid people, afraid of floods, began to talk of going away.

One night the young couple were wakened by a sudden, awful shock. It was midnight. They could hear the tramp of feet, voices, cries—the roar of plunging, rolling water.

"I'll go and see what is the matter," said Dale.

Esther sat up in bed, trying, sleepily, to put the dreams out of her eyes. The sounds grew louder, nearer, more terrifying. She got up and began to dress.

Presently Dale came in, not showing any haste. He was pale. There was a smile on his lips.

"I'm afraid you'll have to take a boat-ride in the dark," he said, coming up to her. "The flood is rising." He spoke as if she must know all about it. "Get something on you! *Make haste!*"

His words were all concentrated tone. Esther obeyed him quietly, asking a question or two.

"Have you got anything on your feet?"

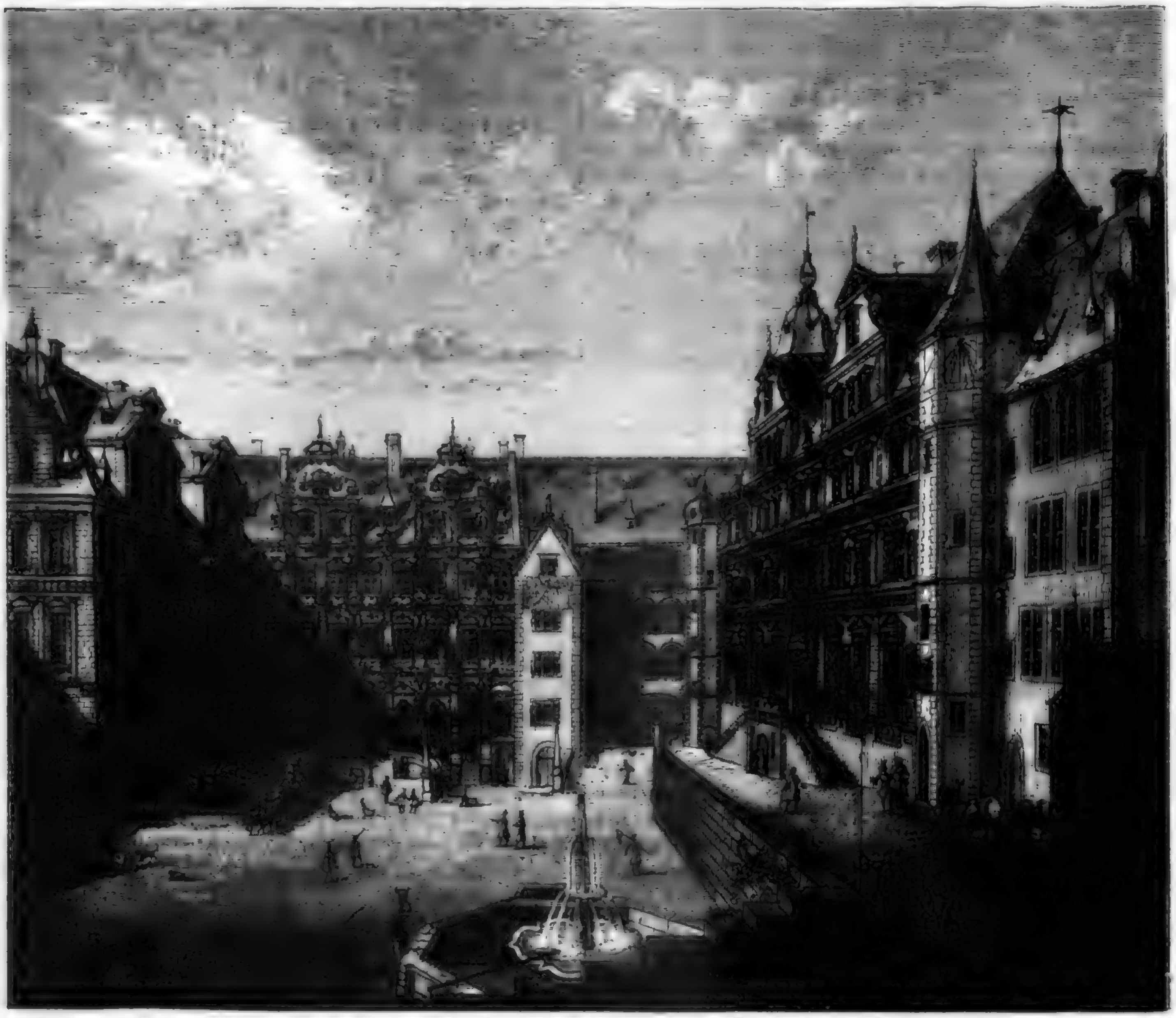
She showed the boots she had slipped on without stockings.

"No, don't stop for that. Put this on!"

He was fastening a great fur cloak about her.

"You see, I've bribed an old fellow with a boat down there." Esther never knew what gold Dale had poured out to purchase that one chance in the boat. "He'll keep it for me if he can, but—those poor creatures, the women and children, are half insane with fright."

He held her in his arms a moment.



THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG, 1683.—SEE PAGE 427.

"There!" he laughed, releasing her. "Come now! The first chance I got for you was taken. The poor creatures just rushed in and swamped it. It's awful!"

And all this time the cries, the sobs, the wild plunge and shock of rising, drifting water, the shrieks of women and children!

Esther had a dim sense of being hurried through it all. She knew she was lifted through the great stone window, down, out! She felt the rocking of the boat; she shivered in the draft of icy air; she caught the rushing swirl of the drifting current beneath her. The red glare of moving lights flared over her, and out over the water, showing the wild, scared faces, the gleaming eyes.

"Dale!" she shrieked. "Dale!"

Just then a woman with a little child in her arms threw herself forward, with a loud, maniacal scream.

"Dale!" cried Esther, in a shrill terror.

She saw her husband bending forward. The light showed the smile on his lips, his fair, golden hair tossed in the wind, in the red light that flamed over him.

"Yes; I am here." She never forgot the smile on his lips as he looked down on her, bending forward from the great open window. "Keep a brave heart!" he called.

"Come! Oh, Dale! you must come with me!" the young wife called back to him.

They were lowering the woman with the child in her arms to a place by her side in the boat.

"Don't be afraid—I shall be near you! Don't fear but I shall be near you, dear!"

The boat was moving away, carefully and still more carefully. What is this always drifting, drifting past in the black, icy water? The woman covered her eyes, moaning. The child cried, shrilly.

Caution there, lest the boat goes over! Caution!

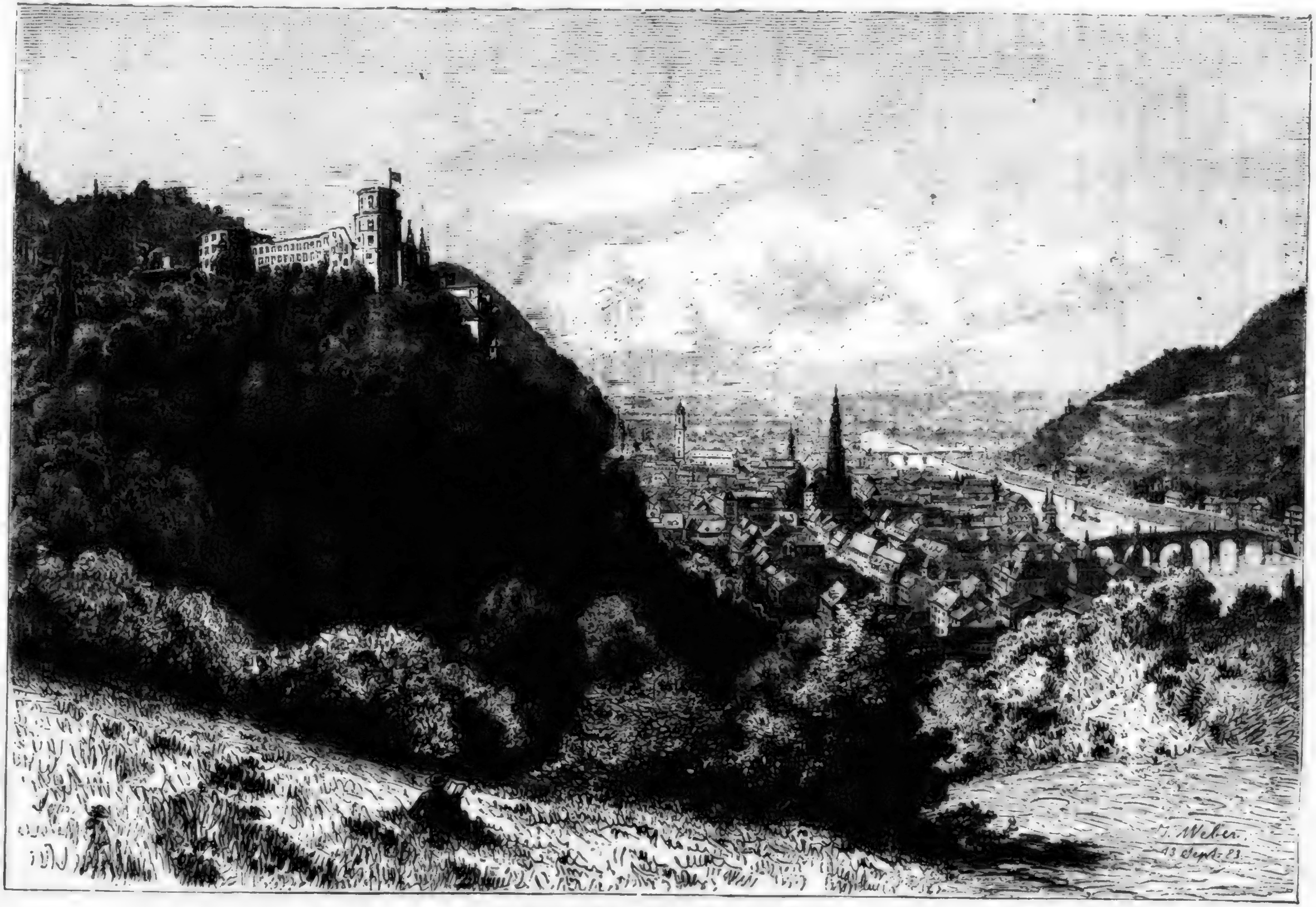
Esther looked back. She fancied she heard Dale's voice sending a last cheering word to her. Oh, why had he not come with her? Carefully the frail skiff was guided across, on that adventuresome voyage, clear of the huge masses of uptorn rock and root and timber. If in the dense and tossing whirl of ruin a human life was tangled and borne down, shuddering its death-shriek in the darkness, who could pause to mourn? If in the plunging, rocking roar of out-swept waters a cry for help was raised, who should pause to answer?

God! Him and Him only, then, in that wild war of the elements, where "the burden of the desert of the sea" was *Death!*

V.

"WEEP ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep ye sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

All Esther's questioning, all her anxieties and wild self-accusations, were answered, laid still and hushed to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GENERAL VIEW OF HEIDELBERG.—SEE PAGE 427.

miserable rest two days afterward, when she stood by her husband lying shrouded in his coffin. He had died simply, nobly, not thinking it any heroism, for duty's sake. The dreadful flood had caught him and swallowed him as it had caught and swallowed many another life in that unexpected hour.

All was silent—at peace now. The sun was shining, the air was warm and sweet with piny odors, and Dale was dead. Esther had complained that her young husband was womanish; he was "no hero"; he had no high ambitions. She had looked down on him when she passed him in the race for knowledge, yet here he had shown a simple faith in duty; he had met death with a smiling courage never taught by all the wisdom of the schools.

She looked with vacant eyes at the white-haired old priest kneeling in prayer at the door. He spoke in his native tongue of *der Glaube*—did that mean faith, belief? And of *die Seele*—did that mean the soul? Did the word *Himmel* mean Heaven—the dear heaven she had known and loved centuries and centuries ago, hearing it spoken of in the soft English tongue.

A woman carrying a child in her arms crept softly in. She brought a little knot of purple Alpine flowers. She laid them on the coffin, weeping.

"He gave me his place in the boat," sobbed the woman, in her native German speech. "He gave his own life for me and my child—he was drowned."

She lifted a fold of the black drapery, kissing it. "What did she mean?" Esther looked with her dull, tear-swollen eyes on those about her. They explained to her the meaning of the woman's words. Dale had resigned his seat in the boat with Esther to the mother and her child.

Esther listened—she could not quite comprehend at first. She was remembering a time and a feeling of her own, when she had made what she termed a sacrifice—a sacrifice of self.

"Oh!" she moaned; "my head feels heavy."

She reached for a distant chair; she thought it was close beside her. Then she wavered and fell down crouching against the wall.

VI.

HOME and Pussy Willow. And now—whither? What dream-fruit now was left for Esther Cumberbourne to gather? A year had been taken out of her life. She had been lured from her path by strange enchantments, and now the witch music to which she had been wending had ceased, and she had come back to her own again.

Her own! What was left to her now? Often in the first, dull, dark nights after her return to Pussy Willow she woke out of nerveless sleep into the unbroken midnight stillness with that one thought rapping at her brain—Whither now? What is left now for me? Then came the rush of unnerving, benumbing memories. A grave back there in a foreign land; home and widowhood; and in the months to come, shivering, she would turn her face into the pillow, and with sobs and tears and wild bemoanings, pray: "Oh! why did I not die, too? O crucified Lord! must I, too, bear the cross—alone and friendless?"

That, too, passed, and was followed by meek, womanly prayer for strength—strength and resignation to bear what was to come. For a child was to be born to Dale, now that he was dead—an heir to Pussy Willow.

* * * * * * *

That, too, passed—the meekness and the prayer. She must wait; but her moods were many and exhausting. Her studies were there. She opened them, and turned away in sick weariness. Effortless were her strivings. Were the high things to which the fingers of the gods had pointed dead, then? She began to pray, if she must bear the cross, let a son be born to bear Dale's name. Let no daughter be born of her to bear the old woe of the world over again.

If a son were born to her she would take up the old ambitions, and water their roots and tend their growth for him. She should see all her old greed for success flower and take fruit for him. Her old dreams. *Old!*—and she was not yet twenty.

"Of course my wife studied. She was an awfully fine scholar; better than I, in fact," Dale was wont to say. "But all that's wasted, I fancy, for women! Of course my wife has no need for anything of that sort now. Women must marry."

But a son—a son to Cumberbourne—a scholar!

A year went by—another year. The son and heir to Pussy Willow, bearing his dead father's name, grew and throve apace. For a son was born to him who was dead, yet no voice came from that grave far off—no voice from anywhere.

"Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent,"

was Esther's sad musing, as she paced up and down under the full-boughed trees; sombre yet, and musing, though the boy within there lay large and fair and noble, "headed like a star."

Twice in these years a letter had come to her, asking: "May I come to you now?" Just those half-dozen words, unsigned; and her only answer to these had been silence.

But to-day, while she was walking there in the full sunshine of Spring, she heard the gate swing and a man's step coming up the walk. She stood quite still, waiting. Most likely it was Morris—good, old, kind Morris! But whom she saw was a younger man; a tall, strong figure, broad-shouldered, with eager, dark eyes in a face where the serious energy was tempered and toned finely by the spirit of noble dreams.

The visitor came up directly to where Esther was standing. She was waiting quietly now. They clasped hands quietly, but the first quick, long glance they exchanged was a measuring flame that covered all the time they had been divided from each other.

"You did not tell me I might come," said Stephen Royley, slowly, "but I ventured."

"Yes," she murmured, in answer. Then, scarcely knowing what she said: "I am glad! I am glad!"

Stephen Royley's face grew stern.

"Am I to believe that? I have waited a long time. I have been patient, and now I am here only because I would come. I have something to say."

Esther clasped her hands together, lifting them a little toward him, as if she were pleading for him to be merciful.

"Wait a little longer!" she whispered, at last.

"No!" he answered, sternly. "I have waited long enough—it is time to speak!"

But then, with these cold words on his lips, his clear eyes scanning her face, his burdening thought leaped forth: "You are changed!"

Changed! She pressed back the tears with her heart. She would not move her heavy-lidded eyes from his face. She stood with her clasped hands dropped on her black draperies in front of her.

"Yes," she answered, quietly; "I am changed!"

His face at this recovered the look of chill it had for the moment lost.

"Why did you not give me an answer? You might, at least, have sent one word, Esther!"

Hark! What was that? From the house, a little sound, a faint murmur—a sound nearest to the lost voices of heaven left behind us of anything we hear on earth—smote Stephen Royley's ears. He trembled over all his strong frame, a quiver of quick comprehension passed, shaking him in every nerve. He turned to Esther, meeting her pale smile.

"Oh, my sister!"

With a sudden movement he prostrated his face on her hands, covering them with tears.

"Oh, my sister! if you had let me serve you!" he said, humbly, remembering his harsh judgment of her.

"It is over now," she said, simply.

Then she told him of all her miserable past errors, of her proud self-worshiping, of her false judgment of Dale.

"You see, I had no right to be happy. It was right that I should be made miserable. I must be punished. I must accept my punishment!"

"Punishment! Does that mean that you must make me, too, miserable?" Stephen asked her. "Does it mean that you must darken all my future life, too, in order to atone for a child's fancied wrong?"

"I don't know!—oh, I don't know!" cried out Esther, at last, in wild beseeching. "Help me—tell me! I am so miserable!"

Stephen took her in his arms then.

"My darling! we will walk side by side, upward and together always. You will help me, and the child—Dale's boy—shall be ours together, God helping us!"

HEIDELBERG.

By M. Wilcox.

So fortunate in its situation, so interesting as the scene of important historical events, so estimable as the residence of great scholars and the common meeting-ground of choice spirits of all nations, Heidelberg never fails to win the hearts of those who visit it. But, in order that this love for the old town may be love at first sight, it is essential that one should approach it from the right quarter. If you come by rail from Mannheim, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Neckar, you may admire the wall of hills, rising abruptly from the Rhine plain, and the narrow valley through which the Neckar makes its way; but on this side the town has grown quite rapidly of late years, and presents, therefore, a crude and unfinished appearance. New Heidelberg is unquestionably an edifying spectacle to resident manufacturers and shopkeepers; but old Heidelberg is the Heidelberg of song and story, which tourists come from the uttermost parts of the earth to see, and old Heidelberg is on the Heilbronn side. Undoubtedly it is more convenient, when one is following the ordinary course of travel, to approach it from Mannheim, but this is no less true: if you have never come down the Neckar from Heilbronn, you have never properly seen Heidelberg at all.

The Neckar is one of those interesting streams, full of sudden changes, like an impulsive person. Here it is quiet and deep, reflecting the red-roofed dwellings of a little village, comfortably placed in a fertile meadow; yonder it springs suddenly forward, rushing between steep and rugged mountains, which are crowned with the ruins of ancient castles. If you have time to stop at any one of the villages, you may there learn of stirring events in the tenth century, when this valley was a battle-ground for Wends and Teutons, or of stirring adventures in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when these numerous castles were the strongholds of lawless barons; but if you ask, What has happened since? you will receive the answer, Nothing has happened. The Neckar Valley, between Heilbronn and Heidelberg, has no modern history. Here is the Castle of Hornberg, where Götz of the Iron Hand died in 1562. What has happened here since that time? Nothing. His armor still hangs upon the wall, and Goethe has written about him, that is all you learn. Here are the four castles of the robber knights at Neckarsteinach. What has happened here since the chain which stretched across the river has been removed and traffic has been free? There have been picnic parties in the ruins, that is all.

But Neckarsteinach is only five miles above Heidelberg, and presently, at a bend in the river, we catch sight of a noble mountain-side, thickly wooded, and half way up its slope the ruddy-brown masses of the most picturesque ruin in Europe. Below is the town, which at this extremity is very narrow, being crowded in between river and mountain. There is the bridge, of fine red sandstone, with its nine arches and its statues—one of Karl Theodor, with river gods and goddesses at his feet, and one of Minerva, similarly attended by the four Faculties of the University. At the western end of the bridge are villas, and rising above these, the vineyards and wooded heights of Heiligenberg, with its "Philosopher's Way." Whatever the eye rests upon either stimulates curiosity, or allures by its beauty, or suggests enjoyment.

But although Heidelberg is called old, one must not expect to find, in the building of the town, that general evidence of venerable antiquity which is to be found at Hildesheim and Nürnberg. "Five times bombarded, twice laid in ashes, thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage," it is no longer a Gothic city. Here and there is a building which has escaped destruction, to show what architecture meant before the seventeenth century; but most of the edifices are comparatively modern. The Elector Palatine of the Rhine had his residence here, and Heidelberg was, therefore, unfortunately prominent during the Thirty Years' War, and afterward when the troops of Turenne, of Melac and of Chamilly ravaged the Palatinate in pursuance of the policy of Louis XIV. In 1622 it was taken by Tilly after a siege of one month. It had been bombarded, and Tilly allowed his soldiers to plunder as they pleased after its capture. At this time the books and manuscripts of the library—the famous *Bibliotheca Palatina*, one of the most valuable collections in Europe—were used, it is said, for littering the horses of the conquerors. The larger part of this library, however, found its way into the Vatican. The town was taken and burned by Melac in 1688. Again, in 1693, it suffered terribly at the hands of Chamilly. Its citizens were treated with excessive cruelty. The castle was ruined, but before 1720 it had been restored, and since that time man has been its friend and only the elements have been its enemies. The

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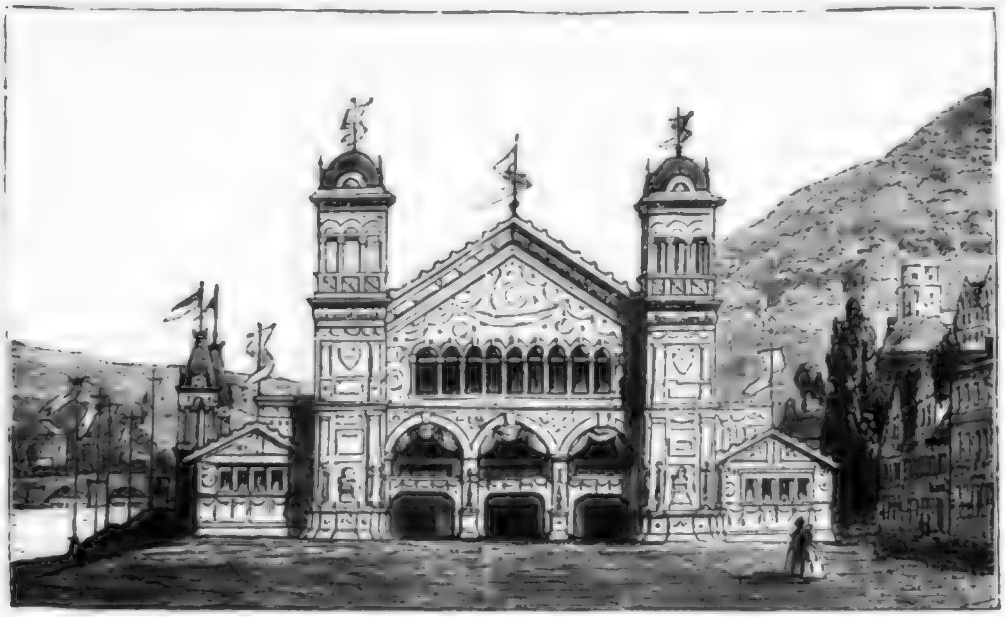


FESTIVAL HALL IN HEIDELBERG.

octagon tower was struck by lightning in 1764; the flames could not be suppressed, and the castle was reduced to its present ruinous condition. But so much of the structure has remained standing that it requires little fancy to reconstruct the whole; and while vines and mosses and shrubs have fastened themselves upon the walls, as though insisting that they should again become a portion of the mountain side, man's art is constantly busied in the effort to uphold and maintain all that is left. The structure was the growth of centuries, and is too vast for the requirements of a modern princely household. There is, therefore, no probability that it will ever be rebuilt, as the Wartburg in Thüringen, and Rheinstein on the Rhine, and other smaller castles, have been. As a ruin it is perfect. Gardens, shady walks and trim shrubbery surrounding it add that touch of art which enhances the charm of the picturesque.

But this has been said by way of anticipation. We have not yet reached the castle, inasmuch as we are approaching the town by the river, and while our boat is borne swiftly along by the rapid stream have glanced at the magnificent features of the scene.

Now we glide beneath one of the central arches of the stone bridge, and a moment later are landed. Passing through a narrow side street, we come into the principal thoroughfare, leading from the upper to the lower, or new, end of the town. Here are the shops, the banks, the *cafés;* here are commonly parties of students, wearing caps of bright colors, and marching along in a lordly fashion; here are townspeople going about their business; here are visitors in carriages. The Hauptstrasse presents a spectacle of life and gayety.

We turn to the left, and soon reach the market-place, an open square, where stands the Church of the Holy Ghost. This was built upon the site formerly occupied by a chapel bearing the same name, which is mentioned in a document of the year 1239. By Ruprecht III. it was endowed as a cathedral. The library—or, rather, one of several libraries which were maintained separately at that time—was kept in the choir, beneath which the Palsgraves and Electors were generally entombed. In the sack of 1693 the coffins were broken open and robbed of their ornaments, the beautiful monuments demolished, the bones scattered about, and when the unfortunate inhabitants of the town took refuge in this church the roof was set on fire. Not many years afterward a dispute arose between the Catholics and the Calvinists, both claiming exclusive possession of the building. The dispute was terminated by a decision assigning the nave to the Calvinists, and putting the Roman Catholics in possession of the rest of the church, and a partition wall was built to separate the contending sects. But in 1719 Karl Philipp claimed the whole church for the Roman Catholics, and caused the wall which separated the nave from the choir to be removed. The Protestants appealed to the Imperial Chamber and to the Protestant princes. The Elector was obliged to yield, and leaving Heidelberg in anger, made Mannheim his residence, and the capital of the Electoral Palatinate. The partition wall was restored. The choir remained the parish church of the Roman Catholics until 1810, when the late church of the Jesuits was substituted for it. Within the last year the entire church has been restored, so far as possible, to its original condition.

Facing the Church of the Holy Ghost stands the Ritter Hotel, one of the few buildings which remain as they were before 1622. Here it is said the famous Götz, whose castle we passed on the Neckar, used to live when in Heidelberg.

Passing on now to the Prinz Karl Hotel, we engage rooms, enter in the register not only our name and residence, but also our profession and destination. Then a carriage is called, and we are driven away to see the castle.

As we pass the stand of a fellow whose business it is to let donkeys to persons wishing to avail themselves of that means of locomotion, we notice his sign prominently displayed. It reads as follows: "Herren können hier Esel bekommen." And below, for the benefit of English-speaking tourists, "Gentlemen may become asses here." This is not meant for a joke, the proprietor being a serious-minded German; and if we were to point out to him his mistranslation, he would shrug his shoulders incredulously and give us one pitying glance.

Before entering the castle we turn aside to enjoy the prospect from the Elizabeth Garden and the great rampart erected by Ludwig V. upon four or five tiers of vaults. Friedrich V. transformed this into a beautiful garden for his consort Elizabeth, daughter of King James I. of England. The orange-trees, the grottoes lined with precious stones, the fountains and artificial lakes, with which the luxurious prince adorned it, have vanished, but it is still a pretty spot. Here is a bench, and the inscription: "Goethe often rested at this point, reflecting and composing poetry." No wonder! The view ranges over the housetops of the city below to the wide and fertile plain of the Rhine, here spread out generously, and suggestive of the thrift, the comfort and the monotony of modern life. At least, there can be no doubt that this thought occurred to Goethe, for he has given expression to it in a poem, written at Heidelberg, in which the following figure occurs: "Past and present here. Between us and the past there yawns no chasm! See! the royal, crowned mountain sinks into the valley's bosom."

Returning now to the road, we enter a gateway which was probably built by the Elector Friedrich II., in 1555. This is almost uninjured. But we must pass through a second gate, the Latin or Square Tower, as it is called, before entering the Inner Court.

Upon our left, as we enter, are the oldest portions of the edifice—Rudolph's Palace, founded and enlarged between the years 1300 and 1350, and Ruprecht's Palace, built about 1400. Upon our right is a portico, the pillars of which were dug from the ruins of the Palace of Charlemagne at Lower Ingelheim. These pillars are the remains of one hundred similar ones which Charlemagne had received from Rome and Ravenna for the construction of his palace. Behind this portico are buildings, erected by Ludwig V. between the years 1520 and 1525, which were formerly used as dwellings for soldiers, gardeners and others of that class. These are in excellent preservation and are still inhabited; in part by employés who have charge of the castle and grounds, while apartments have occasionally been let to tourists in search of novel surroundings.

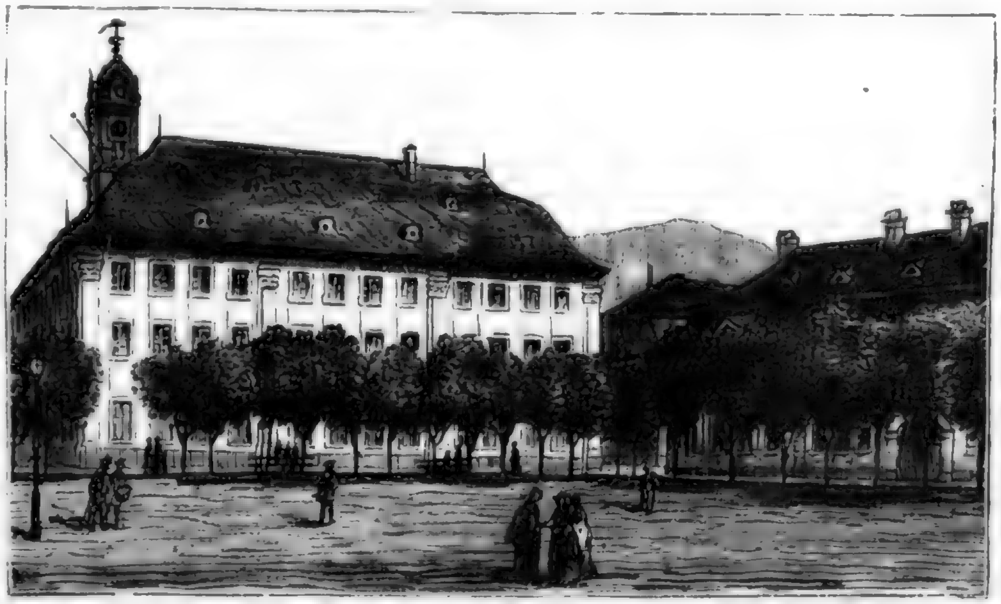
But our attention cannot be long held by this portion of the court. The northern and eastern sides of the irregular quadrangle excite our admiration and deserve more than passing remark. In the northeast corner is the Palace of Friedrich II.—the "New Court," erected in 1549—which shows the influence of the Renaissance, but preserves some features of the Gothic, architecture. Adjoining this, on the eastern side, is the superb façade of Otto Heinrich's Palace (1556—1559). This is truly a beautiful specimen of Renaissance architecture, for it combines distinctness of plan with richness of decoration. The warm tint of the stone, thus elaborately carved; the many statues in niches; the variety, yet, in the main, harmony, of decorative forms employed; the simplicity and strength of the main horizontal lines, combine in the most agreeable effect. The inner walls have fallen away and sunlight pours through the upper windows. This is a distinct gain in beauty; and no doubt the absence of the gables once crowning this front is also a gain in beauty, for such gables have no place in this order of architecture. We would not have Otto Heinrich's Palace rebuilt, but we would have it stand for ever as it is—always beautiful, and sometimes, as when the moonlight silvers it, exquisitely beautiful.

Adjoining the "New Court" of Friedrich II. and completing the northern side of the quadrangle, is the Palace of Friedrich IV., Prince Elector, ruling from 1592 to 1610. The façade of this building shows Renaissance architecture in its decadence. Owing to the profusion of portrait statues and other excessive rococo decoration, the eye is fairly fatigued, and the general effect is much inferior to that of Otto Heinrich's Palace. Nevertheless, this fault is an error on the side of strength and a too exuberant fancy, and such faults always possess a certain charm.

As we have seen, the principal structures of the Castle offer specimens more or less perfect of Roman, Gothic and Renaissance architecture; the last-named, little more than fifty years after its adoption, losing its chaste beauty and taking on that extravagant ornamentation which has been denominated Rococo, and which the French Court subsequently held up to the world for admiration and imitation. To the student, they are so many pages from four great chapters of the world's history: the supremacy of Rome; the formation of Germanic states upon the ruins of the Empire; the new birth of classic taste after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the splendor and the folly of the French Court under Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

Passing now through a door near the northwestern angle, we enter a spacious room, which is frequently used as a banqueting-hall on the occasion of great student meetings—in their own language, *Kommers*. At such times, the scene is one which contrasts strangely with the sombre surroundings. The various societies (Vereins, Corps, Burschenschaften) are assembled in full force. No fear that any will be missing when it is a question of harangues and beer. Their officers, dressed in showy uniform, preside, and succeed in maintaining a certain degree of order; for Germans delight in discipline, and have done their best to raise beer-drinking to the rank of a fine art. Each society occupies a separate table, but not as a mark of hostility. For the time, the traditional rivalry of the various organizations assumes a milder form, and the duel with swords is parodied in the "beer duel." Men who have dealt each other blows with the "pauking" sword, now challenge each other to contests for which the inoffensive beer-mug is the weapon chosen. All details are arranged with mock gravity; an arbiter is chosen; the command "Ein, zwei, drei, los!" is given; the contestants raise their foaming quart mugs to their lips and drain them with inconceivable rapidity; the arbiter inspects the mugs to see that no heel-taps have been left, and declares that victory is perched upon the helm of the principal with the largest throat, who was first to finish. Sometimes the contest is in respect to capacity; and in such duels the quantity of beer consumed in a given time surpasses belief.

There is nothing new under the sun. The Edda tells us that when the God Thor was on his travels he met a churl, and engaged with him in a contest similar to that which has just been described. Thor was worshiped by our own ancestors, as well as by the ancestors of those German students reveling in Heidelberg Castle; none the less does the "beer duel" strike us as an unheard-of,



HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

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amazingly stupid and, in spite of Thor's highly aristocratic connections and old family, a decidedly low-toned custom.

From time to time an orator, representing one of the societies present, ascends the rostrum and harangues an audience which is not very attentive, but which applauds generously at the beginning and the conclusion of each address.

We pass from the banquet-hall and descend to the cellar, in which the great tun is to be seen. The original great tun held about 159,000 quarts. This was injured in the Thirty Years' War, and was falling to pieces when, in 1664, a new one was made, larger and handsomer than the old, containing about 245,000 quarts. This cask also becoming unfit for use, the present one was built in 1751. It is 30 feet and 5 inches long, and 23 feet high, and holds about 283,000 quarts. The staves are 9 inches thick. Since the conflagration in 1764 it has been left empty, and was supposed to have become unfit for use; but it was repaired and again filled with wine in honor of the guests of the University who, last August, assembled to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the illustrious "Hochschule." Near the tun is placed a wooden image of the dwarf Perkeo, who made merry and drank his fifteen bottles daily in Karl Philipp's time.

Retracing our steps to the outside air, we again cross the court toward the northeastern corner, and, passing between "New Court" and the Palace of Friedrich IV., come out upon the great balcony, or esplanade, which commands a view up the Neckar Valley. This esplanade is on the same magnificent scale with everything else here. Consciously or unconsciously, the successive masters and architects of this princely home strove to this end: that not even the mountain side rising above, or the wide prospect of river and valley below, should dwarf the work of their hands. Faint sounds rise from the river and town at our feet, to tell of the active life there; and, see! there is the Neckar freight-boat, which, pulling itself along by means of a chain which lies in the channel, passing this from bow to stern with much puffing and great expenditure of fuel, goes hand-over-hand, as it were, against the rapid current.

Returning now diagonally across the court and through the central gate, we turn toward the gardens on the eastern side of the castle, passing on our way the shattered gunpowder-tower, the walls of which are from sixteen to twenty feet in thickness. At this point extensive terraces begin. The steep mountain-side was converted by the luxurious Friedrich V. into a garden, which extended for an eighth of a mile toward the northeast. At present this garden is laid out in the English style; and an item not to be overlooked is the cheerful little restaurant, where visitors may enjoy moderately good refreshments at tables placed under the trees, and listen to music the while. As for this music, when the local band discourses, it might be better; and, as often as the military band from Mannheim is called in, it *is* better.

From this point there is a choice of delightful walks. One may go eastward along the mountain-side to a pretty spot called Wolfsbrunnen. There is a restaurant, famed for trout. You may feed the trout with crumbs as they flash in the pond, or you may eat them in crumbs as they are offered you, crisp and brown, upon the plate. Perhaps you may prefer to do both. Or, if you take the opposite direction, you will find equally shady walks leading westward—leading to a restaurant famed for strawberries and, a few years ago, at least, famed also for its smiling young hostess. Even if you make your way upward through thick groves to the tower on the top of the mountain, in order to look from the highest point far away into the valleys of the Odenwald, there you will find a restaurant. Walking is very easy when the paths are shaded and when one is breathing mountain air and coming upon a restaurant every mile or so. Parties of students pass us. They are singing "Alt Heidelberg," and the tones of that stirring chorus are caught up and repeated by the echoes.

Suppose we adopt the suggestion contained in that students' song, and turn our attention to the University.

The University buildings are scattered throughout the town, and are neither conspicuous nor in any way impressive. The idea of providing fine buildings for university purposes seems never to have occurred to the founders or subsequent guardians. Room is required for lectures, library, collections and so on; but there is no dormitory system, and it has, therefore, been a matter of indifference whether the buildings were contiguous or not. However, the main centre of university life is also the centre of the older part of the town, where are to be found the lecture-rooms of the leading professors.

Inasmuch as we have seen the Heidelberg students carousing, it is but fair to glance at them in the lecture-room. Choose for this purpose the auditorium of a lecturer upon the history of philosophy. It is announced that the lecture will begin at three o'clock. That means fifteen minutes after three; for the lecturer limits himself to three-quarters of an hour, and, accordingly, the "academical quarter-hour" is always understood. Before quarter past three, then, the auditorium is filled by students, who are seated on benches, which are provided with tablets for taking notes. At precisely three o'clock and fifteen minutes the professor enters. He walks rapidly toward his desk, and, even before reaching this, begins to speak, while his auditors pay the strictest attention in order to miss no important point. The lecturer speaks with rapidity, but with great force and distinctness, using no notes, but relying upon his memory for a mass of facts, including long lists of dates, names and titles of books. When asked how he succeeded in cultivating his memory to this degree, Fischer (for we are listening to the famous Kuno Fischer) invariably replies: "I have *learned* the subjects about which I speak. Once learn a thing, in the true sense of the word, and you can never forget it." His face is striking, but not for its beauty. In shape and expression it is like that of a bulldog of the finest breed. He does not wait to warm up to his theme, but from the first instant displays a great store of vitality and an absolute confidence in his own judgment, which, taken together, render him an unequaled instructor and an orator of power. Every statement which he makes is beautifully distinct, his analysis is exhaustive, without ever becoming tedious, while his savage manner and forcible gesticulation serve to impress each point as it is made indelibly upon the memory of the listener. Three-quarters of an hour pass before we find even an instant for reflection. The speaker has not paused, nor has his rapid argument deviated from the straight line. Then he ceases abruptly as he began. With the concluding word he quits his desk and walks rapidly out of the room, while his auditors applaud, gather up their note-books, and go outside to loaf for another "academical quarter-hour."

For 500 years Heidelberg has been one of the centres of culture, not only for Germany, but for the world. The history of its University is an essential portion of universal history. Furthermore, the liberal and humane spirit which to-day distinguishes it, and lifts it above the level of the rank and file of German universities, it owes to those forces which have made its history, and which can be understood only through an examination of its development. Among those universities usually spoken of as "German," the two oldest are that at Prag, founded in 1348, and that at Vienna, founded in 1365. After these comes Heidelberg, in 1386.[*] It is, therefore, the oldest within the limits of the present German Empire. For all three the impulse came from Paris, and the University of Paris served as a model for all three. Elector Palatine Ruprecht I. called Marsilius von Inghen from Paris to be the first rector. By his advice four Faculties were established, namely, that of Theology, that of Medicine, that of Law and that of the "Free Arts." Privileges which were of great importance in those days were accorded to students. For example, they were exempted from tolls and taxes during their residence in Heidelberg, and while journeying to and fro.

The inaugural ceremony was held in the chapel of the Holy Ghost on the 18th of October, 1386, and lectures began on the following day with a staff of seven professors. In the first year about five hundred students were in attendance, and before the close of the century this number had been increased to more than one thousand. Ruprecht II. added to the revenues of the University, appropriating to its uses the possessions of the Jews, whom he expelled from the town in 1391. Ruprecht III. gave new value and dignity to the professorships by increasing salaries and raising the incumbents to important posts in Church and State.

Until 1421 there were several libraries: one for the Faculty of Arts, one for the three remaining Faculties, and one which was kept in the Stiftskirche; but when Ludwig III. bequeathed his own books to the University, he imposed the condition that they should be kept in the castle. Philipp founded a library in 1482, and subsequently united it with that of the University. The growing importance of these collections led Friedrich to build (about 1550) the library tower on the eastern side of the castle for the reception of books. To Otto Heinrich was due a large and extremely valuable collection of Greek and Oriental manuscripts. At the time of the Thirty Years' War the *Bibliotheca Palatina* had thus become, perhaps, the most valuable collection in the world, when it was sent by the Duke of Bavaria as a present to the Pope of Rome. About nine hundred of the manuscripts thus lost have been returned in the present century; the balance — more than two thousand five hundred, and five thousand printed books—are still in the Vatican. Leo XIII. has had a catalogue of these prepared, which is in itself a gift of no small value to the despoiled University, inasmuch as these treasures of literature are accessible to few. But in spite of this irreparable loss Heidelberg now possesses one of the most important collections of books, manuscripts and charters in Germany.

When, in consequence of the peace of Luneville, in 1801—the western shore of the Rhine, where lay the principal possessions of the University—was ceded to France, the University was left almost without resources. But in this time of its need, Karl Friedrich of Baden, to whom the greater part of the dismembered Palatinate east of the Rhine had been given, came forward in behalf of his new possession. He not only endowed the stricken institution, but personally interested himself in reshaping its statutes, enlarging its scope and attracting to its chairs the most celebrated instructors. In effect, he refounded it.

It appears, even from a brief sketch like the foregoing, that the name "Universitas Ruperto-Carolina" suggests an important fact. The University was founded by the Elector Palatine Ruprecht I., and it was restored by Karl Friedrich, the Grand Duke of Baden. That is to say, it has owed its existence and its prosperity to princes. Without their intelligent prevision, there would never have been a university at Heidelberg; while without their generous patronage, continued through centuries as a tradition in the ruling family, the light which has shone so brilliantly upon a land devastated by war would have gone out. Its name suggests, and scrutiny of the records confirms, this view. At no period in its long existence, with the possible exception of the last two or three decades, could the University have appealed with success to the people for adequate support. Just as truly as those gardens at the castle have been supported by the masonry of the terraces, the University has been maintained by the ruling family. For this reason it has not been obliged to consult popular prejudices in order to win the approval of the people: a circumstance which had a twofold result, and which has produced those tendencies visible to-day. In the first place, it has been free to *lead;* and fearless thought upon grave questions has become its characteristic distinction. In the second place, such independence has brought about a freedom of life and manners which is now a no less deeply rooted tradition.

Any attempt to give a catalogue of the names of celebrated men who have been more or less closely connected with Heidelberg must prove unsatisfactory. Everybody has been there. For so long a time it has continued to attract to itself whatever was best in original thought and scholarship, that such a list would be wellnigh endless. But this fact, at least, must not be overlooked: it has not been a resort of mere critics, who learn and teach the thoughts which others have originated. Heidelberg has originated. In literature, in science, in religion, and in politics, it has been a source of great movements. It has stimulated genius, promoted research, given shape to creeds, and led the way in founding states — even the reconstructed German Empire.

As we of to-day, with our clearer vision as to the rights of individuals, review the events in which this University has played a conspicuous part, we of course find evil as well as good. In the age of intolerance and persecution for heresy, Heidelberg was often intolerant. As a consequence of its geographical position, it was of necessity a battle-ground of creeds. Its fair record is stained by the blood of Von Drandorf, Fuger, Silvan—if not of Huss himself; but, in spite of such blots upon it, what institution which existed in those days of terrible earnestness can show a fairer record? What other ancient university, without breaking away from its traditions, could have shared and led in the movement toward absolute intellectual freedom which has marked the present century. When, last August, 500 years after the foundation of the University, the wisdom of all the world was assembled at the incomparable Neckar city, in recognition of the debt which civilization owes to it, a just tribute was becomingly paid.

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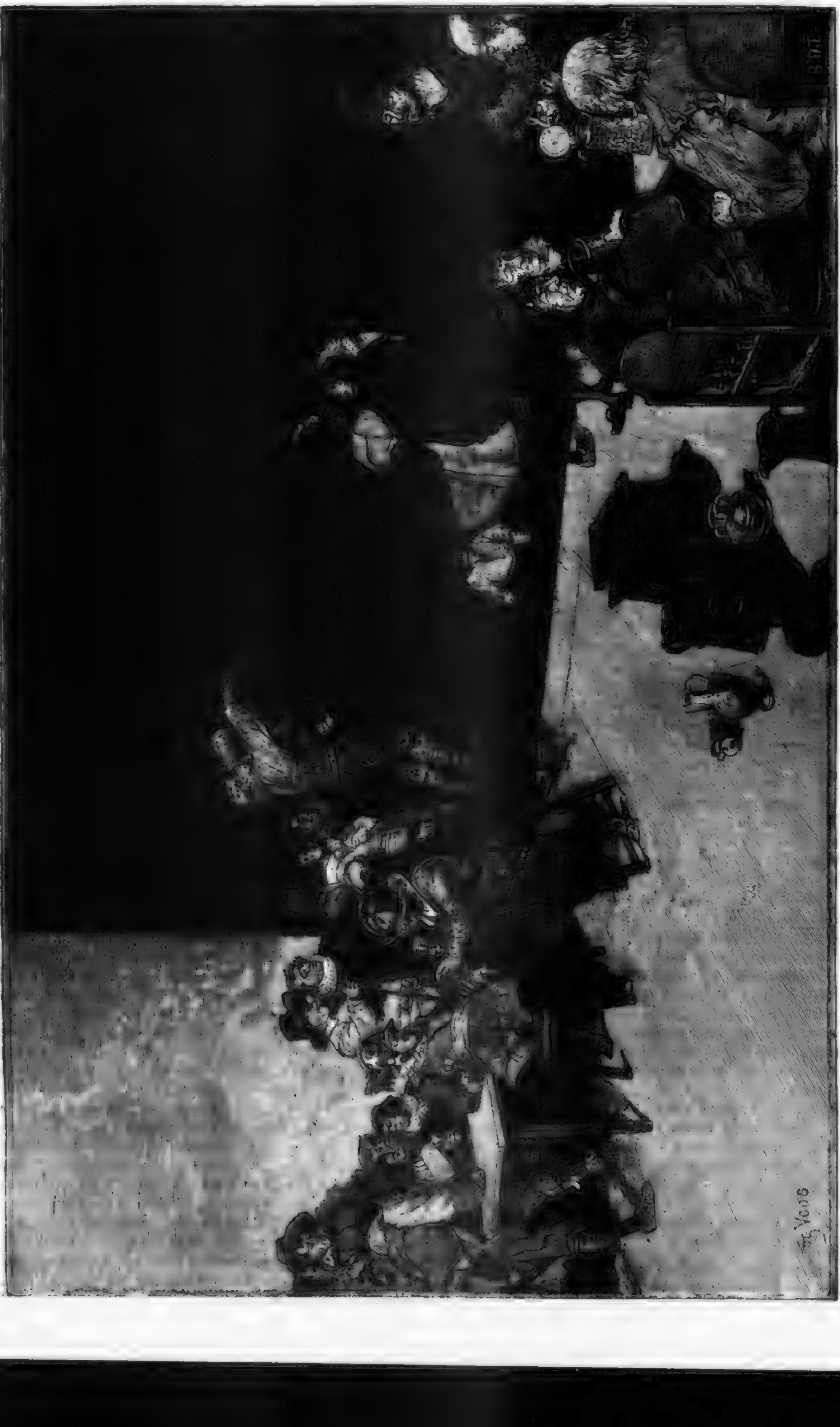
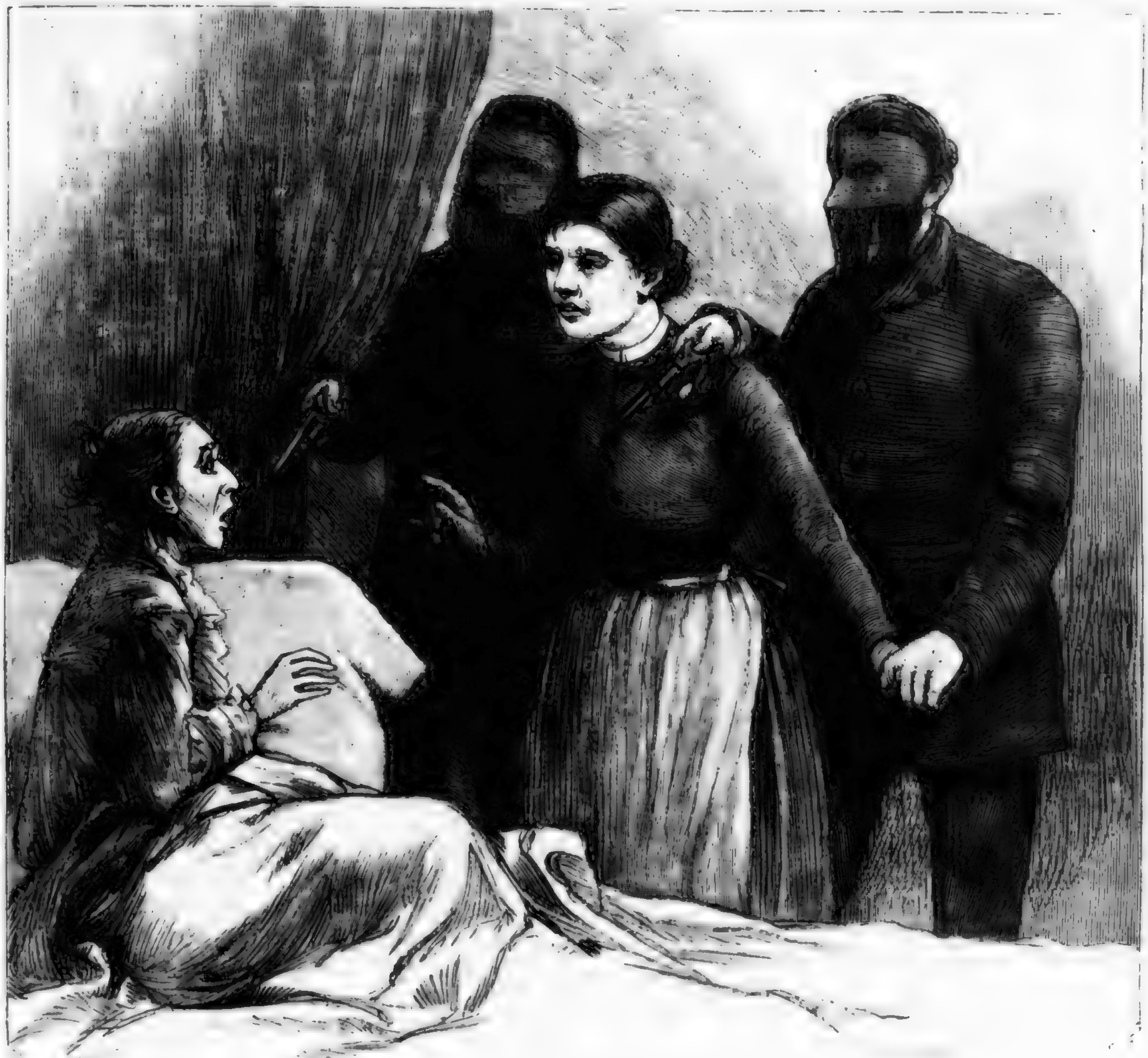
[*] University at Cologne, founded 1388; Erfurt, 1392; Würzburg, 1402; Leipsic, 1409; Rostock, 1419; Greifswald, 1456; Freiburg, 1457; Tübingen, 1477; Marburg, 1527; Königsberg, 1544; Jena, 1558; Giessen, 1607; Kiel, 1665; Halle, 1697; Göttingen, 1737; Erlangen, 1743; Münster, 1780; Berlin, 1810; Breslau, 1811; Bonn, 1818; Munich, 1826; Strassburg, 1872.



THE GREAT TUN AT HEIDELBERG IN MEDIEVAL DAYS.



THE CRIMSON CASKET.—"STARTING UP FROM SLUMBER, MISS ROSALIA SAW DEBORAH BESIDE HER, HER FACE SWOLLEN WITH CRYING. BEHIND THE GIRL STOOD TWO MASKED MEN, EACH HOLDING A PISTOL IN HIS HAND."

THE CRIMSON CASKET.

By J. F. Alston.

One bright, frosty evening in January, two maiden ladies sat at work in the comfortable parlor of Ashwarley Grange, not far from Clifton Downs.

The Misses Ashwarley had been belles, beauties and heiresses in their day.

All that was over. The fortune was lost, the lovers had fled, the near and dear friends and relatives were in their graves, and the former co-heiresses had only an annuity of fifty pounds and the old Grange between them, and the terror of destitution.

Experience had taught them thrift and economy. Their large garden was a great help, and by advertising in the country paper they succeeded in letting half of their large house to a wealthy widow lady "without encumbrances," who paid them liberally for the trouble she gave.

This lady had left them early in December to make a round of visits among her own and her late husband's friends. They were now expecting her return.

And as they sat beside the fire on this clear, cold evening, they were talking of the servant whom they also expected, and whom they were about to hire, during the temporary illness of their own housekeeper, expressly to attend upon Mrs. Herne.

"Poor old Truefitt! I wish we could have persuaded her to stay here and get well," said Miss Rosalia, who, being the senior by a few moments, considered herself, on grand occasions, to be "Miss Ashwarley," and in ordinary affairs tacitly took the lead. "If Mrs. Herne is not back before the 30th, and if this maid Deborah comes to-morrow, don't you see, Phœbe, there would be ample time for you and me to nurse Truefitt back into health?"

"But, Rosalia, she said it was the time of weakness

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after recovery that she dreaded," replied Miss Phœbe. "You know nothing could ever persuade Truefitt that any one else could wait on us *properly*, and so she would be trying to do things herself before she was able, and perhaps throw herself back for months. I think it was wise in her to go away to her daughter. The sea-air and the rest will soon set her up again. But the house seems terribly lonesome without her."

"It does, indeed! It is the first time she has left us since we were babies."

They both looked up with a start.

The Grange was very old and very lonely, standing in its own extensive grounds at the bottom of a lane nearly a mile long.

The lane diverged from the Ashwarley turnpike road, and after passing the Grange faded away into a narrow footpath, with stiles that crossed many a distant field.

The market town of Ashwarley and the small city of Greensmorton could both be seen from the upper windows of the old house. But the nearest neighbor was the vicar, at the head of Ashwarley Lane.

This had mattered little in the old days, when the farm lands were cultivated by the owner, and the kitchen was full of men and maid servants. It *did* become a thing to be regretted when the two ladies were left quite by themselves—as now.

There are always odd sounds about old houses, especially at night, when the whole world is still. Old furniture is famous for giving out all manner of unearthly creaks and croaks if there is any one at hand to be half scared out of their wits thereby. And in almost any country lane, of a dark evening, one can conjure up startling sounds or visions, if alone and at all nervous. The Misses Ashwarley had done this often and often during the two days and nights that had elapsed since the housekeeper had been driven away in her daughter's taxed cart. But now they nearly leaped from their chairs as they looked at each other.

For they both heard, distinctly, footsteps pacing up and down the short stone terrace that ran below the windows of the western wing.

And when that sound was heard at Ashwarley all in the house believed that a funeral would pass before those western doors; that a hearse would go down the lime-tree avenue before another month should end!

The two poor ladies sat listening, with clasped hands, till the footsteps ceased.

"Oh, Rosalia. If it is for *us*, I hope God will let us go *together*," said Miss Phœbe, all in a tremble.

"Our family legend says it is for those who sleep in the western wing," debated Miss Rosalia.

"And Mrs. Herne's rooms are there. Can it be for her, Rosalia?"

"I always supposed one of our family was meant. Mrs. Herne is not even a relative," said Miss Rosalia, knitting her brow. "But her rooms do open on that terrace. I wish"—she stopped a moment—"*I wish I had looked out!*"

"*Sister!*"

Miss Phœbe was horrified. An irreverent ancestor of theirs had once sworn (in his cups) that he would see who or what walked on that terrace, and, rushing to the great western window (which now lighted Mrs. Herne's drawing-room), he had reeled back, covering his eyes with his hands, and had died ten days later, still raving of "the dreadful sight that had killed him."

While they were still dwelling on this point, the every-day sounds of rolling wheels and clattering hoofs came briskly down the lane, and halted at the side gate.

"There's the new servant, I do believe," said Miss Rosalie, gladly. "It is the Ashwarley carrier."

She went to unlock and unbar the door.

Miss Phœbe broke up the great block of coal on top of the fire, and gave the mass a rousing stir.

Two candles burned on the table. The carrier's cart rattled back through the frosty moonlight to Ashwarley, and the new servant, setting her box down in the hall, followed Miss Rosalia into the full glow of fire and candles to make her courtesy to her mistresses.

Deborah Gray was a tall young woman of twenty, finely formed, with a dark complexion, jet-black hair, a low forehead, and a pair of rather bold black eyes. There was something remarkably resolute about her face and her manner, and the lowering look of her heavy black eyebrows told tales of "a temper"; but she looked respectable and was strong and active, and the ladies did their best to get over the feeling of dislike that rose in both their minds at first sight of her rather truculent countenance.

"Girls, nowadays, think themselves quite as good as their mistresses, if not better," said Miss Rosalia, with a sigh. "If we get one who can wait nicely on Mrs. Herne, and who is tolerably civil, we must be content."

"And honest," added Miss Phœbe.

Miss Rosalia started.

"Honest? Of course, my dear. I should feel a little surprised at Truefitt's having recommended Deborah if I didn't know what servants have come to nowadays. But a dishonest one she would *not* send. Bless us all! what *should* we do if we had a thief here?"

"Oh, of course! Truefitt would be quite satisfied on *that* point," assented Miss Phœbe. And then, just by way of making conversation, she added: "But there's one comfort, sister. Even if a thief should come, there's nothing to steal. Burglars never take heavy tables and chairs. And we have nothing else to lose."

"Nothing else, indeed! That is all you know about it!" exclaimed Miss Rosalia.

And then she stopped short, quite frightened.

"I'm sure we both have handsome silk dresses!" she continued, lamely.

Miss Phœbe was human enough to toss her head and keep silence. That was not what her sister had begun to say. She knew it very well. Miss Rosalia knew it, too.

The next morning a letter came from Mrs. Herne to say that she proposed to return to the Grange ten days after date.

"What a blessing that Deborah is here!" both the ladies thought. And as soon as breakfast was well over, Miss Rosalia called the maid up to Mrs. Herne's rooms, and told her that they must be cleaned and set in perfect order that week.

"In ten days!" repeated Deborah, when she had heard the date of Mrs. Herne's arrival.

Miss Rosalia thought she looked put out. Perhaps she had expected a longer term of quiet service before the lodger came.

After tea, Deborah asked leave to run down to the village to post a letter. It was a bright moonlight night, and Miss Rosalia, after some little demur, consented.

"But hereafter, Deborah, your letters must be ready for the morning postman," she said. "I don't hold with young girls running about after dusk. You'll have your afternoon out now and then, and you'll go to church. And with that you'll please to content yourself."

Deborah answered, demurely, that she would, and set off on her walk.

If Miss Rosalia could but have seen her turn and shake her clinched fist at the house when well under the shelter of the avenue trees!

Deborah never went near village or post-office that evening. Instead of turning up the lane toward Ashwarley, she sprang over the stile below the Grange and ran swiftly along the field-paths, keeping well in the shadow of the hedges all the while, lest any troublesome old shepherd should be pottering about after the flocks and see her.

Five fields she crossed in that rapid run, in twice as many moments.

The fifth stile led into a narrow lane overhung with bowering hawthorn-hedges, and shaded here and there by small clumps of trees.

Far down this lane, under a group of tall young elms, a dull-red light was shining.

Deborah hurried toward it. Her heart beat fast, her black eyes shone, the crimson on her cheeks glowed more and more vividly, the nearer she drew to that light.

It came from a fire built upon the ground, and sheltered from wind and draught by the high hedges and the low walls of a dirty canvas tent, in shape much like the cover of an emigrant's cart.

The tent was very small. The fire burned before it. Within it, at ease on a couch of straw, a gypsyish kind of man was lying stretched, smoking a short, black, clay pipe.

Gypsyish-looking, I say, for Frederick French was no gypsy by birth, but the son of a small London tradesman, who had pinched himself for years to educate his only child—with this result.

Frederick French wore his father down to the grave by his vicious conduct, and at his death pounced eagerly on his small property and savings. It took but a short time to squander all that the honest toil of his father had won. And then the young man faced the world penniless, and eager for money—ripe and ready for any crime that would put that money securely in his purse.

Poor Deborah was one of his many victims, and she loved him with all the fervor of a wild, strong nature that might have been trained to better aims. It was a bore to him at times to be so fondly worshiped, and he meant to sever the tie ere long. But just now she was most useful to him. And so, when she rushed in upon his tobacco reverie with a shriek of joy, he smiled on her, and greeted her, as if he really loved her, with a kiss.

They talked long and earnestly, bending toward each other over the dying fire.

"Only ten days instead of the month we counted on," said French, as they parted at the stile. "Well, you must be all the keener, Deborah. Search when the old maids are asleep. If they wake and catch you in the act, you can be a ghost, and scare them out of their wits, or to death, it don't much matter which!"

Deborah laughed.

"I'll manage them. The casket must be in the house somewhere, of course. But, Fred, if you'll be advised by me you'll come next Friday night, and you'll have *the hearse*. That will prevent all search. But of a Saturday or Sunday night too many people will be about."

"All right, my lass. We'll say next Friday night at half-past eleven. I can hire the hearse easily enough, and Jones and I can drive it across these fields if we fail to get Belling over from France in time. But suppose you fail to find the casket between this and Friday, my girl?"

"I won't fail!" said Deborah.

She kissed him again and ran briskly home.

By four o'clock on the next Thursday afternoon Mrs. Herne's rooms in the western wing were fresh and clean as hands could make them, and the whole house wore a gala air in honor of her coming.

Deborah proved herself an excellent servant. But she had one failing, a serious one, at the Grange.

She was timid in spite of her resolute aspect, and she seemed to grow more timid day by day.

"I can't make it out," said Miss Rosalia, over the tea-table on the Thursday evening. "If she had been gadding about the village, or even if the Vicarage servants were at home, I should fancy some one had been telling her stories about the house. But as you know, Phœbe, the Vicarage won't be opened till the family return, next month, and she don't go into the village at all."

"The baker," suggested Miss Phœbe.

But even as she spoke Deborah flew into the room without knocking, all pale with fear.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," she gasped; "but when I went to close Mrs. Herne's window just now, I heard some one walking on the terrace below."

"Ah!" shrieked Miss Phœbe.

"And I looked out."

"*Never!*" exclaimed Miss Rosalia.

"And there was a man a-walking past, all still and secret, and he looked up at the window like as if he was a burglar; and I was that scared I ran away!"

"And left the window open!" shouted Miss Rosalia. "*Idiot!*"

She rushed to the room. Deborah followed, her apron to her eyes. Through its folds she watched keenly. But Miss Rosalia, finding the window closed and fastened, hastened back to her sister without once attempting to look out.

"Don't frighten Miss Phœbe so again for nothing," she said, sternly, to the girl.

"I won't, mum," courtesied Deborah, removing the tray with sobs and sniffs.

In the kitchen she gave vent to her rage.

"It shall be *for something* next time, I promise you! Where *is* the casket? In that room, I know—but where!"

Late that night Deborah poked and pried once more, but still in vain.

"Take what you deserve, then!" she cried, with a furious glance at the door of the ladies' room. "If Fred sets you on the fire till you tell, I'll not be the one to bid him stop!"

* * * * * *

The Friday night saw a strange proceeding in the grounds of the Vicarage at the head of the Grange lane.

A hearse, drawn by a single horse, stood at the back garden-door, and two masked men came and went for some time, transferring light but valuable articles from the closed house to the dismal vehicle with a trained rapidity that spoke of frequent practice.

Then from the garden-gate, up through the lonely lane, went hearse and attendants, and halted under the great window of the western wing of Ashwarley Grange.

The window opened. Deborah Gray, dressed for traveling, lifted her box up to the men, and, as they turned back from stowing it away in the hearse, caught her lover by the arm.

"Fred, I've tried and tried, and haven't found it. It's here, somewhere, but you'll have to frighten her into telling. She has been too much for me."

Frederick French uttered an awful oath and pushed the girl away. She clung about him, crying and abjectly kissing his hand, till he drove her from him with a heavy blow.

A blaze of light filled Miss Rosalia's room a little later.

Starting up from slumber, she saw Deborah beside her, her face swollen with crying. Behind the girl stood two masked men, each holding a pistol in his hand.

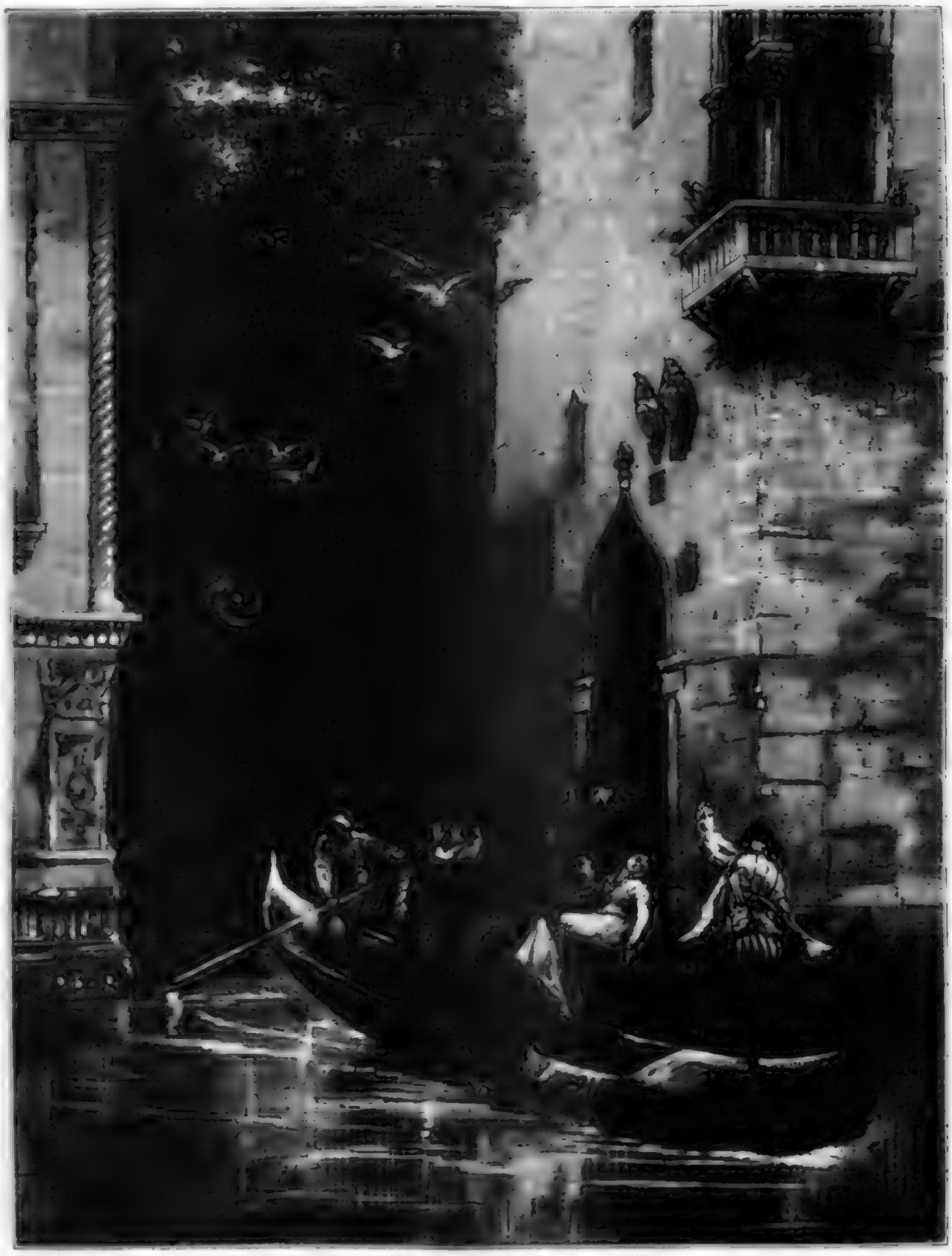
Deborah seized her before she could scream out.

"If you make a noise they'll kill you the next moment!" she said. "They want the crimson casket with the diamonds! Where is it? Answer! The casket that Mrs. Herne left with you when she went away."

"You shall never have it while I live!" said Miss Rosalia, faithful to her trust in the midst of her alarm.

"Don't be a fool!" said Deborah, keeping the men back a moment. "I tell you it is a planned thing. I managed to see your old housekeeper at Greensmorton. I persuaded her to get me this place, and it was all done, mind you, for the diamonds! We heard of them three weeks ago, but we waited for another of our band till Mrs. Herne changed her time for coming home. We have worked and planned and risked our necks for that casket, and we mean to have it! Don't you be an idiot and get yourself killed, for they won't stick at that if you're obstinate! Now I warn you!"

"And hand over the casket in two minutes, or I'll fire!" growled Frederick French, lifting his pistol. "There has been talk enough—too much! There's not a soul awake between this and Ashwarley, and no one will hear the shot. Now then, make up your mind, ma'am! The casket! If you don't give it up before I count five, there's no help for you! I am bound to have that casket at any cost."



IN BLUE VENETIAN WATERS.

"You may kill me, but I'll *never* give it up while I live!" said Miss Rosalia, faintly.

And she shut her eyes and said a prayer as well as she could in the hurry and the horror of her thoughts.

The pistol clicked.

"Exactly!" said a loud voice near the door.

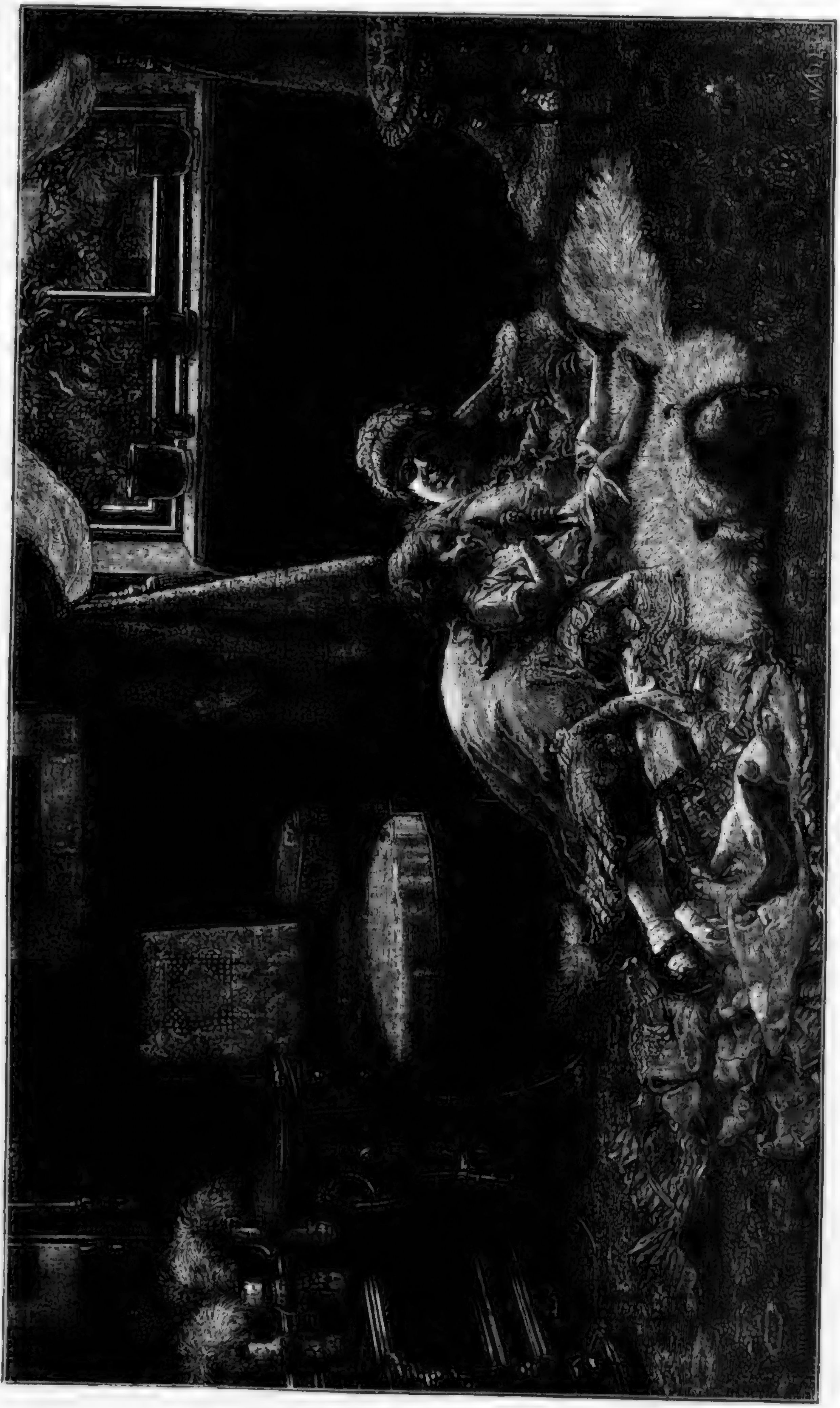
There was a leap, a scuffle, two loud reports, a terrific struggle, two tremendous oaths, a woman's shriek and long wailing cry.

Miss Rosalia, finding herself alive, looked out, trembling, through the smoke, to see a small crowd of men struggling at the open door; to hear her sister screaming wildly in her own room; to see a tall lady in furs rush in and fling herself upon her knees beside the bed.

"Miss Rosalia! Oh, thank God! you are not hurt!" cried Mrs. Herne, almost in hysterics. "Oh, me! the *agony* I've been in ever since the police at Greensmorton got a clew to this burglary! They made me wait this evening and come with them, to catch them in the act of robbery. But oh, I did think when I heard the shots, that you were gone! Will you *ever* forgive me for putting you in such danger? But I didn't dream of it! And I'm sure my hair will be gray to-morrow morning! They've stripped the vicarage, my dear, and they have all the things outside in a hearse—only think of it! I must go to poor Miss Phœbe now and ask *her* forgiveness. Oh, me! *how* glad I am that your deaths are not on my mind for evermore!"

It was a bold burglary, skillfully planned—set at naught by an equally bold and skillful capture.

The two men were sent to penal servitude. But a hearse went down the lime-tree avenue, as the legend foretold. For Deborah's heart received the bullet aimed



ON THE BEARSKIN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY RETTIG.

XUM

at Miss Rosalia, and the erring, loving, passionate creature expiated her fault with her life.

Mrs. Herne still occupies the western wing at Ashwarley Grange.

On state occasions each of the Misses Ashwarley wears a handsome diamond brooch.

If you are bold enough to ask the history of those gems, this story of the crimson casket will be told to you.

And Mrs. Herne has learned a lesson of caution thereby, though her rich black hair did *not* turn white that terrible Saturday morning.

"THE KING OF THE BIRDS."

An Incident in the Captivity of Louis XVII.

By Florence Tyler.

Day by day on the turret-stones
  The sunbeams shone or raindrops fell
Through all the days in a hundred years:
  And the raindrops loved the place so well,
That they hollowed a bed in the cold gray wall,
  And made for themselves a tiny lake,
Clear and cool, where the passing birds
  Lingered a little their thirst to slake.

Day by day up the turret-stairs
  Wearily toiled a little lad,
Guilty of bearing a royal name,
  Dwelling a prisoner lone and sad.
Never a joy in life he knew,
  Save for a while in the long, dull day,
To climb the stairs to the prison-wall,
  And watch the sparrows so free and gay.

"My birds," he called them; and very soon
  Fearless they fluttered about his feet;
And the boy would listen with wistful eyes
  To their happy twitter, low but sweet.
They learnt to come at the gentle call
  Of the king who had neither crown nor throne;
And the child kept court on the turret-wall,
  With only the birds his sway to own.

But the small feet grew too tired to climb
  The long, steep stairs to the turret gray;
The birds for their ruler looked in vain,
  And their song was sad as they flew away.
The Winter came, and the birds were gone,
  The snow on the prison fell thick and fast;
But Death had opened the prison-door,
  "The King of the Birds" was free at last.

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

NOT ALL OF THE ACTIVITY OF INVENTIVE GENIUS CONFINED TO GREAT CONCERNS.

By Ausburn Towner.

General information concerning inventions is very much like general information concerning the history of nations. We read of the doings of princes and kings, of wars and great battles; but of the people themselves, of their daily lives, of the manner in which they provided for their families, their household customs, their dress, or the thousand little details that are interesting to know—such things as in these later days make up the staple of our daily newspaper—little, if anything at all, is said.

In like manner with inventions; every one knows of what has been done in what might be called the princely walks of inventive genius, like steam, electricity, reaping and mowing machines, and appliances like the air-brake on the railroads, that occupy large spaces in the public eye and in the public estimation. But as to the multitude of little things that come closer to us as individuals, in our domestic life or in our trade, whatever it may be, what little is said must be searched for in the advertisements in newspapers, in the columns of technical journals, in the dry details of official reports, or in the Model-room of the Patent Office.

Every one is conscious, guided by the knowledge of his own surroundings, that the same activity of inventive genius that has marked the more widely known lines of life has drifted down into the smaller things, and has provided domestic concerns and the various trades with new and simple contrivances that make work easier, pleasanter and better. What these are, however, outside of one's own line of observation, are but little known, or if known, do not attract the consideration they deserve.

One illustration could be taken from a carpenter's supply. Screws of all kinds formerly had flat ends. A gimlet was necessary to make a hole for them before they could be used. Some one thought of making the ends sharp and pointed, and now a carpenter or cabinetmaker has only to tap the screw on its head to start it into the wood, and the screwdriver fixes it at once firmly in its place.

The whole "kit" or tool-chest of a carpenter, within the same period that has seen such an advance in the application of steam, has undergone a change that in degree is almost as marvelous and quite as curious as the change from the old four-horse stage-coach to the modern palace drawing-room car.

While the principle of construction and general shape and appearance of some of the tools have not at all changed, the material of which, and the manner in which, they are constructed, have been greatly modified. Take the six bench tools—the long fore-plane, the short fore-plane, the single and double jack-planes, the smoothing-plane and the block-plane—ever since there have been workers in wood, it is safe to assume that these tools were used, and much in the same shape as now. There were, doubtless, planes used in the construction of Solomon's Temple, and Isaiah speaks of the tool by name when telling how carpenters managed when they were engaged in the not very commendable work of making idols.

Iron now enters very largely into the construction of the framework of planes, making them lighter and less clumsy to handle. Yet there are carpenters, experts in their trade, too, who were bred to the use of the wooden plane, and much prefer it. They are made of apple and beech wood nowadays, and are very enduring. Many will last for a quarter of a century, wearing out scores of steel blades, and instances are not infrequent where a plane has lasted for three generations of carpenters in a family—the grandfather, son and grandson.

The hammer is another one of the most ancient of tools. We hear of it all through history, sacred and profane, and one would scarcely think that in these latter years any thought of it could bring to it any improvement. Yet it has been done. A quiet blacksmith in the central part of New York State, only a few years ago, made a hammer for a neighbor. Whether or not it was a stroke of luck or a stroke of genius, both of which are pretty near the same thing, he tempered it so admirably that the fame of it went all through the neighborhood.

He did another thing. Instead of making its face flat, or "straight," as it is called by the craft, he made it round. The carpenter with this hammer did some most extraordinary work, driving the smallest brads into moldings or corners and never marring the wood at all. It was some time before it was ascertained that it was the hammer that did such perfect work instead of the man; but when the secret was out the quiet blacksmith had more orders for hammers than he could fill. He dropped all other lines of his trade and devoted himself to making them. He never advertised otherwise than in the excellence of his work; but now his hammers have no competitors in the trade. A carpenter possessed of one of them is fixed; without one, his chest of tools is incomplete. Ask the next carpenter you meet the name of this hammer, and he will tell you.

In a carpenter's chest of these days you never see any such tools as augers. Not that they are not used, but that the trade, like every other occupation, is greatly divided up, and the augers have gone to a distinct branch of carpentry—the framers. In somewhat the same way have mortising-chisels disappeared.

These tools, that were used to make by hand such articles as window-sashes, doors, blinds and flooring, have been superseded by mill-machinery, and, except among the oldest-fashioned of old carpenters, or in those portions of the country where mill-work is unattainable, are never employed.

It was the observation made by an expert old mechanic that he didn't believe you could get a carpenter in the Eastern States who knew how to make a window-sash!

The saw is another very ancient tool. In some of the oldest stone carvings known to the world are the figures of men engaged in what can be nothing else except sawing huge blocks of marble. Of course the proper setting of the teeth of a saw, whatever work is required of it, was found out ages and ages ago; but the saws of twenty-five years ago are by no means the saws of today. The shape has been improved, and the temper of the steel perfected. The "bracket" saws, with the ordinary treadle attachment, are examples to what excellence in extreme attenuation the principle of the saw has been worked down. Some have teeth so fine that they are not visible to the naked eye, and look like pieces of corrugated string or wire. Yet they do the work of a saw—work of the most delicate character. The tempering of the steel properly, an especially modern discovery, makes this possible.

It is a pleasant and a proud thing to know that a very large share of these improvements have originated in the United States, not as regards saws alone, but as well as regards all other manufactures of steel, like that other ancient tool, the trowel, one of the sign manuals of both theoretical and operative masonry.

The new generation of handcraftmen are more than likely ignorant of the fact, but any old worker with tools of steel can recall the time when his tools, to be of any permanent or assured value, must bear the mark of Sheffield, England upon them. Speer and Jackson's saws, and Wade and Butcher's cutlery of all kinds, and files, made in that city, were the very best. That is all changed now, and American cutlery leads. More of it is now sold in Europe than of that which is manufactured there.

The brace-and-bit is one of the most important tools used by a carpenter. The whole contrivance is rather a modern one, but the improvements upon it have been manifold within a few years. The bit, of whatever nature, used to be fastened into the brace by means of a small screw, worked with the thumb and finger. Now, you can set the bit in the socket, and the instant you take a turn with it at your work it is fastened in its place, working automatically. Any one who has ever had occasion to use this tool can readily understand the comfort and convenience the new arrangement lends to work.

In using the "drawing-knife" you formerly had to the gauge cutting, whether deep or shallow, with your eye and wrist. The blade, these latter days, is movable in the handles, and you can set it at any angle you choose and pull away, sure that it will go aright.

The general appearance of a carpenter's bench is but little different from what it was years ago, but one thing is noticeable. The great wooden, clumsy, three-inch screw of that useful machine, the vise, has been replaced by a slender iron screw that is handier, more durable and more easily worked.

In such common things as nails and spikes, the eager effort to better them is as noticeable and as successful as in the case of the screws already alluded to.

Any one whose memory runs back for twenty years to the time of the old-fashioned nail and the not infrequent incident of pounding his fingers handling one whose head came off, or that bent itself double or sprung apart into innumerable splinters like a hemlock-stick at the first blow, can appreciate the elegant nail of the present day.

The nail of our fathers was shapeless, uncertain and unsteady, requiring the most delicate handling, and had a decided tendency to split the piece of wood into which it was forced. The nail of to-day is graceful, uniform in shape, trustworthy, and very seldom disturbs any other of the particles of the wood into which it is driven than those with which it comes in immediate contact.

An equally lively contrast with this is found in the hinges or "butts" of the present day and those of a bygone generation. With how much of a well-ascertained certainty the door or blind, gigantic or minute, as it may be, swings, nowadays, on its well-adjusted and perfectly balanced and appointed hinges! How ornamented and picturesque are they made, without losing at all their well-defined character and definiteness of purpose! A "lop-sided" gate, a sprung door that answered only to a vigorous push, were daily incidents, almost, in the lives of our fathers and grandfathers. The smaller you got them, in those days, the more they refused to work with accuracy, and the larger they were made, the more difficult it was to have them act in the manner expected of them. Had Milton lived in these days, one of the most striking passages in English poetry might have been lost. He could not have said that

—"on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunders, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut
Excelled her power"—

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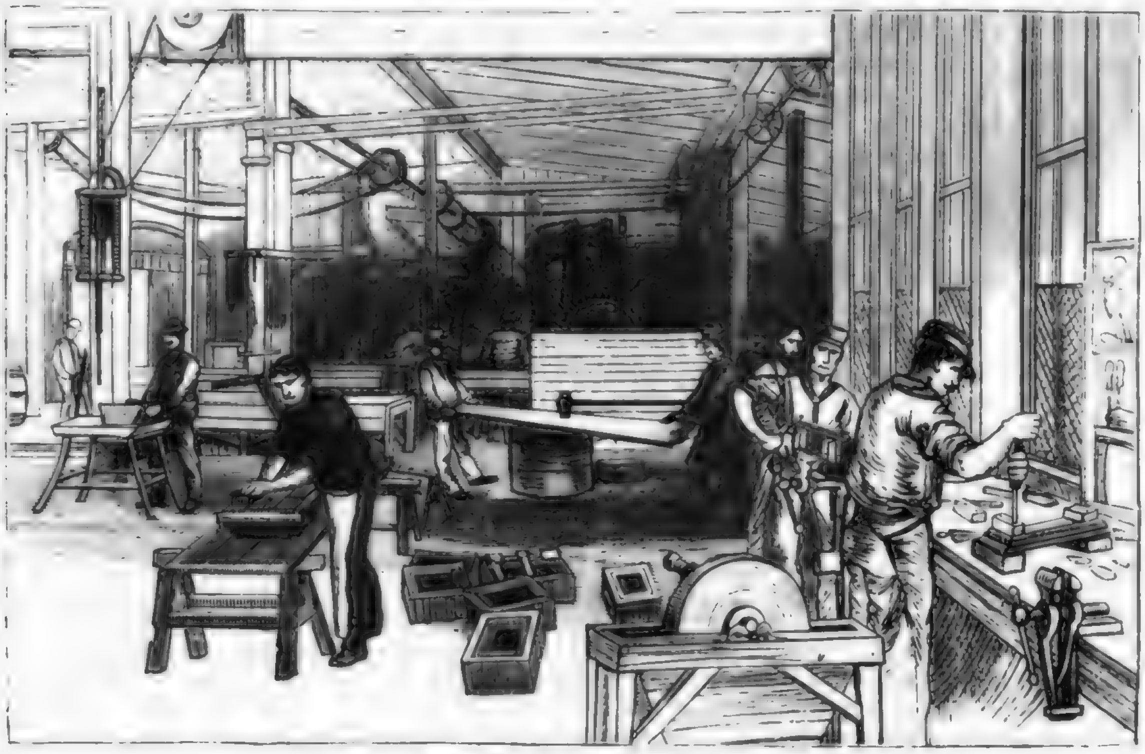
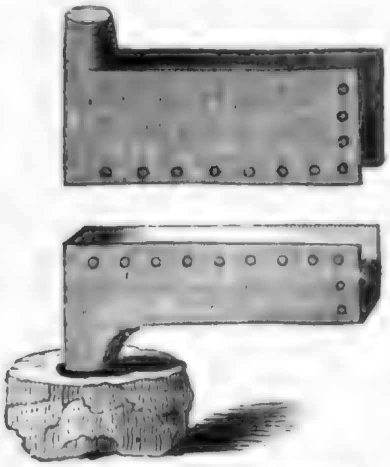


IMPROVED TOOLS OF TO-DAY.

for it would have been impossible for him to have found a pair of hinges that worked in that way, however frequent they may have been in his time and for many years afterward.

There is an old instrument or machine in every well-ordered shop and eke in the barns or carriage-houses of well-provided farmers, which, I am sure, judging by my own experience, men of middle age can remember as an instrument of torture—the grindstone. To turn it, in the bygone days, while some one bore down hard upon it with a scythe or an ax to produce the proper edge, makes one's back ache just to remember. The axle lay in iron or wooden sockets on each side, well greased, to be sure, but seeming to stick fast when the blade was laid on the circumference of the stone. How the water from the basin in which the machine hung flew up to the top and dripped off at the sides like the beads of perspiration that dropped from the brows of the one turning!

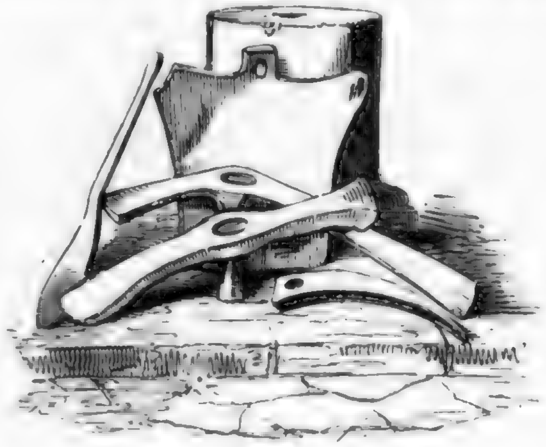
It is only amusement to turn a grindstone now. It is set on anti-friction axles, with little wheels against wheels, and the pressure of the blade upon the circumference seems only to make the great stone turn easier and faster. Invention never exerted itself to more humane purpose than in improving the axles of grindstones. Thousands of tired arms and aching backs would have united in a great cry of thankfulness if it had been done one hundred years ago rather than within the time of the last generation.



EGYPTIAN DOOR-PINS, OR HINGES.

Perhaps there is no trade or vocation that in one way has felt the improvement in tools within the past quarter of a century so little, and in another way so much, as that which owns for its patron the gentle St. Crispin. If the antiquity of anything tends to make it classical, then, as homely as may be the object, the shoemaker's bench is one that deserves to be engraven on banners, and made the sign of the wants and thoughtfulness of long years agone. The round seat of tough leather into which the person of the craftsman sits so easily and fittingly; the awls and waxed ends lying at the right hand, and readily in reach; the little square compartments where are the pegs, nails, thread and other needed appliances of the trade; the lasts and the long strap to hold the boot or shoe firmly on the knee; the queer-shaped hammer and the little drawer just underneath the seat, where, to a person unfamiliar with its use, is kept always the most heterogeneous collection of articles—all of these are of ancient use and knowledge, and are still seen, although not as frequently as formerly; being mostly now known in connection with mending and patching or cobbling.

Shoemakers now, very largely, stand at their work at a bench, which and whose tools would be as unfamiliar to the men that made the footwear of James K. Polk and Henry Clay or Daniel Webster as would be the telephone or the automatic oiler. Machines fit the shoes, and peg or sew them, faster than a man could handle the pegs, or in less time than another could wax his thread.



POMPEIAN BUILDING TOOLS.

A shoemaker of this present day, speaking generally, couldn't make a whole shoe. The trade is all split up. Some do nothing and know nothing more than to cut out the raw material; others are only "lasters"; others, "fitters"; others, "finishers" All do only one particular thing in the various operations of making a complete shoe; so that while the tools of one shoemaker have undergone but slight, if any, changes, the improvements have passed by individual wants, and in the vocation of shoemaking, the changes and advance have been marvelous.

Much the same could be said of the cross-legged tailor, sitting on his daïs like a Turk, with his shears, his goose and his ironing or pressing board; but this would lead directly to the sewing machine, which is one of the great achievements of modern invention, not belonging at all to small things.

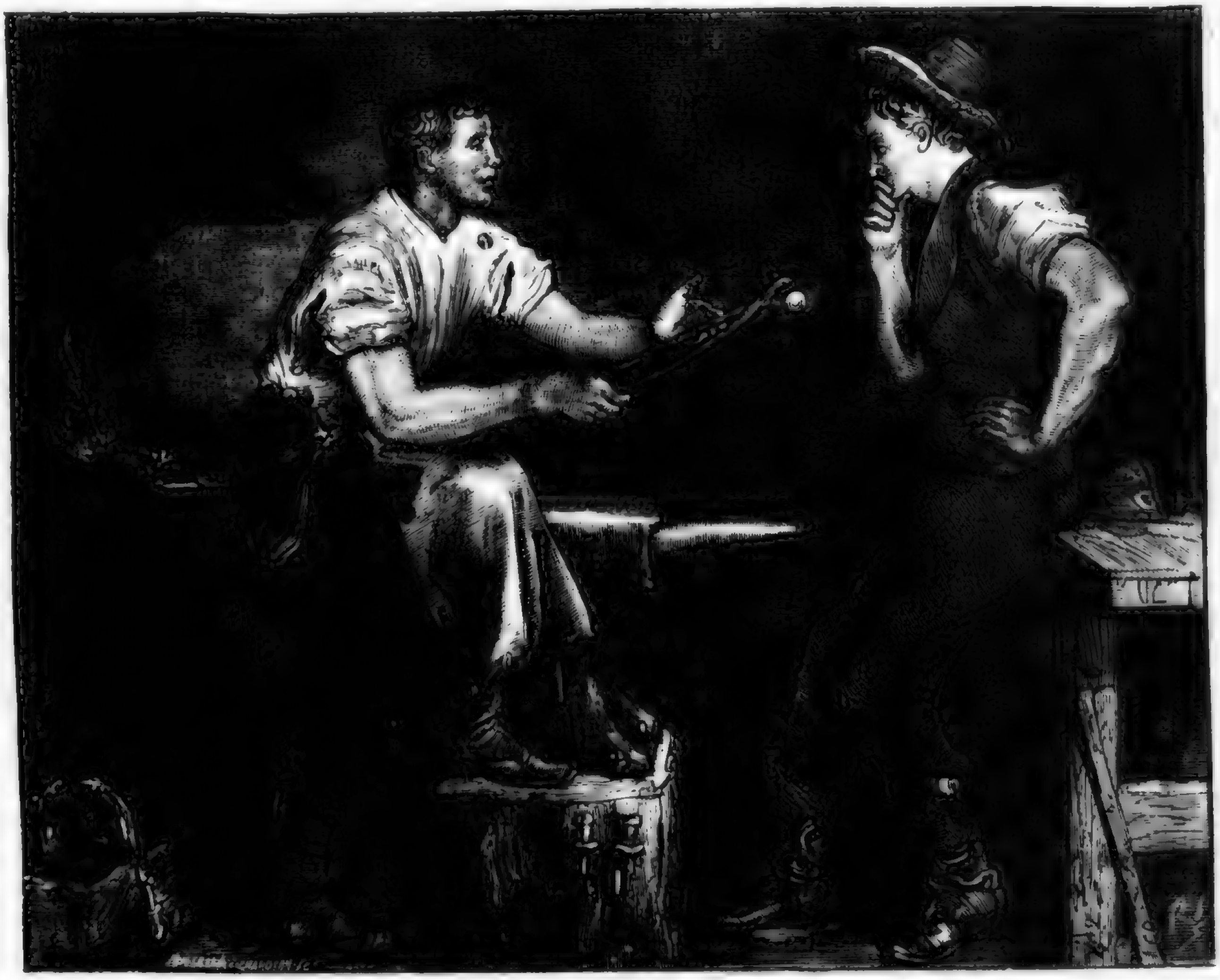
One of the most delicate of trades, one needing the deftest of fingers and the most careful handwork, is that of the jeweler or watchmaker. The tools of this, from those used by the Swiss experts to those of the Yankee making the famous New England clock, have always been of a peculiar and mysterious nature to those not initiated into the manner of handling them. They, too, have been greatly modified and improved with the general modification and improvement going on all over the world.

The lathe they use in drilling and cutting was formerly run with a bow, the string of which, twisted around an axle, gave it a very rapid motion, necessary in the work to be done. This was a very important tool on every jeweler's work-bench, and one which, no doubt, has excited the curiosity of more than one looker-on. It seems strange now that it could ever have been operated successfully, the axle and wheel attached to it having such an irregular and uncertain motion. It was possible to drill or cut only with the down-stroke of the bow. The up-stroke reversed the motion, of course put an end to the cutting while it was being made, and was simply wasted effort.

A Swiss lathe, introduced some years ago, was better than this; but the object to be drilled or turned was fastened on with wax, which in every instance, of course, had to be cleaned away; not a very convenient undertaking, and one that added to the expense of the work.

The American universal lathe, of finer construction still, supersedes both the others now. It is provided with adjustable "chucks," that firmly hold any object to be operated upon; they are readily set, the lathe is worked with a crank, and its motion is regular, uniform and precise.

A beautiful piece of workmanship in itself is a "rounding-up" tool, which does work automatically that it has heretofore been necessary to do largely with the eye, aided by that queer-looking glass, shaped like a napkin-ring, that the jeweler presses around one of his optics, not always an exact guide. This makes a wheel smaller if necessary; round, if it is out of shape, or cuts the teeth or cogs smaller, and it is graduated on a scale less than a hair's breadth.



THE INVENTOR OF THE IMPROVED HAMMER.

Another curious tool, almost as new as it is peculiar, is for enlarging a wheel, peculiar as such an operation may seem to be.

In works like those of a watch, where an infinitesimal space, unobservable with the naked eye, wrong one way or the other, makes the whole thing worthless, a tool like this, that will enlarge a wheel without the eye being able to detect that it has been done, is as valuable as it is curious.

The delicate operation of setting the jewels of a watch, that used to be done by hand, and by a hand of one long and patiently trained to the work, can now be done by a tool in the hands of an apprentice almost—a tool that takes out the burr holding the jewel and puts it back again so that it cannot be seen.

These miniature things, diminutive as they are, indeed, belong to the small things of life.

These few illustrations given, of the several trades and their tools, form only a very small proportion of what could be said accurately of all other avocations that furnish necessities or luxuries to mankind, and what could be easily ascertained by an observer curious in such matters.

It would be entertaining to examine and contrast the tools of to-day, with those of a generation or two ago, that are used by an ordinary painter and glazier. His brushes, that have had added to them qualities and shape, that give them some artistic value and increase the deftness, regularity and precision of his work; his knives, rules and cutting-instruments, that make his labor easier and more perfect. The tools, also, that are used by the saddler and harnessmaker; the modification of the "horse," that clasps the leather tightly and holds it in position while it is being sewed; the riveting-machine, that fastens the nails, brass or steel or silver, as they may be, into the harness or trunk, strengthening and ornamenting them at the same time. The tools of the stonecutter, so fine and delicate that tracery on the hard material can be cut to resemble the airiest of fabrics. The tools of the potter and brickmaker, the tinner and mason—these, and all others, would show an improvement, the study of which would be entertaining and curious.

And yet, with it all, it is claimed and complained that, in all of the useful arts, work was done in the generations that have preceded us that we attempt to copy, but that we despair of equaling; done, too, with tools that, in comparison with those that we have, were mere rude, rough and unwieldy contrivances.

It should be remembered that the old carvings in wood and stone, the manufactures of silver and earthenware, the elegant furniture and other domestic appliances that have come down to us from former generations, and rightly assume an atmosphere of artistic excellence and beauty, in many instances, and especially when connected with churches or ancient family seats, as most of them are, were the work of men, and sometimes of generations of men, who gave their lives up to it.

In softness, delicacy, finish, and often in permanency, no machine can equal handwork. The productions of the most delicately constructed loom, gathering up the threads of the finest wool or cotton, are not equal in any respect to the fabrics put together by a half-naked handworker in India, who sits on the ground and uses his feet and toes as well as his hands and fingers at his work, and I have seen linen spun and woven by my own grandmother that would be, in these days, really worth its weight in gold.

We, of this generation, are in too much of a hurry for our needs and luxuries, to wait for the slow processes of handwork. Our machines make them for us quickly; they come cheaper; they look well, and we are satisfied. No one could afford to spend his life in carving one pillar, making one piece of tapestry, or illuminating one copy of the Old Testament. It is better that many should have many of the luxuries of life than that few should have few, and it is an unwise and untruthful complaint that we cannot equal the work of former generations.

Equal it? We could surpass it! Let a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt order a duplicate of any object in the world, give time enough and pay enough for it, and it is unquestionable that he or his heirs and assigns would have it.

I once knew a worthless sort of a chap who had a peculiar facility in the use of the jackknife. He could whittle the strangest sort of contrivances out of a pine stick. He would make a chain complete in every link, with a hook at one end and three or four little balls in a cage at the other, out of a straight piece of wood three-quarters of an inch square; and once, in partial return for the services of my father in seeing him safely through a severe fit of sickness—the only return possible for him to make—he whittled, for a little sister of mine, a complete set of miniature furniture for a doll's house. There were rocking-chairs, easy-chairs, and tables with drawers and carved legs; bedsteads that would come apart and could be put together again; bureaus and sideboards as complete as real ones, and none of them more than two inches in height. They were exhibited twice at State fairs, and each time excited the utmost interest, winning great admiration and highly prized, if not very valuable, premiums.

The poor fellow once, in a drunken frenzy, committed some offense that sent him to the county jail for a year, or for one day less than a year—just enough to keep him out of the penitentiary.

In some way, he procured a pine stick three feet long and one foot square.

These eleven months and twenty-nine days were not very long for him, for, although in that time he was nearly forgotten outside, he was busy in his cell. He smoked and whittled (in former days, it would have been called carved, instead), and when he again appeared a free man, he had, carefully wrapped in an old paper, what he called a lamp.

This was when whale-oil was generally used for illuminating purposes.

He had carved his lamp out of the pine stick, in the shape of a fish. If it had been done by a monk 500 years ago, it would have been called a work of art. Certainly in all the detail of fin, scale and modeling, it was perfect. Any one can tell that the figurehead of a vessel, or the sign before a tobacconist's-shop, is wood, but this fish seemed a live one, just caught, and, if given the opportunity, ready to swim away. It was hollowed out, and had an arrangement for the wick in the centre of the back.

The whole year's work of the poor fellow brought him only a second-hand suit of clothes, a good meal and a drink at the bar from the tavern keeper across the way from the jail. For many years it hung, heavily gilded, and used as a lamp to light the large vestibule of the same tavern, grown subsequently into a "hotel." Eventually it was carried to a donation party given one of the clergymen of the village, and is now used as a vane on the spire of one of the prettiest church buildings in Western New York.

I have often mentally compared this wonderfully carved fish with the work of some of those living in the monasteries of the Middle Ages—their images of our Saviour and of the crucifix; their rosaries cut in ivory, and their illuminated missals, on which so much store is set these days.

Putting aside the subjects of their work, and the fact that they are indeed graceful and pretty, does not much of their value consist in the fact that they are single and alone, the only ones of the kind in the whole world, and that each represents the labor of many hours, days and years?

If there were but one pianoforte in the world, and the man who made it was dead, and it was the general opinion that it could not be duplicated, what a godlike instrument it would at once become!

Ascending the scale of vocations, and coming to what are called the "learned professions," those, or the one that has to do with any hand-craft, the medical—next to the clerical, the most important and valuable to man of all the professions—has, fortunately for our pains, aches and sufferings, been most generously dealt with by the inventive genius of the generation.

Although in the real, honest knowledge of the mysterious operations of the human anatomy and the workings of disease, the faculty haven't advanced much beyond the tremendous guesses of Galen and Hippocrates, yet with the mechanical structure of the body surgeons and physicians have become pretty well acquainted, and their little tools, or instruments as they are more politely called, have been greatly multiplied and improved within the past half-century.

Many, if not most, of these new contrivances have been devised by members of the faculty themselves, but until very recently the obstinate objection of doctors to do anything that has the appearance of advertising has prevented some most valuable instruments from coming very rapidly into general use. I know of one instance where a physician of frequently proved excellence and of great learning, who spoke several languages besides his own—having learned them simply that he could take journals published in foreign countries, and read in their own vernacular the doings of medical men there, and thus keep fully abreast with the best and most advanced thought in his profession—but was struggling along in such poverty as only a man of genius and impracticability can know in an unsympathetic village community, contrived a novel little instrument, somewhat in the nature of a probe, that he used with great success in his practice. He would not get it patented, thinking such action beneath the dignity of his profession, and an injustice to it also; nor could he be prevailed upon to advertise it, except by word of mouth and modest mentions and exhibitions of it at the meetings of his county society.

The instrument has since proved itself of such value that the inventor might have had in it a fortune such as he will never win by his practice.

The writer of this called attention to the new instrument in his newspaper. It was noticed in exchanges, and the knowledge of it soon spread rapidly. A Paris medical journal got one, gave an illustration and description of it with the most flattering commendation, and now it is one of the most valuable and useful instruments in a surgeon's case. The inventor physician is still struggling along in his country practice, dreamily driving about in his ancient gig, careful in the treatment of his patients and careless whether or not they pay him for his services; regretting not one whit, I believe, the loss of the fortune that the invention of the instrument could and should have given him.

Doctors within the past half-century in most communities, and in the "back districts" now, were and are "general practitioners," ready to pull a tooth, cut off a limb or give a dose of calomel, as the case may demand; but the profession, as well as mere manual avocations, is greatly cut up now, and divided into specialists.

With mere physicians, who simply give remedies or medicines, we have nothing to do, as they have no tools nor instruments to feel the activity of inventive genius; but with surgeons or oculists or dentists, unless one is privileged to look into their Russia leather or mahogany cases and compare what is there with the few and inferior instruments formerly employed, he can little appreciate the great advance that the faculty have taken advantage of, and that sufferers all over the country must fully appreciate.

Take the tiny little threadlike instrument with which an oculist, with steady nerve, operates upon an eye and removes a cataract. This great boon to the afflicted would have been impossible twenty-five years ago.

Do you not remember, and who does not, the not so very ancient manner of drawing an aching tooth? I have vivid recollections of sitting down upon the top step of a stairway leading to the doctor's office, my head held firmly between the sympathetic old man's knees; in his hands an instrument of torture called the "turnkeys," having a wooden handle that looked to me to be as big as that belonging to a spade or shovel, bound in a red handkerchief, and the cold, hard steel rattling around in my mouth until it was affixed to the troublesome tooth. Then a twist and a wrench; the earth seems giving away underneath and the sky opening above; a groan, a great wound, into which it seems as if I could thrust both my fists at once, and a weakness that is paralyzing.

It don't hurt much less now to go through a similar operation, but the preparations for it are less forbidding, and the delicate and graceful, but powerfully gripping, pincers or forceps which the operator almost hides in his cuff as he approaches, do not so unpleasantly impress one as a miniature stump-drawing machine coming at you. And the imagination has much to do with pain, and the bearing of it courageously.

Witness another curious dental instrument that is worked with a treadle. It goes pounding away at filling your teeth at the rate of at least forty strokes in a second, and you think surely its face must be no smaller than that of a sledge-hammer. On examination it is found to be simply a steel point like a bodkin, that runs in and out of a sheath with the motion of the shuttle of a sewing machine.

Then there are small mirrors of the most ultra-refined purity, and glasses of one hundred horse-power, hung on standards and adjustable to any angle, that explore, magnify and throw open to the view of the eye the innermost recesses of the mouth, the throat, and one might almost say the lungs, liver, heart and stomach.

The operator or physician don't have to go feeling around or experimenting in the neighborhood for the sore spot. His eye tells him at once where it is, and the accurate location of the trouble is oftentimes more than half the difficulty in properly looking after it.

But to no kind of work has the inventive genius of the age brought more relief and satisfaction than to that which concerns home and domestic life. It would seem that inventors had fairly swarmed in this field, and bent their best energies upon it.

They were not prompted by the spirit manifested by the man who, on hearing for the first time the ancient couplet,

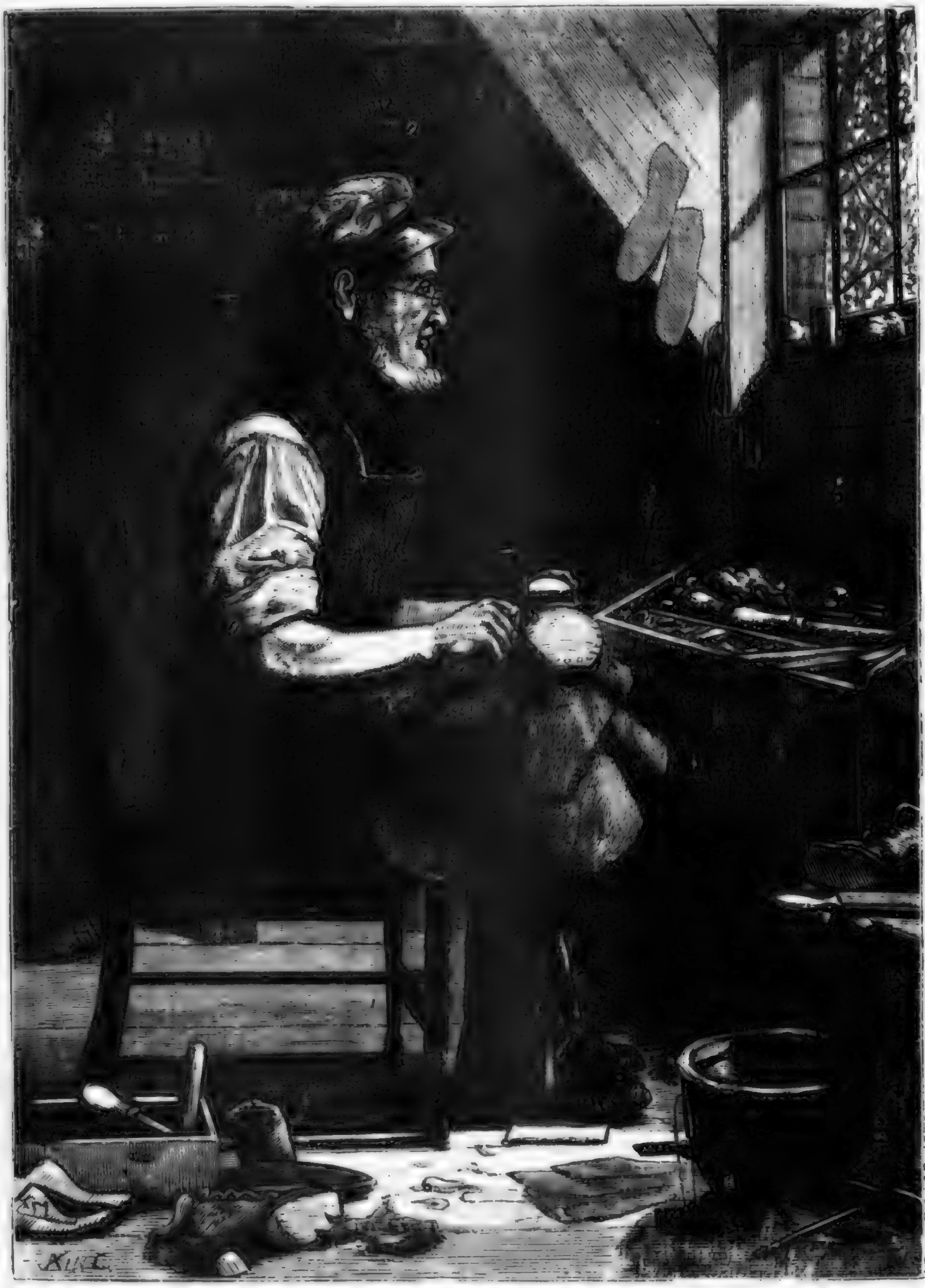
> "A man may work from sun to sun,
> But a woman's work is never done,"

exclaimed, and with the exclamation upset the meaning of the lines: "Well, I think she should be ashamed of herself for not finishing what she has to do!"

It was not this spirit, but perhaps remembering some patient mother's hard work that they had watched when young, little understanding it until age opened their eyes to its severity, they had determined that in this or that particular, other mothers and the mothers of succeeding generations should have their loads lightened and their lives made brighter.

Look at the old way of beating up eggs for cake. It used to be a knife or a spoon, a pan or shallow dish and the eggs. I know I have watched my mother beating up eggs until I thought her arm would drop by its own weight. Beat, beat, beat, with regular and equal strokes, until the dish seemed filled with the lightest and most delicate foam.

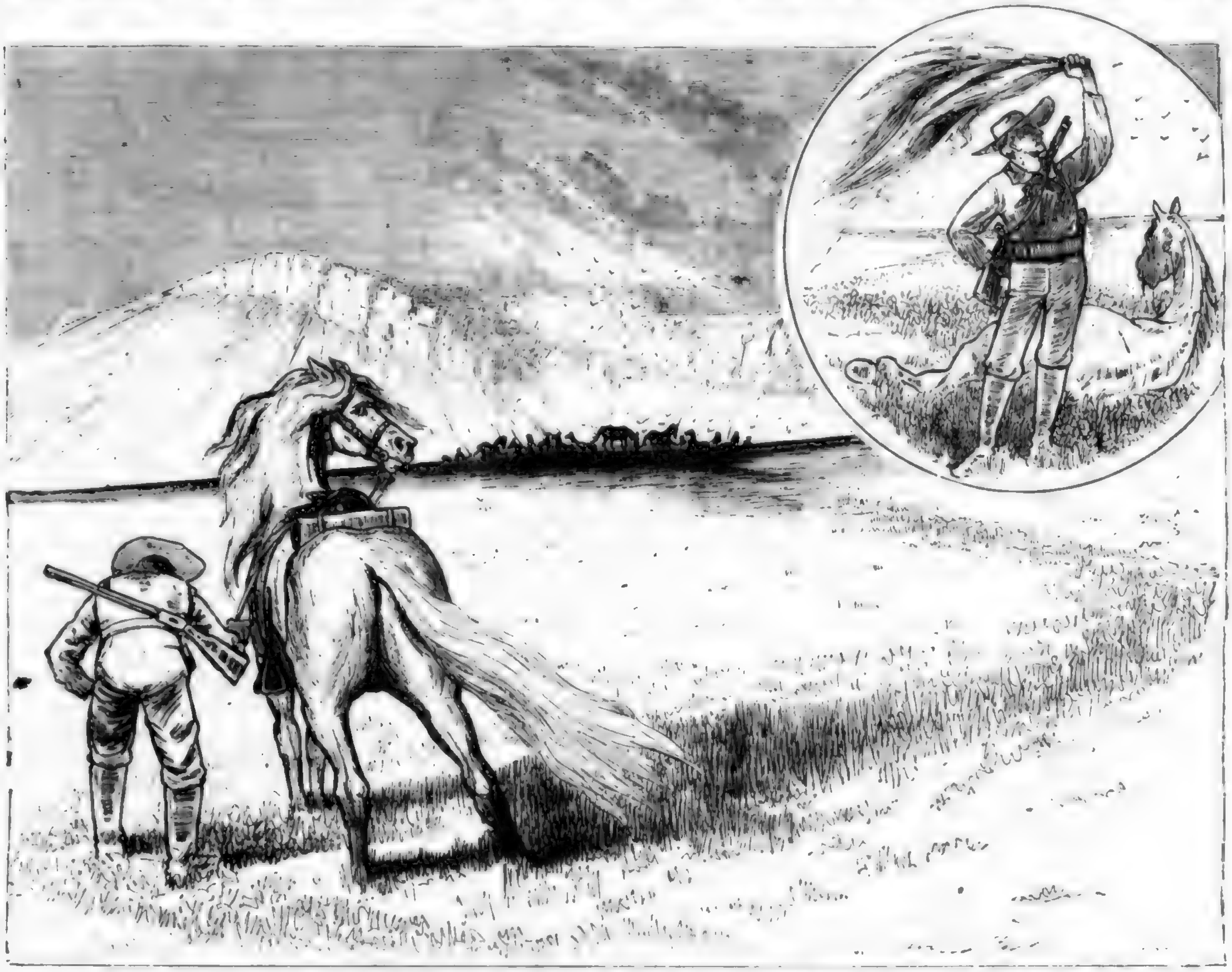
Some one put two cogwheels together, with a crank attached to one, and some bent wire making an irregular motion regularly, attached to the other. This screwed to the top of a table, the eggs in a dish put underneath, where the wires can get at them, the crank turned, and a child, for its amusement, will beat up, in less time than I have taken to describe it, all the eggs needed for the biggest bridal-cake ever made, and in a manner that no mere handwork can equal.



THE OLD-TIME SHOEMAKER.

There is the old-fashioned and, I hope, now entirely obsolete, chopping-bowl and its odd-shaped knife. With bowl on lap and the chopping-knife making its regular strokes, now and then stopping to shovel whatever is being minced into the centre of the dish, for hours the patient woman would keep at work. The famous "Patience on a monument" would be impatience and irritability compared with her at work upon a task more irksome and wearying than that of the woodchopper.

Another one, quite as much of a philanthropist as an inventor, with one of the simplest contrivances, when you come to examine it, that it would be possible to make, by means of cogwheels and cranks, has made a machine that chops and minces whatever you may put into it with just such uniformity as you may desire. He has added hours to the life of a housekeeper by his genius.



A WILD STALLION HUNT.—"DISMOUNTING, I REMAINED ON THE OFF SIDE OF THE HORSE UNTIL THE SUN CAME UP, WHEN I SIGHTED THE BUNCH NOT MORE THAN AN EIGHTH OF A MILE AWAY."—SEE PAGE 446.

As pathetic a poem as Hood's "Song of the Shirt" could be written of the misery attendant upon a housewife's life in taking up carpets in the Spring and putting them down again after the cleaning has been done: the sore knees and knuckles, the pounded thumbs and fingers and the consequent exasperated and rasped temper. Along comes the genius again and lifts the load.

He presents an instrument with a long handle and a wire attachment that catches the heads of the tacks in the most obstinate corners, and, as a boy observed who worked one for a few minutes to his infinite delight, but soon tired of the novelty: "It yanks them out as though it was alive!" You don't have to get down on your knees to operate this tool, either. Then it has another attachment by which the carpet is caught, stretched into its proper place, and held there until the instrument drives a tack to keep the carpet in place.

That invention has sympathy with mothers rather than with fathers, is perhaps shown by the fact that no one has yet produced from the depth of his inner consciousness a machine for putting up the refractory stovepipe, a duty that belongs peculiarly to the men folk, and with which they will, doubtless, be obliged to struggle until some one finds out a way of flying in the air or invents an umbrella whose stick—I do not mean the one carrying it—does not occupy the best place under it.

In one instance, however, inventive genius has been kind to fathers in the manner of putting up bedsteads. This generation may not have any recollection of the acrobatic achievements accomplished by an agile man in properly putting in order a bedstead that had cord to sustain the mattress or bed, instead of slats or wire. It was an effort from the start, in which the best judgment and the greatest activity were necessary to get the bedstead fixed, so that it would stand firm, ready for the cord or rope. If you had successfully coaxed the end of one side into one post, it would certainly fall out while you were at work at another corner, and even if you had got round to the final corner, an unlucky move would pull the whole thing apart, and drop it, sides, foot and head, in a heap on the floor.

Even with the posts all firmly set and the sides screwed in, the end was by no means yet. Stringing the cord or rope through the holes in the sides and then crossing them from the head to the foot, the real amusement and interest began in tightening these cords. You could only do it by getting on with your feet, grasping the

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next row of cord with both hands, and pushing and pulling and dancing around like a martyr tossed about on a red-hot gridiron, until the tension was complete.

Blessed be the man who thought of the little catches or iron slots that drop into the holes in the posts and hold the sides there without bolt or wrench to fasten them, and blessed still more the man who thought of the elastic slat to put in place of the tough but springy bed-cord. He was as much the benefactor of his race, in degree or kind, as the one who gave us the locomotive or the cotton-gin.

There is really no limit to illustrations of this character to one with an observing turn of mind, or old enough to exercise his memory as to things that have happened within the last thirty or forty years. To either the one or the other, or to the curiously inclined, a visit to a housefurnishing establishment or a hardware store where tools of all kinds are kept, is as entertaining and interesting as a whole day's stay at some museum stored with ancient objects of art or "dug-up" remains. These have life, activity, the present, the actual, the novel, to show; those have only the dead past, the forgotten, in many cases, the useless and the castaway, to recommend them. This it is that makes the various "Fairs," as they are called, that are held annually in the counties and States of this country, in this city, and those other expositions all over the world, so attractive and profitable—the eager desire to show and see what is new, what is valuable, what is good and useful for mankind.

And remembering how life is made up and made happy by little things, little comforts and little conveniences, one cannot help but wonder how those who came before us got on or endured existence without that multitude of contrivances that have become necessities with us. How did they live, we are led to inquire, without window-glass or matches, or illuminating gas or kerosene? How could they cook such ravishing dinners, the very reports of which come down to us so fresh that the savory fragrance from them is almost perceptible to us, without the perfectly arranged stoves or ranges such as we have now? How *did* they manage window-shades without the automatic roller that holds them just where you want them every time? or without the sweeping-machine that takes away all the terrors of a broom? or without the application of electricity to the bells of a house? or without a supply of water coming into every room and answering your call, as no servant could, by the touch of the thumb and finger?

There is only one answer to the multitude of questions similar to these that throng in one's mind.

They didn't!

Our fathers and grandfathers did not live up to the full completeness of life as their children are living, and we, in turn, probably, are not living as our children and grandchildren will live.

We are living, however, in the best age that the world, so far as we know, ever saw. Whatever mooning or regretting there may be over the past is simply nonsense and folly, and, what is worse, untrue. Each generation, as it comes on the stage, takes what is given it and makes the most of it, reaching all the time toward the future and not toward the past.

The mistaken sentiment contained in the expression, "Oh, those good old times!" got a rebuke, not very effective it would seem, 3,000 years ago, and it is deserved now quite as much as then. No less a personage than Solomon uttered it when he said: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

A BROKEN SWORD.

By Austin Dobson.

The shopman shambled from the doorway out
And reached it down—
Snapped in the blade! 'Twas scarcely dear, I doubt,
At half a crown.

Useless enough! And yet may still be seen,
In letters clear,
Traced on the steel in rusty damaskeen—
"Povr Paruenyr."

Whose was it once?—Who manned it once in hope
His fate to gain?
Who was it dreamed his oyster-world should ope
To this—in vain?

Perchance with some stout Argonaut it sailed
The Western seas;
Perchance but to some paltry Nym availed
For toasting cheese!

Or, decked by Beauty on some morning lawn
With silken knot!
Perchance, ere night, for Church and King 'twas drawn—
Perchance 'twas not!

Who knows—or cares? To-day 'mid foils and gloves
Its hilt depends,
Flanked by the favors of forgotten loves.
Remembered friends;

And oft its legend lends, in hours of stress,
A word to aid;
Or like a warning comes, in puffed success—
Its broken blade.

A WILD STALLION HUNT.

By C. F. Davis.

My old friend Walker returned recently from Southwestern Kansas, where he has been engaged for the past three years in the cattle-raising business. I hastened to welcome him back.

"Yes, old boy," he said, in response to my inquiries, "I have had some wild experiences since I saw you. Have roughed it with a vengeance, you may be sure. Have scarcely been out of my saddle in daytime for three years, except for meals, and have passed most of my nights on the prairie, wrapped in my blanket, with my saddle for a pillow. It was not child's play, I assure you; but it seems to agree with me."

That it agreed with him physically, to judge from his extremely bronzed and rugged appearance, was quite evident.

"What kind of horses do you use out there?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "we use mostly mustangs, or bronchos, that is, for 'punching cattle,' for they are far quicker in their movements than American horses, and far more hardy—they live and grow fat where an American horse would starve.

"You know, too, the prairies, in many places, are literally honeycombed with prairie-dog holes. These the bronchos, born and bred on the prairies, avoid very nimbly, whereas it is extremely dangerous to drive an American horse through a 'dog-village' faster than a walk. You can buy bronchos, too, for from twenty to twenty-five dollars apiece by the hundred, whereas large American horses bring almost as good prices as they do in the East.

"We cross a good deal with large American stallions, and the half-breeds are, many of them, very fine animals, being much larger than the bronchos, and almost as nimble and hardy.

"We are much annoyed by wild stallions, which come into our stock herds and steal away our mares, both broncho and American. The American stallions are much larger and more powerful, but not nearly so nimble, and are, consequently, unable to prevent them from doing so.

"Nearly every ranchman in my section of the country has at least one horse trained for hunting wild stallions, and he must be a good one, I tell you. Mine is a Kentucky thoroughbred.

"I wouldn't part with him for fifty yearlings (we generally figure values in cattle out there). He's a beauty, if I ever saw one. He's good for twenty miles on the dead jump without turning a hair.

"If you can have a man stationed so as to take up the chase when your horse gets winded, it's a good scheme. In that way you can sometimes manage to kill five or six in a single run; but I *have* killed as many as that alone.

"You have to use a revolver, for, going at such breakneck speed, it would be impossible to use a rifle with any accuracy.

"Every wild herd has a 'king stud'— usually a four-year-old—and it is desirable, if possible, to kill him first; for, deprived of a leader, a panic seizes the herd, it scatters somewhat, runs with less energy, and you have a much better chance to get in your work. If you do not kill him, you may not be able to get a single one—of course, you don't care to kill the mares—and if you wound him, you want to look out for him.

"That reminds me of a very exciting ride I had about a year ago. I had a herd of a hundred or more mares—a few American, but mostly broncho—and several large American stallions.

"I had just bought my thoroughbred, and was waiting anxiously for an opportunity to test his mettle. I had not long to wait. One of my cowboys came in one evening and informed me that there was a large band of wild horses quietly feeding on 'the bald perairie,' not more than five miles away, and I knew that, unless something frightened them, they would probably remain there during the night.

"I was up before sunrise the next morning, and before it was light was within a quarter of a mile of the spot where I hoped to find the herd.

"Dismounting, I remained on the off side of my horse until the sun came up, when I sighted the bunch—a mixed one, numbering about fifty—not more than an eighth of a mile away.

"I then let my horse feed slowly toward them, as he had been trained to do, still carefully keeping on his off side. When within perhaps a hundred yards of the herd, I sprang into my saddle, whipped out my revolver, and dashed down upon them.

"They were off like the wind, and, with their long manes and tails flying, presented a beautiful sight. I had no difficulty in singling out the king stud as I ran. He was a beauty—black as jet—and it was very interesting to watch his efforts to prevent the herd from scattering.

"He darted hither and thither with lightning rapidity; now urging on those that showed any disposition to lag behind, and now restraining the foremost ones.

"The pace was tremendous, I tell you, and I had ridden fully ten miles—in the meantime killing two 'spikes' (yearling studs)—before I got a shot at the king.

"It was a snap shot when I got it, you may be sure, for I had never seen anything in the line of horseflesh move with such nimbleness as that same mustang. But it was successful—at least partially so—for the bullet struck him, as I afterward learned, in the neck.

"Bounding high into the air, he turned like lightning, and, with a shrill scream, darted toward me, his ears back and mouth wide open.

"My horse was as much frightened, I guess, as I was, for the way he made tracks across the prairie was a caution. If the wild stallion moved like lightning, he certainly moved like greased lightning.

"The stallion only followed us a few hundred feet, and then rejoined the others, which had not, apparently, missed their leader, and were still running very rapidly.

"I again put spurs to my horse, and started after them, and had scarcely regained the distance I had lost, when I noticed that they were running less rapidly—evidently holding up for their king; and when I caught a glimpse of the latter, I saw that he showed unmistakable signs of distress.

"He moved much less nimbly, and was, to use a common expression, 'all of a lather.' I soon succeeded in getting another shot at him, and this time I planted a bullet just back of his fore shoulder, and, with a wild scream, he plunged heavily forward, and rolled over quite dead. His race was run, and nobly, too.

"His companions kept on, soon disappearing from view, and I concluded to follow them no further, for my horse was beginning to show signs of fatigue. I cut off the king's tail as a trophy, and have it now.

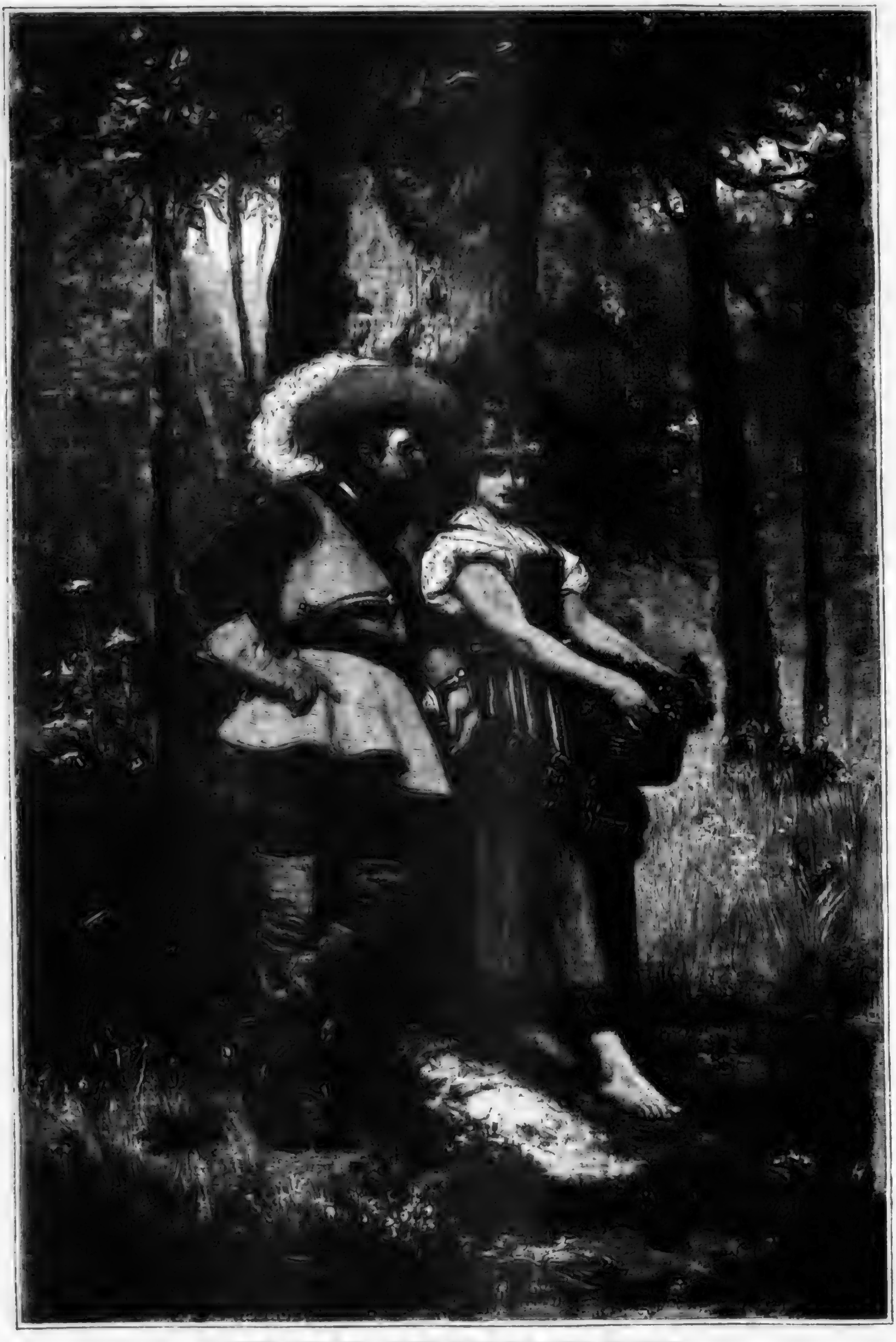
"If my horse hadn't moved like a flash—he almost unseated me—the stallion would have knocked him down sure, and I guess it would have been all up with me.

"Sorry you've got to go, old boy. I'll tell you some more of my adventures some time, if you'd like to hear 'em. Good-night."

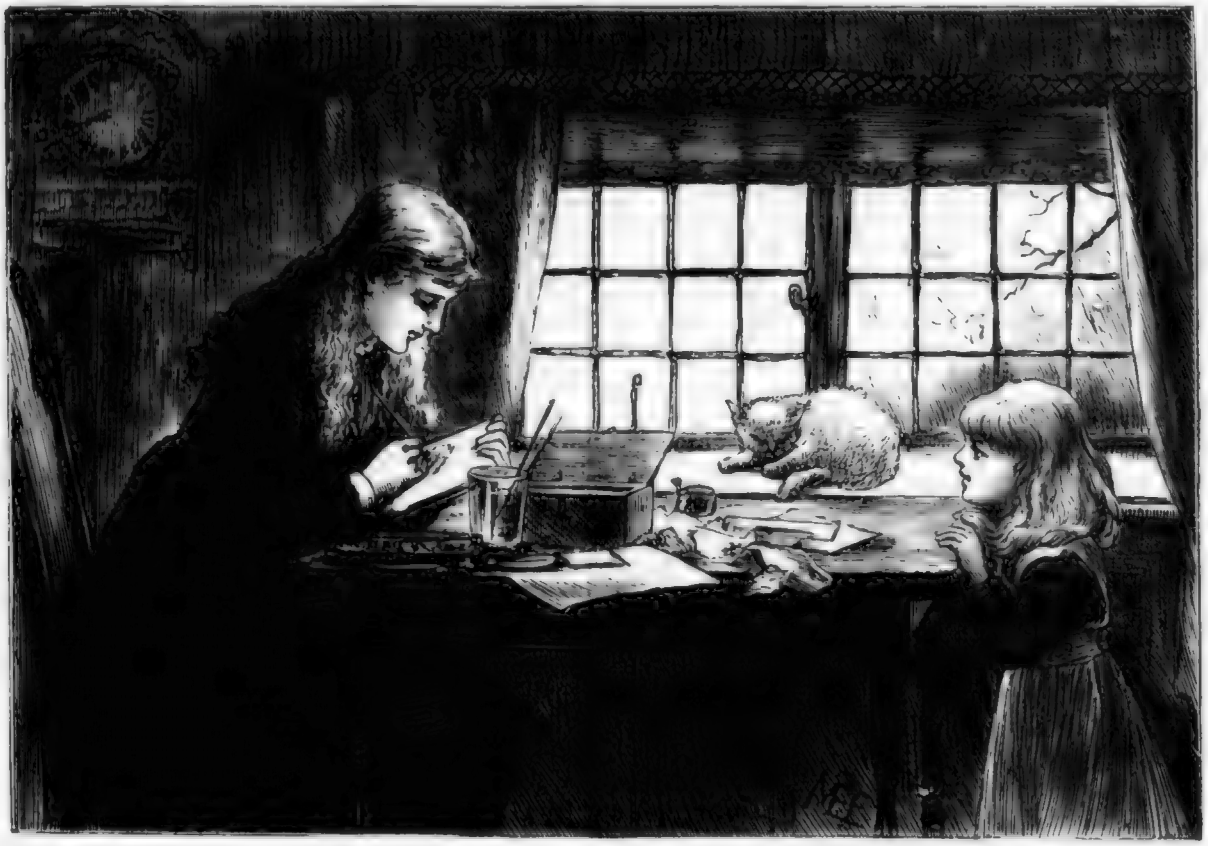
OPEN SPACES IN LARGE CITIES.

London has more than one hundred squares, and has, besides, Kensington Gardens, of 350 acres; Buckingham Palace Gardens, of 40 acres; Hyde Park, of 400 acres; St. James's Park, of 83 acres; the Green Park, of 71 acres; Regent's Park, of 450 acres; Primrose Hill, of 50 acres; Greenwich Park, of 200 acres; Battersea Park, of 350 acres; Victoria Park, of 400 acres; Kensington Park, of 20 acres; the Horticultural Society Gardens, of 33 acres; the Botanical Gardens, at Kew, of 130 acres; besides which there are within reach, and open to the people of London, Richmond Park, of 2,300 acres; and Hampton Court, five miles round. Liverpool has two fine parks, covering 200 acres. Dublin has one of 1,700 acres. Paris has twenty-three smaller squares, besides the Woods of Boulogne and the Woods of Vincennes, each of 500 acres. Vienna has the Glacis, a very large space in the centre of the city; the Augarten, also quite large; the Prater, four miles long; and seventeen smaller places. Berlin has two or three immense parks, and fourteen smaller ones. In Warsaw about one-third of the city is pleasure-ground. Munich, with 110,000 people, has 1,200 acres of park. Rome has nine large squares and many smaller ones. Naples has thirty squares, many of them large, besides the King's Park, which touches the city; and Lisbon has twenty-six.

Lizards with a Third Eye.—At a late meeting of the Microscopical Society, Professor F. J. Bell gave an account of what he regarded as the most extraordinary biological discovery of the past twenty-five years—that of a third eye at the tops of the heads of certain lizards.



ANOTHER BATTLE WON.—PAINTED BY SERAFIN MARTINEZ DEL RINCON.



WATCHING THE YOUNG ARTIST.

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," "OF TWO EVILS,"
"THE SHADOW FROM VARRAZ," ETC., ETC.

PART SECOND.—WHO DIDN'T KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG?

CHAPTER XI.—WHAT ALDRICH DID.

THE prosecuting attorney turned to Prier. It would not have been surprising if he had been seriously disturbed and mentally shaken, considering what had been the effect on the jury and on the spectators of Dr. Welton's evidence. I know it is a theory of law that the State seeks justice, and that the State's attorney is the consistent servant and agent of the State. The theory is excellent—very excellent; but in practice it is usually true that the lawyer is human enough to wish *success*, whether that happens to mean justice or its opposite. Added to that general truth, was the fact that the prosecuting attorney in this case knew that the evidence of a man like Welton should have been convincing.

But the lawyer appeared perfectly calm and unconcerned. Perhaps it was because he would not show annoyance or defeat; possibly he borrowed something of coolness from Prier's manner; it may be that he felt as he appeared, knowing what Prier would say.

"Your name is Prier, I believe?"

"J. B. Prier."

"Where do you reside?"

"In Boston."

"What is your business?"

"I am a detective."

"You knew Constance Craig?"

"I did. She was my half-sister."

(A sensation in the court-room, Senn falling in the estimation of the onlookers; don't ask me *why;* I am not enough of a psychologist to answer for them.)

"You remember hearing of her death?"

"I do."

"When?"

"On the Tuesday morning following the Monday named in the indictment as the probable date of the murder."

"Where."

"At the office of the detective agency by whom I am employed."

"In what way was the news sent?"

"By telegram."

"Do you remember the substance of the telegram?"

"I have the telegram itself here."

"We offer the telegram in evidence. You may read it."

"It says, 'Constance Craig has been found murdered; send good detective.' It is signed 'Oscar Welton, M.D.'"

"You answered the telegram in person."

"I did."

"How did it happen that you went, instead of some one else?"

"It was my request."

"Because of your being a relation of the murdered lady?"

"That was my reason for wishing to go."

"Was your request granted promptly and readily?"

"It was."

"You may state, if you please, the way in which your services were regarded by those with whom you were engaged."

"I was considered a good detective."

"One of their best?"

"I think so."

"Likely to have any reasonable request granted?"

"Certainly."

"And one whose opinions were entitled to weight?"

"Yes."

"When did you arrive at the residence of your deceased half-sister?"

"Early that Tuesday evening."

"Whom did you meet?"

"I met Dr. Oscar Welton, a younger gentleman who was introduced to me as a physician, Miss Matilda Webb, and several persons from families living in the vicinity."

"You heard the testimony of Miss Webb and Dr. Welton given here to-day?"

"I did."

"They are the persons you met at the residence of Constance Craig the evening after her murder?"

"They are."

"Are the stories they told to-day substantially the same as those they told you soon after your arrival."

"They are substantially the same."

"Did the doctor refer to the telegram you received and acted upon?"

"He did; I showed it to him; he admitted having sent it."

"The telegram says, 'Constance Craig has been found *murdered.*' Did he ever express any doubt to you as to the cause of her death?"

"Never."

"In look or act, if not in words?"

"In no way whatever."

"Do you believe he had, at any time, any doubt of the truth of the assertion he made in the telegram he sent you?"

"I do not."

"You knew of the opinion of the other practitioner, the one who was away attending to other duties when you arrived?"

A smile flashed across the sombre countenance of the detective, much as you have seen a sudden flash of lightning illume the front of a dark cloud for a moment in a tempestuous night.

"I heard of what he said," was the quiet answer.

"Will you please state your opinion of him?"

Aldrich was on his feet in a moment.

"We object," he cried; "we want facts, not opinions."

"I do not care to give my opinion of the doctor," said Prier, dryly.

"We will not press the question," said the prosecuting attorney; "the doctor is of little consequence. My learned friend shall have facts—all the facts he wants."

Then he turned toward Prier, again, with another question:

"You went into the room where the dead lady lay?"

"I did, at once."

"Had the room been disturbed after finding her dead?"

"She had been removed from the bed, of course, and prepared for burial. Other than that, so I was informed, and so your other witnesses will testify, the contents of the room had been left undisturbed, in order that I might carefully study whatever the murderer had left in the way of clews or traces."

"You may state what you found first."

"The first thing of importance which I found in the room where the lady had been killed was a fragment of a blood-red stone, which I recognized as a piece of the setting of an old-fashioned silver ring which she had been in the habit of wearing regularly for many years."

"Where did you find it?"

"Under a small table which stood near the bed."

"How far from the bed was the table?"

"It was quite near the bed, quite near the head of the bed; I should say it was about eighteen inches distant."

"Were you *certain* that the fragment you found was a part of Constance Craig's ring?"

"I was quite certain."

"You may say why."

"Because I was very familiar with the ring."

"And how did it happen that you were familiar with the ring?"

"I owned the ring for more than a year. I gave it to Constance Craig."

"Have you had any reason since to change your opinion?"

"No, sir."

"To confirm and strengthen it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may state what."

"I have found Constance Craig's ring."

"Ah! About how long ago?"

"Within a month."

"With a fragment missing?"

"With a part of the setting missing, *and the fragment I found in Constance Craig's room exactly fits and completes it!*"

"Very well, very well. And is this ring one of those to which reference is made in the document which Gilbert Senn signed?"

"It is."

"One of the rings which it has been agreed between the prosecution and the defense shall be admitted to have been in Senn's possession?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure the ring is the same?"

"I am sure."

"Did you mention the finding of the fragment to any one at the time?"

"No, sir."

"Not to Dr. Welton, nor Miss Webb, nor any of the authorities?"

"No, sir."

"You may state why you did not."

"I concluded that the murderer might hear of the opinion advanced by the physician who went away before my arrival; indeed, I had reason to believe that *his opinion* would be made very prominent by himself and his friends; I found the authorities were inclined to side with him. I reasoned that the murderer was very likely an ignorant person, a man who would suppose that Constance Craig's death would be accepted as natural because there was no terrible wound upon her. I desired the murderer to feel secure and easy, to the end that he might be careless, and so betray himself. So I said nothing regarding what I found. And I took no pains to contradict the general impression regarding the manner in which the unfortunate lady died."

"You expected, then, that you would find the murderer in a short time?"

"I hoped to."

"You would have told what you had found if you had supposed it would help bring the murderer to justice?"

"Certainly I should."

"You may tell, if you please, what theory you formed regarding the breaking of the stone in the ring."

"Wait a moment!" cried Aldrich, rising to his feet. "We object to that. We don't want this man's theories; he should confine himself to the facts."

"I feel," said the prosecuting attorney, addressing the judge, "that the question is a fair and just one, and that I should have a right to insist upon an answer; the work of a detective can only be systematic and logical when it is based upon some sort of a theory. Between the meagre facts which he finds waiting for him at the place where secret crime has done its evil work, and the just punishment which he helps bring home to the guilty, there is always found a series of observations, examinations, comparisons, tests, etc., which demand time and hard labor on the part of the patient detective. All this work must be done with definite reasons in his mind for every step—or the results will be unsatisfactory. We wish to know not only what Mr. Prier saw and what he did, but what he thought and felt as well; we wish to know the results reached by his trained and experienced judgment in work of this sort, and we are as willing to abide the natural consequences of any mistakes he may have to confess, as we are anxious to take advantage of those particular instances in which his judgment shall be shown to have been correct. The theories of the detective are as definite as those of the chemist; each must sometimes try more than one experiment before he finds himself right; each must sometimes follow a train of thought and reasoning which later events show must be abandoned; but, in the same way that we can only appreciate fully the results of the labors of the analytical chemist when we understand what he has done at every step—and why—so we shall find the clearest understanding of the results of Mr. Prier's work possible only when we know what theories he formed, and what he did to test and prove them."

Aldrich addressed the judge.

"The work of the detective is very different from the work of the chemist," he said. "One is science—the other is not; a detective's theory is a guess—only that and nothing more—and I do not propose to have my client endangered by some man's guesswork—even though that man be as shrewd and keen as is Mr. Prier."

"I submit," said the prosecuting attorney; "not because my friend has convinced me, but because I entered upon this case with a firm determination to have the results of the trial final. Our case is so strong that we can afford to be generous. I am determined that the defense shall have no grounds upon which to base a motion for a new trial when we have convicted the accused. So, your honor, while I feel sure that you would decide in our favor, I will, if you will permit, withdraw my question. I will endeavor to confine my questions within limits which even my learned friend, the lawyer for the defense, will be unwilling to object to."

(Immense satisfaction in the court-room. I am not lawyer enough to decide whether the prosecution had been generous—or only shrewd; are you? You can guess how the spectators regarded it. The tide was going down—down—down. Gilbert Senn was once more a red-handed rascal, for whom hanging was too good.)

The examination of the witness was continued:

"You may state how long ago you gave the ring to Constance Craig?"

"About twenty-five years ago."

"That would be some fifteen years before her death?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had seen it frequently after giving it to her?"

"Yes, sir; I saw her very often, and I never saw her without the ring upon her finger."

"How old was she at the time of her death?"

"About twenty-five years of age."

"She had the ring when she was a little girl of ten, or about that age, did she?"

"She did."

"Do you remember how it fitted her when you gave it to her?"

"It was a good fit. I remember distinctly her trying it on. It was just a fit. She asked me to give it to her. I did so."

"She was a strong, active girl, was she not?"

"She was."

"Fond of play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sometimes rough and violent in her play?"

"Yes, sir; sometimes."

"I presume the blood-red stone got some hard knocks during her girlhood?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Possibly she sometimes let it fall upon the floor?"

"I have heard her speak of such occasions."

"But it wasn't broken until the night of her death?"

"I suppose not. It was whole, to my certain knowledge, a month before. She would scarcely have allowed the broken fragment to remain under her table over a single night, even, if she had broken it by accident."

"Do you know how the ring fitted her shortly before her death?"

"I do. For months it had been so tight that she could not remove it."

"Did you examine the finger on which it had been worn?"

"After her death? Yes, I did."

"State what you found."

"The finger was torn and lacerated. It looked——"

"We object," said Aldrich; "we don't want any theories or guesses smuggled into this testimony."

"Very well," said the prosecuting attorney; "we will use every effort to keep them out. You may tell, Mr. Prier, whether a ring—some ring—had been recently removed from that finger, and by violence?"

"There had been."

"You are sure? You will swear to that?"

"I am sure. I do swear to it."

"Your honor, we offer the broken ring, the fragment which fits the broken stone, and the document signed by Senn, all in evidence. Mr. Prier, will you tell me what else you found which was of interest?"

"I found Constance Craig's sewing materials upon the table, to which I have referred."

"The table which was close to the head of the bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"What articles were upon the table?"

"A pair of scissors, two spools of thread, half a dozen pins, a cake of bees-wax, and the article at which she had been at work."

"And what article had she been at work upon?"

"An infant's dress."

(The spectators bent forward in breathless attention.)

"An infant's dress? Was Constance Craig a married woman?"

"Mrs. Craig was a widow. Her husband died by accident in the June before."

The attorney for the prosecution moved a step or two nearer to the witness. He bent forward until his face was near that of the detective. He spoke slowly, solemnly, and he tapped with the extended forefinger of his right hand on the palm of his left as each word was uttered. But he had not moved nearer Prier for the sake of speaking privately; his voice rang out, strong and clear, filling the great room with the awful question he asked:

"And so the man who killed Constance Craig took two lives instead of one, did he?"

There was a terrible pause. One might have fancied himself suddenly carried into a watchmaker's shop, for there was absolutely no sound to be heard in all the crowded room but the ticking of the time-pieces; every breath seemed to hang silent on the lips of the on-looker whose lifeblood depended upon it for purification and renewal; the very hearts of the spectators seemed to have forgotten to beat.

And then——

A cry burst forth from the lips of the witness, a cry which was half the sob of a long pent-up agony—half the snarl of some famished beast who sees before him the hated enemy of his kind whose body can give him food and life.

The tears ran down the detective's cheeks in torrents.

He could scarcely speak.

He turned directly toward Senn, forgetful, seemingly, for the time, of the presence of the lawyer who was questioning him.

"Yes," he said, in a whisper; "yes. The miserable ruffian — the pitiless fiend—killed not only Constance Craig; he killed her unborn child as well."

Who can explain how the spirit of revenge, mad and unreasoning revenge, grows? Who can tell how *the mob* springs into life? Who?

There were no shouts nor cries. If there were any oaths spoken, they were said under the breaths of those to whose lips they all too naturally came. There were no looks of doubt or hesitation. No one waited for another. Half the men there were upon their feet at once. Gilbert Senn's life hung in the balance. Men have died again and again at the hands of others less fully convinced of guilt and less infuriated than these were.

Gilbert Senn escaped.

How?

Not because of the authority of the judge being exercised in his behalf; the judge was panic-stricken and powerless.

Not because the sheriff stood between him and danger; the sheriff did not care to take the lives of such earnest men as those who faced him—men with whom he had been acquainted for many long years—in defense of one whose life he felt ought to be forfeit. They could have taken Senn out from the courtroom, and have hanged him to a leafless tree near the window, from which the judge could look to his home, to the schoolhouse and to the church, and no one among those having authority there could have prevented it. Perhaps no one of them all would have found sense and realized duty until too late to even make an attempt.

But Gilbert Senn escaped. Walter Aldrich rose to his feet. The lawyer was pale as death. He laid his arm protectingly along the shoulders of the prisoner. His gaze swept over the array of angry faces before him.

I do not suppose that Walter Aldrich was armed. I have no idea that he could have kept Senn from the hands of men who had decided to take him, had they proceeded to act upon that decision. Perhaps he would not have fought for his client. He would have found fighting of little use.

The angry men faced Senn. But they did not face Senn alone; Aldrich stood before them, too, a wall between them and the horrible realization of their desire—not a strong wall—not a wall difficult to pass—but a firm and steadfast one so far as its strength did extend—a wall that would not go down until the shock came.

The angry men faced the two men. All was silent. It was the silence of a hot afternoon before the tornado strikes; the silence of the battlefield before the charge; the silence of the forest glade before the lurking beast springs upon his timid foe; the intense silence which means danger and death always—whether the pause be man's, beast's or inanimate nature's.

These men were thinking of their homes, of their own wives, of their little children, of the nights when their loved ones had been alone at home exposed to the possibility of dangers as great and fates as tragic as had been the lot of Constance Craig. For a time every other thought had vanished from their minds save only the mad one that safety and security could only settle down upon Boomville again when Gilbert Senn was dead.

And still Aldrich faced them. Still no word was said by any one.

Then, suddenly, some man found his senses. It may be that he remembered the cruel wrong which Senn had done Aldrich, and felt ashamed to find himself less forgiving than the man who had so truly suffered at Senn's hands. It may be his thought took some other form. I do not know. I cannot say. The great God knows.

One man sank back into his seat, whatever the thought which struck him down. Then another sat down, and another, and another, and a dozen, a score——

And Senn was safe again! Walter Aldrich had saved his life once more!

It was but a little thing. But moral force is a mighty force—and a silent one.

It had not been a minute since Prier's statement had so stirred the hearts of the spectators, and now they were all in their seats again—quiet—calm—silent.

The judge and his officers said some simple things regarding order in court. It is not recorded that a mob came near taking an unconvicted man out from the very room in which he was having a trial according to the forms of law, and hanging him by the neck until he was dead. Such a statement in the records of a court of justice would look strange. Probably neither the judge, nor the sheriff, nor the sheriff's deputies, would willingly admit that such was the fact.

But it was.

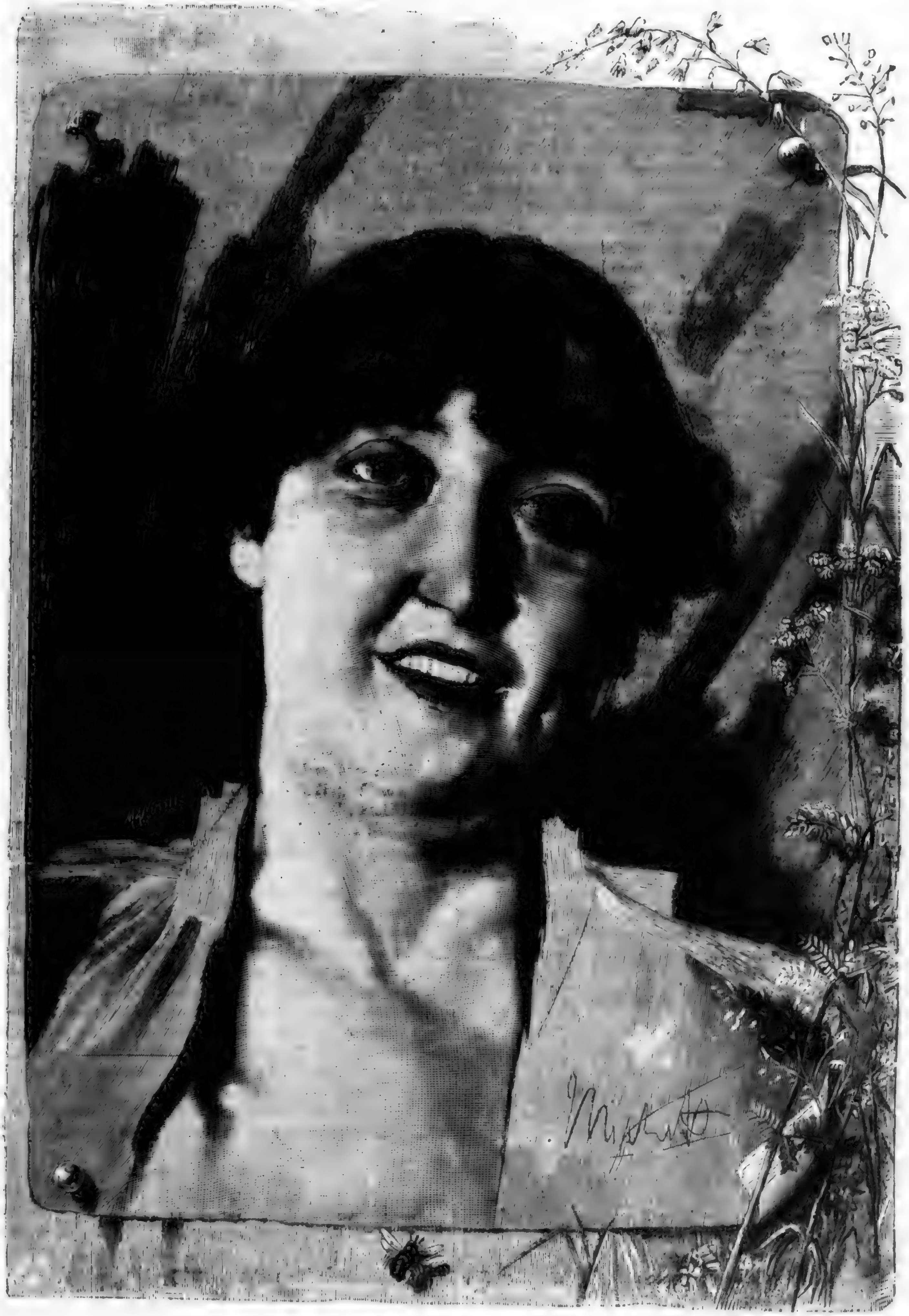
Perhaps neither Prier nor the prosecuting attorney would say that their carefully planned climax of evidence came near defeating the ends of justice, and making many men murderers, in fact, in place of the one man they aimed to prove guilty.

But it did.

Undoubtedly the good citizens of Boomville—for they were the good citizens—would shrink from the recital of the unpleasant facts of the case. They would not like to confess that they forgot, for a little, how many cooling centuries of civilization lay between them and their hot-blooded ancestors, who practiced the doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" in all its horrible perfection and literalness.

But they did forget.

The danger was none the less, that it was in the midst of silence; it was none the less, that it was soon over. The fact that judge, and jury, and sheriff, and deputies,



A STUDY.—BY MÜLLER.

and spectators, and witnesses, and prosecuting attorney and all, practically ignored the danger which had existed—ignored it and spoke slightingly of its possibility when it was over—made it none the less. The fact that other men, in other courts, at other times, have felt as these men did while justice has gone on unnoticing and blinded—as it did here—made the danger none the less.

There was danger, real danger, desperate danger—danger for Gilbert Senn's mortal body—danger for the immortal souls of those who were ready to do so wickedly with him as they meant, for one short minute, to do.

There are two ways of telling a story—the way of fact and the way of possibility. Men forget the one way, too often, when the way of fact is in their favor. It is easy to laugh at danger—when its presence has left no scar. An earthquake piled Lisbon in ruins; what matter? Earthquakes thunder up and down in the earth, time and again, doing no damage. And so—New York and Boston will smile when a sudden shock has passed them which has rung their bells and left their steeples rocking. One whirlwind, tossing the grasses and leaves, dies out in calm; another, scarcely strong enough to crush out the tender lives of the Dakota prairie-flowers over which it whirls, grows and strengthens until nothing can stand before its might; it sweeps across Minnesota, leaving one long black trail of death and destruction, and beats itself to annihilation in the woods of Wisconsin. But this is only once or twice. And so—we joke at wind and weather, when the breeze is sweet and soft in the west and there are no clouds between us and the sunshine. Vesuvius has thundered and threatened for eighteen hundred years since Herculaneum and Pompeii walked the dark road of oblivion at her command. And so—Naples smiles, forgetting what the horror of her future may be.

Ah, well! It is human, I doubt not. Let them lie to their souls, saying it could never have happened.

It could.

Two men told the truth, to themselves and to each other.

"You—you have saved my life again," said Gilbert Senn, leaning forward and touching the lawyer.

"Yes, I have," said Aldrich, without turning his head.

"God bless you; God bless you," said Senn, in a broken voice; "I hope that—some time—you will—will know——"

But Aldrich was no longer listening to him.

The prosecuting attorney was questioning Prier again, after this interval of a minute, as though nothing had happened.

And Aldrich was following every word.

CHAPTER XII.

ONCE MORE.

"WHICH of the articles upon Constance Craig's table furnished you with hints to help you in your pursuit of the murderer?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"Only one article; the cake of wax," replied Prier.

"The cake of wax furnished a clew? Will you state in what way?"

"I will. There was an impression upon the cake of wax, an impression made by a seal ring, an impression of an anchor and a woman's head and a letter 'S.'"

"You say the impression was made by a ring. Are you certain of that?"

"I am."

"In what way are you so sure? What leads you to be so positive?"

"The depth of the impression. The hand which wore the ring undoubtedly struck the wax a very heavy blow, or was pressed downward upon it with great force."

"Can you say whether the person who wore the ring produced the deep impression upon the wax by a blow or by leaning upon the table?"

"I am sure it was produced in one or the other of those two ways; I cannot say in which of the two."

"And how does the depth of the impression prove the article to have been a seal ring?"

"The impression not only shows the engraving upon the stone, but the bordering gold-work in which the stone is set and secured."

"Exactly; I see. And have you retained the wax?"

"I have, under lock and key, from that day tothis. It is here."

"We offer the wax in evidence," said the prosecuting attorney, quietly; "have you the garment on which Constance Craig had been at work before her death?"

"Yes."

"Is this it?"

"It is."

"We offer it in evidence, too. Have you found anything which fits the impression upon the cake of wax?"

"I have."

"What is it?"

"A seal ring—a gold ring set with a white stone."

"This ring which I hold in my hand?"

"Yes, sir; the same."

"Is this the other ring mentioned in the paper signed and acknowledged by Gilbert Senn?"

"It is."

"You are sure of that?"

"Certainly."

"You remember you are testifying under oath?"

"I do. I swear to that."

"Very well. Now, when was the impression made upon the wax? Was it recent, or was it not?"

"You mean recent from the standpoint of the time of the death of Constance Craig?"

"I do. Was it made shortly before her death, or some time before?"

"It was made shortly before. It was made after she had laid aside the work upon which she had been employed?"

"How do you know?"

"Because the impression falls upon every mark which her thread had made upon the wax, and obliterates them for the space covered by the impression. The wax was a new cake; it had been used but a short time; the impression of the stone setting was made after that use."

"But how can you be certain that the thread was not drawn across the wax *after* the impression was made instead of before? The mark left by the ring is very deep, as you have already said, and would not allow the thread-marks to show at the bottom of the cavity made even had the wax been used with the thread later than the time when the impression was made. How are you sure of the impression having been made last?"

"The delicate edges of the impression made by the ring prove that. They are clear-cut and unbroken. It needs no expert to determine the fact that the impression of the ring fell upon the wax last. A cake of wax, a stout thread, and a seal ring, in the hands of the jury, will enable them to make experiments which will verify my statement most unmistakably. Every mark which the thread ever made upon the wax crosses the impression made by the ring; the edge of the ring-impression would be impaired by a single stroke of a thread—even if held in the hand of a man earnestly anxious to disprove my assertion—I say with certainty that no woman ever drew a thread across the impression after it had been made."

"The jury will have the ring and the wax in their possession during their deliberations. You may, however, describe the way in which the stone is held in its place in this ring."

"A series of thin gold hooks, shaped like leaves, are bent over upon the border of the stone."

"Are these gold leaves thick or thin?"

"They are quite thick."

"Were they pressed deep into the wax, or only slightly?"

"The impression is deep."

"What is the effect upon the edge of the impression?"

"It leaves a series of exceedingly narrow pieces of wax, not one-sixtieth of an inch wide in some places, standing up between the places where the gold hooks or leaves have left the proofs of their presence."

"How high do these narrow pieces rise above the impressions made by the gold hooks?"

"A height equal to the thickness of the leaves of gold; about one-eighth of an inch, I think."

"Is the surface of any of these narrow bits of wax depressed below the surface of the cake of wax as a whole?"

"The surfaces of these pieces are slightly depressed. The stone was forced down enough to make its own impression in these spaces."

"How much do these surfaces lie below the general surface?"

"Only a little; the thickness of a sheet of writing paper, perhaps."

"Enough so that the thread-marks do not show?"

"Enough so that they do not show."

"How many of these bits of wax, an eighth of an inch high and a sixtieth of an inch wide, are there?"

"Over twenty."

"Are any of them broken?"

"Not one."

"The wax is in exactly the condition in which you found it the Tuesday evening after Mrs. Craig's death?"

"It is."

"You have not attempted to fit the ring to the impression in the wax?"

"No, sir; the jury can do that."

"We will consider another matter now. You do not feel at liberty to speak of the circumstances under which you found these rings?"

"I do not. I consider my compact with Mr. Senn a sacred and binding one."

"Whose wish was it that it should be made?"

"It was Mr. Senn's."

"You swear that the rings were found in his possession?"

"I swear that they were found under circumstances which justify the conclusion that they have been in his possession, and that he admitted to me the reasonableness of such a conclusion. He also promised and agreed not to deny their having been in his possession."

"Your compact with him is understood to include these conditions?"

"Certainly."

"You will state fully the circumstances attending the finding of the rings, if the defense denies having had them in possession, or renounces the statements—in any way or in any degree—which Senn has signed?"

"I will."

"You arrested Mr. Senn for this crime, I believe?"

"I did."

"Did he submit quietly?"

"He did not; he resisted desperately."

"What desperate thing did he attempt to do?"

"He saw the rings. He made an attempt to destroy them."

"To what extent did his resistance go? Do you think that your life was in danger?"

"I do."

"That is all. Mr. Aldrich, you may take the witness."

Mr. Aldrich was not at his ease, and he did not counterfeit a self-possession he did not feel.

"You positively identify the broken ring, the ring with the blood-red stone, with the one Mrs. Craig had worn for years?"

"I do."

"You are not certain that the other ring which has been shown here to-day is the one which made the impression upon the wax?"

"I am certain. I have counted the golden leaves, and I have counted the impressions they made; I have examined the impression and the ring which made it, side by side, under a powerful glass. They are alike in every line—in every detail. I am sure."

"Why not have applied the ring to the wax yourself, then?"

"Because the testimony of the wax shall be fresh and undoubted; because I will not blot out the track a thread has made, nor deepen a line left by the ring; because my hand shall not add the weight of a grain to the record the heavy hand of Murder left behind him; these are the reasons why the jury shall have the opportunity to test the ring and the wax first, before another hand has done the same."

"You prefer not to state the circumstances under which you recently found the rings?"

"I prefer not to; it is the wish of your client that I should not."

"Were you engaged in an act which was in any degree criminal when you found them? Had you been mistaken in your suspicions regarding Mr. Senn, and failed to find the rings, would your act in looking for them, or attempting to find them and secure them, have made you criminally liable?"

"Mr. Aldrich, you are asking questions which are risky to your client and your cause. I shall not refuse to answer any question you may ask me, nor shall I allow the attorney for the prosecution to interpose an effective objection to my answering any, if I can prevent his doing so. I am here to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But there *is* a compact between Mr. Senn and myself, a compact to which you are tacitly a party, the integrity of which a train of questions like this will certainly endanger."

"Is that your answer?"

"No, sir; that is not my answer. I shall not dodge nor evade any question you may think it wise and right to ask. This is my answer: I was not engaged in an act in any degree criminal when I found the rings; I had no suspicions regarding Senn's connection with this murder until after I had found them; I was not looking for the rings, and I had no reason to expect to find them when I did; I had never seen Senn until after finding them."

Aldrich waited long before asking the next question. If he had intended asking more questions in the direction which his examination of Prier had taken, he recognized the dangerous character of the ground upon which he had ventured, and wisely withdrew.

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"You said that you believed your life to be in danger when you arrested Senn, did you not?"

"I said that during the struggle which resulted from his resistance, I believed my life to be in danger."

"Will you tell us whether Senn's life was in danger, too?"

"He was resisting an officer who had authority for his arrest."

"That is not the question; was he in danger of being killed?"

"I did not mean to let him escape."

"That is all," said Aldrich.

"That is all," echoed the prosecuting attorney.

And Prier left the witness-stand.

Aldrich walked over to the side of the prosecuting attorney, and the two men talked together in whispers for several minutes.

At the close of this conversation Aldrich walked back to the place he had occupied.

The prosecuting attorney arose and addressed the court.

"I desire, your honor, to make an explanation in regard to what I am about to do. Evidence regarding a certain cake of wax and two certain rings, among other things, has been offered here to-day. We have offered some evidence, and we propose to offer more, connecting a certain ring with an impression upon a cake of wax. We propose to show a close connection between these articles and the crime of the murder of Mrs. Craig. We propose to connect the rings with Gilbert Senn by means of evidence stronger by far than any we have yet presented. We had intended, however, to allow the jury to satisfy themselves of the fact that the ring which has been shown here, and commented upon at such length, really did make the impression upon the wax as we claim. My learned friend, the lawyer for the defense, however, is exceedingly anxious to have that question fully settled, one way or the other, before the case is given to the jury. He requests me to call an expert in matters connected with jewelry; I have consented to do so; we have agreed upon Mr. Silverton. Will Mr. Silverton, who I see is present, come forward and be sworn?"

Mr. Silverton, a slow and dignified old gentleman with long gray hair, was evidently much astonished. He came forward promptly, however, and was duly sworn.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"Samuel Silverton."

"Your age?"

"Sixty years."

"You are a jeweler?"

"I am."

"Residing where?"

"In Boomville."

"How long have you been a jeweler?"

"About forty years."

"Living where?"

"My home and my place of business have always been in Boomville."

"You consider yourself an authority in all which relates to jewelry?"

"I do."

"You have, perhaps, had some experience in making impressions of articles upon wax for the purpose of copying designs?"

"I have had some such experience."

"Please examine this cake of wax. When was the impression which you see thereon made upon it, before or after it was last used to wax a thread?"

"No thread has been drawn across this cake of wax since the impression was made."

"You are sure of that?"

"I am sure."

"Please take this ring. Examine it closely. Will you apply the ring to the wax, and then tell the jury whether the ring made the impression upon the wax?"

Mr. Silverton drew a pocket magnifier from his pocket. He looked long and anxiously at the ring—then at the wax—at the ring, at the wax again.

"There are certain imperfections—the imperfections of human workmanship rather than any very marked or unusual flaws, in this ring. We should find imperfections, undoubtedly, in another ring, made with care, in imitation of this. But they would not be the same ring; they would not have the same imperfections. Either ring, used upon a waxen tablet, would leave the impress of its own individuality. I never saw another ring like this one; I never saw one which the merest novice would not distinguish from this by the most casual glance. But if there were a thousand rings so like this that the unpracticed eye would see them all alike, I would still swear that this ring made this impression on this cake of wax; the minute imperfections of the ring are reproduced with marvelous accuracy upon the wax. And see," applying the ring to the wax, "the parts fit perfectly."

"That is all," said the prosecuting attorney.

"I have no questions to ask," said Aldrich.

"We will recall Dr. Welton for a moment or two," said the attorney for the prosecution.

To him, when he had taken his place, he said:

"You assisted in removing the dead body of Mrs. Craig from the bed in which it was found?"

"I did."

"Did you see the articles upon the table near her bed?"

"I distinctly remember seeing the articles, but I did not touch or examine them."

"You were in the room most of the time until the arrival of the detective?"

"I was. Miss Webb and myself agreed, before any other than myself had arrived in answer to her message sent by the driver of a passing team, that one or the other of us should remain in the room constantly. When she went out, I always remained until she returned?"

"Were the articles upon the table removed or meddled with, in your presence, before the arrival of Mr. Prier?"

"No, sir."

"Was Mrs. Craig *enceinte* at the time of her death?"

"She was."

"That is all."

Aldrich declined to cross-examine.

The prosecution recalled Matilda Webb.

"You assisted in removing Mrs. Craig from the bed in which you found her dead?"

"I did."

"Who arrived first after you gave the alarm?"

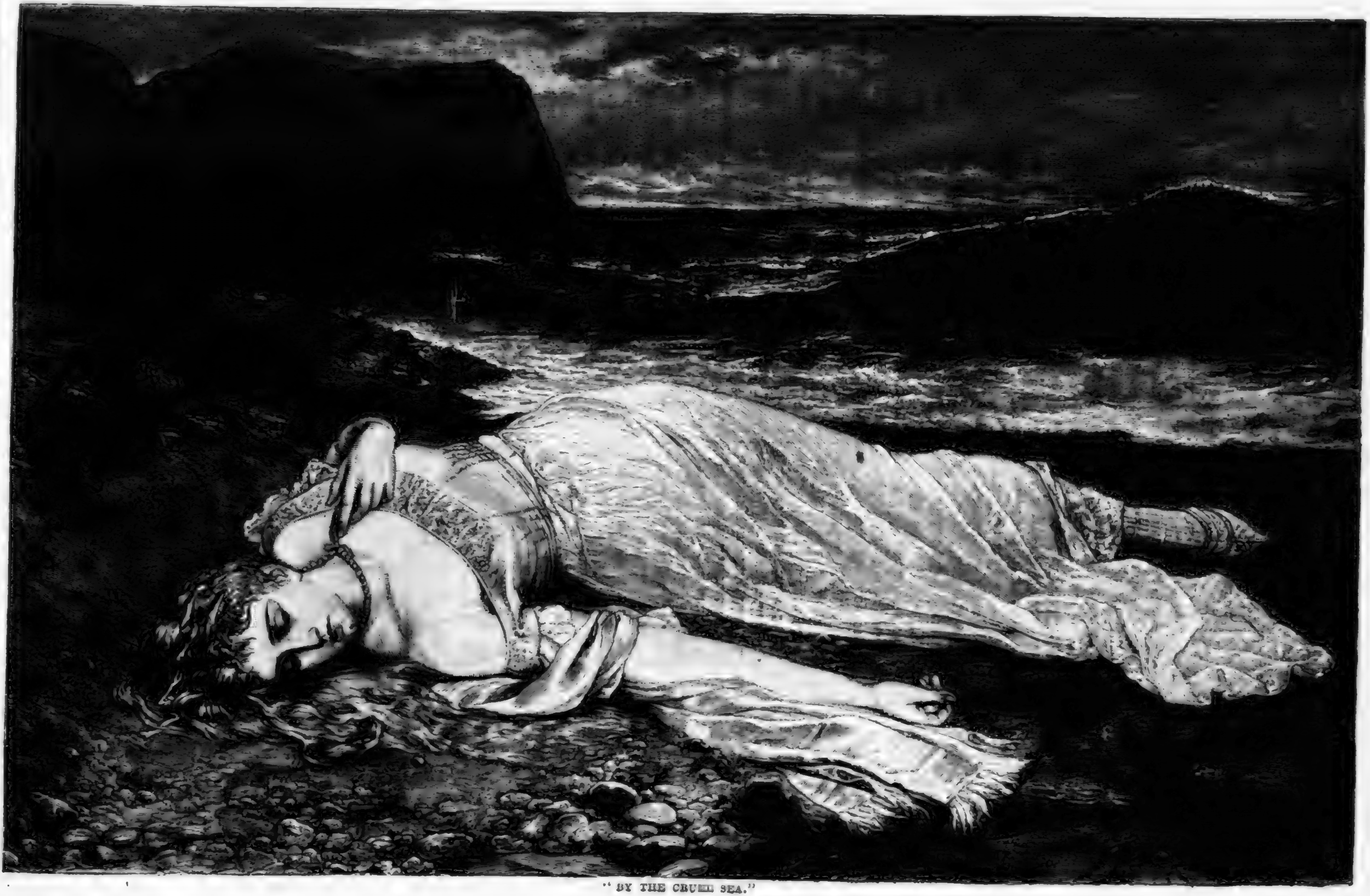
"Dr. Welton."

"Did you agree with him that one of you should remain in the room until the detective came?"

"I did."

"What were your reasons for doing so?"

"My chief reasons were these: I had been Mrs. Craig's most intimate servant; my relations with her had been almost those of friendship instead of those of a servant to a mistress; so I wanted to be near her. Then Dr. Welton had been her good friend—and mine; it was a comfort to have him near us."



"BY THE CRUEL SEA."

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"Did the theory of murder—the instinct of caution—influence you?"

"I suppose so, some; though I couldn't realize that any one could be so wicked as to kill my dear, good mistress."

"You kept your agreement with the doctor?"

"Indeed I did. No matter how long he remained away, I never left the room while he was gone."

"Were articles in the room disturbed while you were present?"

"No, sir. That is, there was nothing done except to remove her body from the bed, place it upon a long table which was brought from another room, and prepare it properly for the coffin."

"You were naturally interested in seeing what articles were about the room which might serve as clews to the detective when he arrived?"

"Certainly."

"And yet you touched none of them?"

"I did not. I had a vague idea that their very positions might tell the detective something. So I did not move any of them."

"You perhaps noticed carefully what articles were to be seen?"

"I noticed some. The truth of the matter is, that I was too busy to look much—too busy with my hands, I mean."

"You had time to think?"

"I did. I had time to think until thought was almost a torture."

"Of what did you think? Of some of the articles you did see?"

"Yes, sir; a part of the time."

"Did you see the article of dress on which Mrs. Craig had been working?"

"I did."

"Do you remember now what you thought when you saw it?"

"I thought how industrious Mrs. Craig had been. You know—or a woman would, perhaps you don't—that there is a great deal of work on that garment, which she had nearly finished."

"Yes; well?"

"Well, she hadn't commenced that when I went away."

"Then you are sure she worked at her sewing while you were away?"

"I am."

"And sure that she must have used her bees-wax?"

"Yes, sir; and there is this strange thing to say: I am sure she used a cake of wax which had never been used before."

"How do you know? Please explain."

"Mrs. Craig bought two cakes of wax a few weeks before; I was with her when she bought them. One she took to use, throwing away the little fragment which remained from the one she had used before; the other she laid aside in a bureau-drawer. I frequently helped Mrs. Craig with her sewing, although she always allowed me plenty of time for doing my own sewing. I had a cake of wax of my own, and usually made use of that; sometimes, however, I used hers. On Saturday I packed up my things in a small satchel preparatory to the visit I had received permission to make. I was going where the others would have their work about in the evening to show and talk about, if nothing more; naturally enough I took my own. When I arrived there I found, to my surprise, that I had taken Mrs. Craig's cake of wax as well as my own. So I know that she must have used her new cake during my absence, and I know she had never used it before."

"Thank you, that is all."

Aldrich had no questions to ask.

"We call George Arnold," said the lawyer for the prosecution.

Senn looked up with a startled look upon his face. He turned very white, so white that one wondered how he could have been thought pale before. He let his gaze fall almost instantly. He buried his face in his hands. He sank down into his chair, a quivering burlesque on the name of Man.

The new witness, a stranger to most of the people of Boomville, was duly sworn. The examination began:

"What is your name?"

"George Arnold?"

"Your age?"

"I am forty years of age."

"Where do you reside?"

"At Blankford."

"How long have you resided there?"

"For fifteen years."

"What is your business?"

"I am the railroad station-agent."

"Were you in the same position ten years ago?"

"I was."

"Did you know Mrs. Craig?"

"I knew her well by sight, and I was also slightly acquainted with her."

"Do you remember the time of her death?"

"I do."

"Do you know Gilbert Senn?"

"I have seen him before?"

"When did you first see him?"

"On the Sunday before Mrs. Craig's death."

"How are you certain?"

"I made a memorandum of certain things connected with my meeting him. I remember the events themselves, however, without that aid. And the date has always been firmly fixed in my mind because of its connection with Mrs. Craig's death."

"You did not find it necessary to consult your memorandum, then?"

"No, sir. I did consult it, before coming here, so that I might favor the accused, if it were possible, in the testimony I knew I should be called upon to give. I found I could not speak of events as I wished I was able to; I found the record was exactly, in every respect, as I remembered the events to have happened."

"Very well. *Where* did you first see Gilbert Senn?"

"At the railroad station."

"You may describe his appearance."

Senn raised his head for a moment. He leaned forward, and touched Aldrich on the arm.

"For God's sake——" he began, but Aldrich rudely shook his hand away, without saying a word or turning toward him.

"Mr. Senn was what you would call a tramp, I suppose," said Mr. Arnold; "he was worn and sick, he said, and he looked it. His clothing was ragged. He said he had neither money nor food; he had had no food for a day."

"Well, what did he say to you?"

"He asked for work."

"Did you give him work?"

"I did not. He did not look able to do much, and, besides, I had nothing for him to do."

"What did you do?"

"I offered to buy a handsome ring he wore."

"A ring? What did you offer him?"

"I offered him ten dollars."

"It must have been valuable. Will you describe it?"

"It was a gold ring, with a white stone setting. On the stone were engraved an anchor, a woman's head, and the letter 'S.'"

"Did he accept your offer?"

"He did not. He said the ring was given him by his mother. His manner was strange. It excited my suspicions. I thought it possible he had stolen the ring. I coaxed him to allow me to take it for a little time. I had a piece of soft shoemaker's wax in the office. I took an impression of the ring, thinking it might be advertised for by some one who had lost it. And then——"

"Well; and then?"

"I was ashamed of my suspicions. The man seemed honest, after all. I offered to give him a dollar; he refused it as a gift, but accepted it as a loan. Then he left the station."

"The station at Blankford is at one side of the town, is it not?"

"It is."

"Where did the tramp go? Up the track? Down the track? Into town? Into the country? Where?"

"He went into the country."

"In the direction of Mrs. Craig's residence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he take the road which would lead him past her residence?"

"He did."

"How far out did she live?"

"About three miles."

"Have you ever seen Gilbert Senn since?"

"Not until to-day."

"What did you first hear regarding Constance Craig's death?"

"I heard that she was murdered."

"Of what did you think then?"

"Of my interview with the tramp; I wondered whether he was guilty."

"What did you hear next?"

"That one of the doctors, all the local authorities, and most of the neighbors, believed her death to have been a natural one. It was said that the detective had little to say, but that people thought he favored the idea of the death being due to natural causes."

"That drove your suspicions from your mind?"

"Certainly."

"You have the wax-impression you made of Senn's ring?"

"I have. Strangely enough, I have always preserved it. It is here."

"We offer it in evidence. Now you may state how it happens that you are here to testify in this case."

"I found an advertisement, a few days since, in a Boston paper of recent date."

"You may read the advertisement."

"It is as follows:

"'PERSONAL—If any one, anywhere, saw or knew of a person who, ten years ago, wore a gold ring, with a white stone setting, on which were engraved an anchor, a woman's head and a letter 'S,' that individual will serve the cause of justice, and may save an innocent life, by appearing to testify regarding the same in the case of the trial of GILBERT SENN for the murder of the unfortunate gentlewoman CONSTANCE CRAIG. Please address, with full particulars, the undersigned, at either Boomville, Maine, or Boston, Massachusetts. J. B. PRIER.'"

"You communicated with Mr. Prier?"

"I did."

"It became evident that you could supply the missing link in the chain of evidence?"

"Yes, sir, and so I am here."

"You may take the witness," said the lawyer to Aldrich.

Aldrich questioned eagerly:

"Did the tramp give you his name?"

"He did. He said that his name was Gilbert Senn. I recognize him as the same man."

"He told you the truth then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he ever pay you the dollar he borrowed?"

"He did."

"When?"

"About one month after he borrowed it. The pay came by mail to me."

"That is all."

Simple questions; simple answers. But after them the spectators were willing to wait—willing to let law's way be their way. So far as that had the tide of human sympathy turned in Senn's favor.

Mr. Silverton was recalled:

"Please state whether the impression upon the piece of shoemaker's wax was made by the ring you have examined to-day."

Mr. Silverton examined the ring and the new waxen record with great care and attention.

"This ring made this impression," he said.

"And that is our case," said the prosecuting attorney; "the State has no more evidence to present."

No more! No more, indeed!

As though one long, unbroken line of hapless human beings, some guilty, some innocent, has not been going down the rugged road of circumstantial evidence to the gallows—ever since man became *civilized enough* to use that civilized instrument of justice—at the door of not one in a thousand of whom so heavy a load of proof as had been found against Gilbert Senn had ever been laid.

No more! No more!

It was enough for justice—if Senn was guilty.

It was enough for madness—if he was innocent.

Once more the tide of popular opinion was turning in his favor—turning as it turns from condemnation to pity when men sign petitions for reprieves or pardons—turning as the opinions of men turn when the words which express them are whispered above graves—turning as our feelings turn when we no longer say in anger what a man Is, but repeat regretfully what he Was!

Once more the name of Gilbert Senn was called; he must arise and testify in his own behalf.

Once more there was no hope for him, no hope whatever, except that which came because of the ability of his once friend—Walter Aldrich.

And he knew, the spectators knew, the judge and the jury knew, that Walter Aldrich, *the Lawyer*, could do nothing for him. The jury had decided the case already, on the evidence given; Senn could see that in their faces. The judge was mentally revolving the words with which he intended to introduce his sentence—trying to think how he might be severe enough in his denunciation of so cowardly and atrocious a crime—endeavoring to decide upon some little measure of comfort and consolation to offer a man who was to hang by his neck until he was dead. And Senn and all the rest—Aldrich, too, with the others—could not fail to see what was expressed in the face of the judge. *The Lawyer* had no more to do; *the Lawyer* could only make a bad matter worse.

But Senn knew, what no other person there except

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Aldrich could know, that *the Man* Aldrich could save him if he would.

Would he?

Would the bravery which had kept him from the cruel engine-wheels be brave—*once more?*

Would the strong will which had crushed down the nameless horror of impending violence in the courtroom that very day be strongly resolute—*once more?*

Aldrich was on his feet. He was pale as death. He had called his witness once, called him as *a Lawyer.* He called him again:

"*Gilbert Senn.*"

"'You will find the widow ready to hear that which the wife may not listen to.' Oh, Walter! Walter!" groaned Senn, in an agonized whisper, which no one heard. And ——

What was that? What were those hot words which he whispered in a voice which was lower still? Considering what he has done, remembering his marriage with the woman who had promised to be the wife of Walter Aldrich, we must be mistaken in thinking he said, "*Traitor! coward!*" must we not?

Senn staggers to his feet. He will try to face the future bravely.

Is he about to endure martyrdom—*once more?*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAWYER *vs.* THE MAN.

Aldrich began to question Senn. Possibly he hoped to find something which would help clear him. It may be he did not understand how grave the case against the accused really was. His questions were asked with care; he made many long pauses after one before asking another; he wandered from one part of the testimony, of which his examination of the accused was in some sense a review, to another; he seemed like a puzzled man, who was searching for something—he knew not what, anxious to find it, yet full of dread as to what it might be.

As for Senn, he answered the questions sullenly and without looking up.

"Were you ever acquainted with Constance Craig?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever speak to her?"

"No."

"Were you ever in her house?"

"No."

(A long pause then.)

"Will you swear that the paper you signed is false?"

"No; it is true."

"Was your signature extorted by threats of violence?"

"I signed the paper of my own free will; the statements in it are true."

(Another pause, a much longer one than the other had been.)

"Did you ever know Matilda Webb?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever meet Dr. Welton?"

"No."

"Did you ever see or hear of Mr. Prier until some time during the present month?"

"No."

"Did you ever meet George Arnold?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"At the railroad station in Blankford."

"When?"

"On the Sunday he named in his testimony."

(Another long pause. The lawyer had found something which seemed to trouble him.)

"Did you borrow a dollar of him?"

"I did."

"You paid it afterward?"

"Yes."

"You were in need of money?"

"I was."

(Another pause. This time a decided change of subject.)

"You have testified to seeing the silver ring with the blood-red stone setting. Did you ever see it before it was broken?"

"No."

"Did you ever see it on the hand of any person?"

"No."

"Think carefully; did you ever see it on the finger of any one—living or dead?"

"No."

"How many years is it since you first saw that ring at all?"

"It is less than one year."

"Would further questions be likely to interfere with the compact between Mr. Prier and yourself?"

"They might."

(A pause of almost painful length upon the lawyer's part.)

"You were in the employ of the late Donald Barron?"

"I was."

"His daughter is your wife?"

"Yes."

"You had worked very late the evening preceding your arrest?"

"I had."

"You were worried, nervous, irritable?"

"I presume so."

"Your arrest was an astonishment to you?"

"It was."

"You had been trusted and honored in your position under Mr. Barron?"

"I had."

"You resisted the attempt to arrest you, resisted as an innocent man naturally——"

"Wait!" shouted the prosecuting attorney, springing to his feet. "Your honor," he said, addressing the court, "my learned friend knows he has no right to put a question in a form like that."

"I will change it," said Aldrich, "and ask half the question. You may tell me, Mr. Senn, whether you resisted the attempt to arrest you?"

"I did," said Senn.

"That is all," said Aldrich.

The testimony of the prisoner had amounted to little thus far; he had denied much; he had admitted little. Its great weakness lay in the possibilities it offered to an adroit cross-examiner, possibilities of which the prosecuting attorney would not be slow to take a merciless advantage.

"I presume my learned friend will not object to my asking the other half of his question, which I will do in a less objectionable form than he was about to use. You may tell me, Mr. Senn, whether you think an innocent man would feel like resisting an officer?"

"I—I really don't know."

"Perhaps you don't know the feelings which a really innocent man——"

"I protest——" began Aldrich, half rising from his chair. The prosecuting attorney waved his hand deprecatingly.

"I will not press the question," he said, blandly; "I have no doubt the jury understand the matter fully."

Then he turned to Senn again.

"I shall be brief with you," he said, "and will only ask you to add some information to what you have already given. I will begin where Mr. Aldrich left off, and will retrace the ground which he has, somewhat inadequately, attempted to cover. You had been trusted and honored in your position under Mr. Barron?"

"I had."

"You had worked in the bank after his decease?"

"Yes, sir; one day."

"Who legally succeeded him as manager of the bank?"

"His daughter, I suppose."

"Your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in her employ at the time of your arrest?"

"I—I——"

"Please answer my question: Were you in her employ at the time of your arrest?"

"No, sir."

"How had your service with her terminated? Had you resigned?"

"No."

"Were you discharged?"

"I was."

"I shall not follow this unpleasant topic further. If you have any statement to volunteer in explanation of the fact that you, a man trusted and honored by a man like Mr. Barron, and the husband of his daughter, were discharged from your position by your own wife, we will listen to you. Have you anything which you wish to say?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Very well. We will go back a little. You stated that you never saw the silver ring which has had a place in this case until after it was broken; that is, until after the red stone was broken? You so stated, did you not?"

"I did."

"Exactly. Now you need say nothing which will directly criminate yourself—please remember that all the time. But I want to ask you this question: Will you withdraw that answer, or do you still adhere to it?"

"I adhere to it."

"H'm! Well! Please take the gold ring with the white stone. Examine it carefully. Will you tell us when you first saw that?"

"I cannot tell; it was very many years ago."

"More than ten?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who owned it when you first saw it?"

"My—my—mother, sir," sobbed Senn.

"Was it ever yours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who owned it during the month in which Mrs. Craig died?"

"I did."

"Ah? you did? Was it in your possession during that Sunday when you made the acquaintance of George Arnold?"

"It was."

"You were asked to sell it?"

"Yes."

"You declined?"

"I did."

"Do you remember what you said?"

"Not exactly. I think I said I would never dispose of it as long as I lived."

"You meant what you said?"

"Certainly; but——"

"Never mind. You borrowed money from Mr. Arnold? You borrowed from a stranger rather than sell your ring?"

"I borrowed a dollar from Mr. Arnold."

"Will you state what you spent the money for?"

"Why—for—for various things—for food and railroad fare—and——

"When you got the dollar changed, when you paid out a part of it for the first time after getting it, what did you buy?"

"I was very tired and sick and——"

"Never mind that; we are not particularly interested in the state of a tramp's health in this case. In one word, what was the first thing you paid for out of that dollar?"

"Brandy; but——"

"Wait!" Answer only my questions. What was the last thing you paid for out of that dollar?"

"Brandy; but——"

"You needn't try to explain. We want the plain facts. You were a tramp then, were you not?"

"I—I suppose you would have called me that."

"I don't doubt but I should. And now, you swore you never met Dr. Welton?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Miss Webb?" Turning to a sheriff's deputy: "I do not see Miss Webb in the courtroom; has she passed out?"

The prosecuting attorney was informed that Miss Webb had been absent from the room for some minutes.

"She complained of a headache," said a gentleman who had come with her to Boomville, and who was understood to be the person in whose family she was employed, "and told me she should go to her room at the hotel and lie down."

"Her presence is comparatively unimportant," said the prosecuting attorney. "I merely wished to ask Mr. Senn a few questions about her, and I preferred having her where he could refresh his memory by looking at her. I think, however, that I can ask the questions just as well without her. Her presence is unimportant."

Unimportant! Is anything in this world, anything which is seemingly trivial, really unimportant?

Has not history grown from little things? Have not the doors of Fate turned for the veriest trifles?

Miss Matilda Webb's headache was the turning-point for life or death—honor or shame—in the career of Gilbert Senn!

"You saw Miss Webb when she gave her testimony to-day?" asked the lawyer.

"I did."

"You noticed her particularly?"

"I observed her manner and appearance with some care."

"You testified, did you not, that you had never seen Miss Webb until to-day?"

"I testified I had never known her."

"Ah! That is a distinction. Well, I will ask you this question: Had you ever met Miss Matilda Webb until to-day?"

"No, sir."

"You positively swear, do you, that you had never seen her?"

"I had seen her?"

"Ah, you had seen her. We are getting at the merits of this case now. Will you tell us where you saw her?"

"I saw her in Blankford."

XUM

"Shortly before the time of Mrs. Craig's death?"

"Yes."

"How are you certain as to her identity?"

"I remember her face quite well; of course my surest reason is connected with her name."

"Indeed? You learned her name, then?"

"I did."

"From whom?"

"From a young man who was with her, and with whom I held some conversation."

"You learned the name of their employer?"

"No, sir. I never heard the name of Constance Craig until about the time of my arrest."

"Did you hear a description of the location and appearance of the house where Miss Webb and the young man lived?"

"I did."

"And knew they were to be absent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Gilbert Senn, one more question and I am done. Did you not know, hours before poor, faithful Matilda Webb found the dead body, that cruel hands had held away the breath from her struggling lungs, and that *murder*——"

Senn fell back into his chair. A shriek of the most awful despair rang through the room.

"For God's sake don't—don't—don't!" he cried, while he covered his ghastly face with his hands.

"That is all," said the prosecuting attorney, with pointed sarcasm, turning to Aldrich as he spoke. "Will the defense call its next witness?"

Aldrich stood up again. This time there was a calmness in his colorless face which had not been there before. *The Lawyer* seemed to have disappeared; the manhood of *the Man*, higher than professional art can ever reach, shone in his eyes. It had been said of him, once, that women always loved him; looking at him, his head erect and well-balanced upon his shapely neck, his shoulders broad enough to bravely bear big burdens, one foot advanced firmly, his mobile lips quivering with emotion, it is easy for me to say: I believe they did. It is easier still to ask: Is it strange?

"The defense will call its next witness," he said, in a voice so low and musical that only the older ones who heard it—only those who had lived long and suffered much—caught the faint minor chord of passion which vibrated in it. "*The defense calls Walter Aldrich. I will be sworn!*"

Then Senn looked up, happy once more, a smile shining through the tears which filled his eyes.

"Worthy! worthy! worthy!" he whispered softly to himself; "with God's help to give me strength—*I will save him yet!*"

Do you suppose his good fortune had driven him into a sudden delirium? Those were strange words to fall from the lips of a man in his position, very strange. For, when Aldrich offered himself as a witness, Senn knew that the only man on God's great earth who could possibly save him from the gallows was about to send him out from his place of bitter trial—*a free man!*

"I am about to offer evidence of the utmost importance," said Mr. Aldrich, after he had been duly sworn; "but I shall preface it by an explanation. There are many reasons why I have waited until now before saying what I have to say. The fact that I have helped and befriended Mr. Senn in the past, and that I am unwilling to boast of what I have done, is one reason; the fact that I consider that he has done me as terrible a wrong as one man can do to another, is, I fear, another reason for my reluctance in saving Gilbert Senn in the way in which I shall save him. Bear with me while I say, however, that my determination *to save him*—to save him in some honest and truthful way—has never faltered since I knew the details of the charge against him. There is one more reason which I will mention: I take a deep interest in this case; I desire to see the real criminal brought to justice; I have listened to the evidence with care, with a hope which has gradually turned to despair; I see no clew—no hint—nothing; the terrible evidence points toward Gilbert Senn; it points toward no one else; I am, unfortunately, not in his confidence, and consequently I cannot so much as attempt to explain why the evidence is so seemingly strong in its circumstantiality as it is; the one fact which I have to urge is the fact that *Gilbert Senn is innocent.* And this is my testimony: I am a lawyer; I was born in Boomville; my home has been here all my life. I had frequently gone down the railroad as far as Blankford during the Summer and Autumn before Mrs. Craig's death. I had gone as often as once a week, perhaps. The distance is fifty miles. I was well acquainted in and about Blankford. I am well acquainted there now. I remember the way in which the trains ran then; I have an old time-card which I will offer in evidence, if any one doubts the accuracy of my memory in the matter. There were two through express trains which passed through Blankford and Boomville, coming from that place to this, every twenty-four hours in the week, with this exception—there was no train Sunday night. The day train left Blankford at about noon, and reached here about two o'clock in the afternoon; the night train left Blankford at about ten o'clock at night, reaching here a few minutes before midnight. I may say that there were no trains going from Boomville toward Blankford during the afternoon or evening, though that fact has nothing to do with this case as far as I can see. I had business in this city which would demand my presence here for a short time—only a few hours—during the early part of the week which has now become of so much interest to us as the week which witnessed the removal from the scenes of earth of Mrs. Constance Craig. (I am thus particular in my statements because of the importance of my evidence.) The remainder of the week it was necessary should be spent further up the line of road, at several small towns which I need not name. I went down to Blankford on Saturday morning; you will remember that this was the Saturday before the death of Mrs. Craig; I found it convenient not to return until after the noon train of Sunday had passed; that compelled me to delay my trip home until Monday noon. I returned to Boomville at two o'clock on Monday afternoon; I put certain papers, which I desired should reach Blankford without delay, in the hands of a trusty man, a former employé of the railroad company and well acquainted with the men on the road, with orders to board the first train, freight or otherwise, going toward Blankford, and to deliver them as soon as possible; I mention this to show how thoroughly in earnest I was when business matters demanded my attention, and to add something of emphasis to a statement I am about to make regarding my plans for my own movements. My plan was this: I would execute certain papers at my office, a matter involving only a little time, and would then devote all the time I could to other business, while arranging to take the first train up the road; I accordingly engaged a hack-driver to come for me in season for the first train up; he was to come for me at eleven o'clock at night if no freight had arrived before. Well, the hackman came at eleven o'clock; no train had arrived from down the road; I learned later that the heavy storm along the coast—a storm which had struck Blankford early Sunday evening and which was raging when I left there Monday noon—had delayed the freight traffic; the weather was cloudy and threatening here, but we had no storm. I went to the station. I saw the train come around the curve. I saw a man go down upon the rails, evidently stunned by his fall. I sprang down before the engine. I dragged the man from the track. I was none too soon. The engine almost touched me as I sprang to a place of safety. The first person who came to my assistance was the man I had intrusted with the papers I wished delivered at Blankford; there had been no train down the road. Well, I got so interested that I missed my train; I spent the remainder of Monday night in hearing something of the story of the tramp whose life I had saved; I recognized him as a man who had got on to the train, Monday afternoon, some ten miles from Boomville. I gave the rescued man work; when he had shown faithfulness and honesty, I gave him money for his work; when—but that doesn't matter.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard me say that this tramp rode into Boomville on the train which brought me from Blankford on Monday; you have heard me say that no train left this city, in any direction, until the express train of Monday night; you have heard me say that I dragged this tramp from the danger of sudden death when the train came in; you have heard me say that I was with him until Tuesday morning. Gentlemen, on my oath, and on my honor as a Christian gentleman, that is the truth.

"The indictment charges Gilbert Senn with the murder of Constance Craig, at a house three miles from the railroad and more than fifty miles from here, some time between the evening of Monday, November fifth, eighteen hundred and sixty, and the morning of the Tuesday following. I swear that the tramp who rode into Boomville on that day at two o'clock, the tramp whose life I saved at midnight, *was no other than Gilbert Senn!*

"That is my testimony.

"And now," turning to the prosecuting attorney, "do you wish to cross-examine me?"

The bewildered lawyer shook his head.

"Your honor," said Aldrich, addressing the court, "the defense will offer no more testimony, and I shall make no other argument than I have been forced by the nature of the case to incorporate with my own sworn evidence. I ask that the jury be charged to acquit."

"*This—is—remarkable,*" said the prosecuting attorney.

"It *is* remarkable," Aldrich said, quietly; "but it is as I have stated. I shall make no attempt to combat nor explain the wonderful circumstantial evidence you have adduced. Your only weak point was the fact that I could prove an *alibi* for Senn; I have done that. You desire justice. Will you join me in asking the judge to charge the jury to acquit?"

"I will."

In five minutes the jury, without having left their seats, presented their verdict.

With all the solemnity of law, with all the dignity of power, it was declared in due and regular form that Gilbert Senn was "*Not Guilty!*"

Day was done when they told Gilbert Senn that he was free—that he could go now, when he wished—and where—to hide his pain and shame and disgrace as best he could—that the law had nothing more to ask of him on behalf of the woman who faced an awful death in her lonely home, ten years ago, and of which they had shown that *some one* must be guilty.

Day was done! The last rays of the setting sun were falling coldly upon the snow-covered hills, or touching the treetops with a wondrous glory.

Day was done! What a day it had been! What a day for all those who had looked and listened while this strange drama of life and death had worked itself out to the end. To the end! To the strange end it had reached!

Day was done. The spectators were going home. Some were saying "Guilty"; some were saying as the jury had said; but those who were saying as the law had decided were few—very few; the tide of public opinion, when the strange end came, had been upon the ebb; what power would ever be able to make the dead waters of distrust and prejudice flow again?

The spectators were going home! Home! And Senn had no home to which he could go.

Among the spectators, friend was going with friend! Where, among them all, had Senn a friend? Where?

The merely curious hurried away; supper was waiting for them, no doubt, and, if they could not enjoy the unusual spectacle of seeing a miserable fellow-man sentenced to be hanged, they could at least enjoy the comfort of a good meal. Happiness has its degrees, you know.

Senn tried to speak with Aldrich, but the young lawyer turned coldly away, and stood with his back to the man he had saved, to listen to the congratulations of other lawyers on his "masterly defense"!

The jury filed slowly out of the room. They would not look squarely at Senn—not one of them. It was more than evident that they would join with the citizens, in a stately way befitting the dignity of jurors, in carping at the questionable ways in which law coquets with justice. Not from them, nor from the executive officers of the law, did Senn get a kind word nor a smile.

Senn turned to go. The judge came down from his bench. The oldest member of the Bar approached him respectfully, and said a few grave words to him. For answer the judge looked admiringly at Aldrich, disapprovingly at Senn, and then shook his head with a slow and ponderous gravity. The judge, it was evident, regarded the defense as a shrewd and shallow trick; the judge, it was easy to see, put good circumstantial evidence above an awkward and unlikely truth.

Senn hurried, now!

He passed his wife. She wore her vail down, so that he could not see her face; but she turned away her head as he passed, and she drew her dress closer to her, with a quick, shuddering motion, as though she feared he might chance to touch her.

Miss Matilda Webb, who had returned from the hotel, met Senn at the door and drew back as she might have done had a wild beast stood in her path.

Senn went out—out into the cold street—out into the cold night—out into the colder and drearier world in which he seemed to have no part.

"No friend—no friend in all the world," he muttered, bitterly, as he faced the biting blast; "there is no one who believes in me—no one who thinks I am innocent—no one who trusts me."

"You are mistaken!" exclaimed a voice at his elbow; "*I* believe in you."

Senn turned quickly.

Prier stood at his side.

"*You* believe in me?" cried Senn. "*You* believe I am innocent?"

"Certainly. I never believed you were guilty."

"Then why—why——"

XUM

"Gilbert Senn, I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody, and——"

"And so you meant to hang me?"

"No, sir. I shall not allow an innocent man to suffer death. I——"

"Stop! Tell me, why do you allow an innocent man to endure the mental torture which has been forced upon me?"

"Because you deserve it! Why don't you come forward like a man and tell the truth? You didn't kill Constance Craig; I have never thought——"

"But you endangered my life to-day; the spectators were almost ready to take me out and hang me."

"I—I hope not, Senn, and because I don't want the old saying that 'dead men tell no tales' applied in just that way in your case. It did look threatening for a minute or two, though, didn't it? I had no idea your cold-blooded citizens of Maine were half so touchy; the occasion was a dramatic one, though—very dramatic."

"Yes, I should think it was," said Senn, with sarcasm.

"Now, seriously, Senn, while you are not guilty, and while I have never believed you guilty, I am sure that you know who is the murderer of Constance Craig?"

"No, Mr. Prier, I do not *know* who is the guilty one."

"But you suspect?"

Senn made no answer.

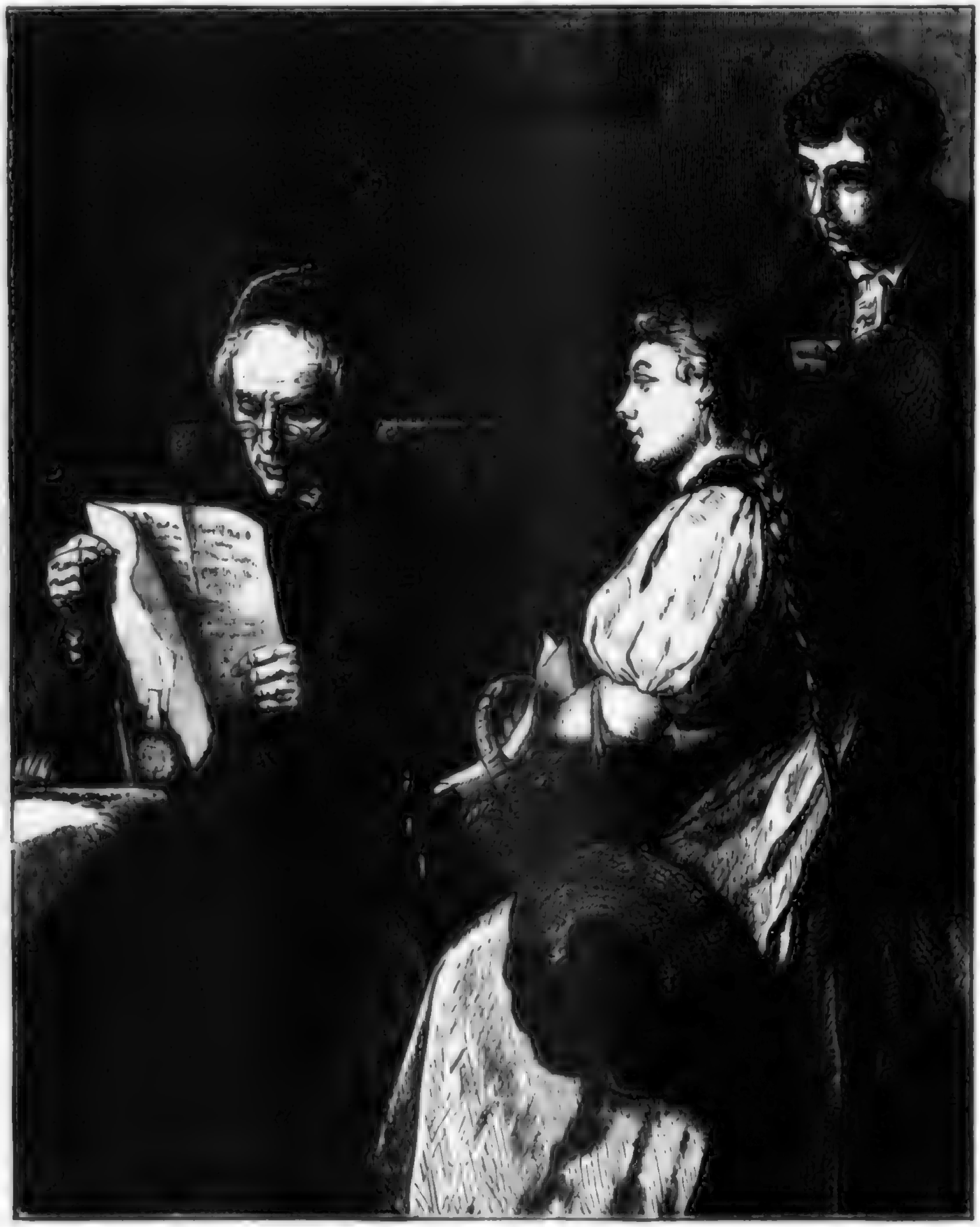
"You suspect," cried Prier; "I know you suspect. Tell me who you think did it!"

"Never!"

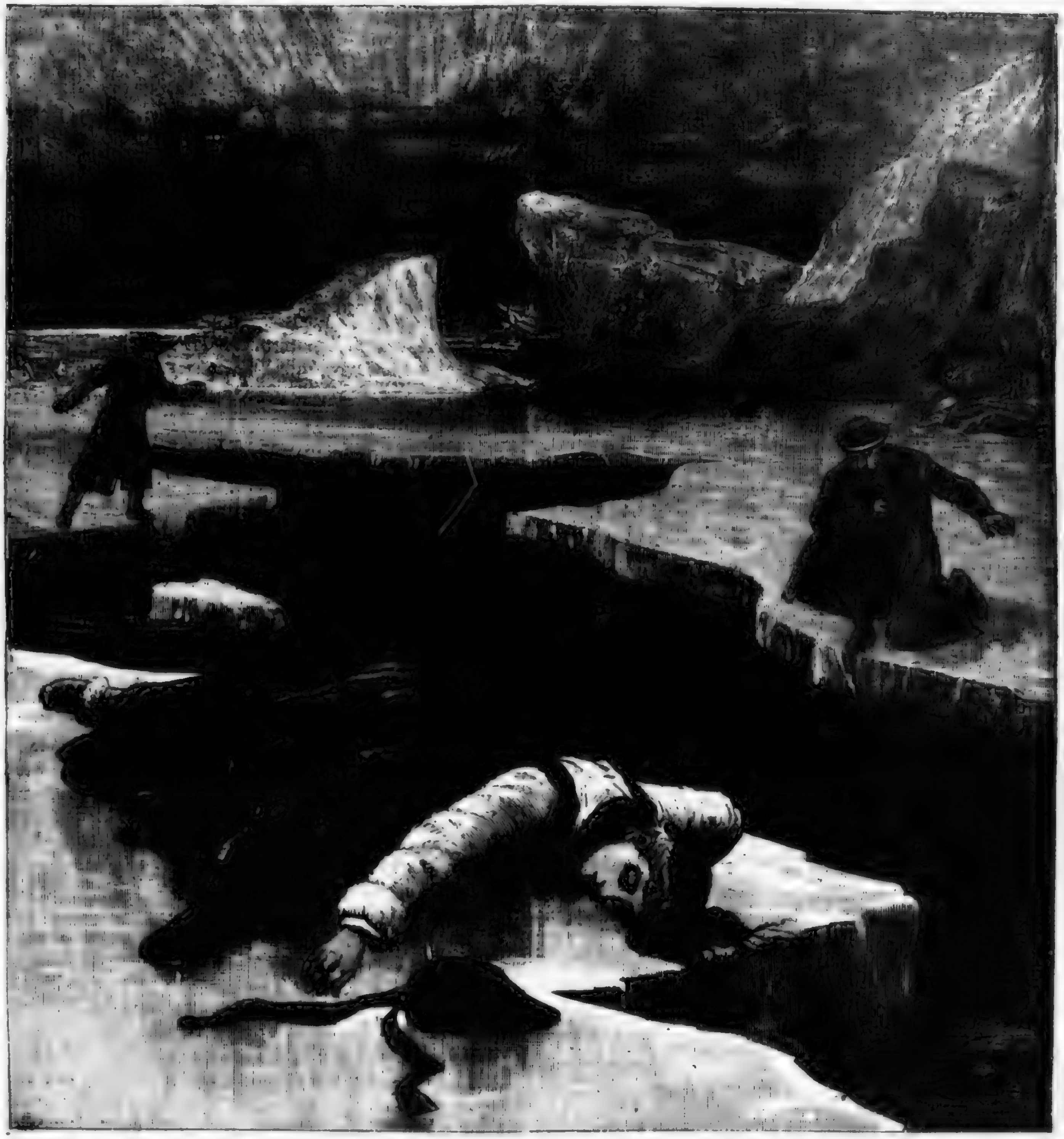
"Tell me! I beg you to tell me! Think of the weary days and months and years during which I have brooded over this problem! Think how every clew has fallen from my hands! Think how every bit of evidence has proven worse than useless! See, I beg you on my knees to tell me what you *know—suspect—guess—fear—imagine!* Tell me, and I will be your friend. Put me in possession of the true clew, and I will bless you. Fail me, and I——"

But Senn had dashed around the corner at his best speed, and was hidden from the anxious eyes of the detective by the deepening shadows of the night.

(*To be continued.*)



CONSULTING THE LAWYER.



RODIR'S WEDDING-NIGHT.—"WHILE RODIR WAS LOOKING AT THE DARK WATER AT HIS FEET, THE FLOE UPON WHICH KUDRUN AND THE GIRL WERE, PARTED WITH A SHARP REPORT, SEPARATING THEM BY A RAPIDLY WIDENING CHASM."

RODIR'S WEDDING-NIGHT.

By C. L. Hildreth.

The wedding-bells were pouring their last golden harmonies upon the still Norwegian Winter night. For a half-hour the sturdy arms of the ringers had sent forth the joyous summons, at whose first peal the bride, escorted, according to custom, by her nearest male relative, should have entered the church-door.

But she had not yet arrived. The altar was blazing with a hundred waxen lights. Through the stained windows the shapes of saint and symbol fell in rainbow hues upon the deep snow. The priest, already robed, with book in hand, stood within the altar-rail.

The groom, a strong-limbed, handsome young man, with bronzed features and bluff, sailor-like air, waited near, casting anxious glances toward the church-portal, where his bride should long since have appeared.

The guests spoke in suppressed tones among themselves. There was an oppressive sense of some nameless impending disaster weighing upon the assemblage.

The bell-ropes slipped from the chilled fingers of the ringers. The chimes died away in a low, hollow murmur, and a dead silence fell upon the church. And still the bride delayed.

"What can have happened to Olga?" whispered one of the guests. "It is but a mile from her house to the church, and when I passed, an hour ago, I saw her by the window, fully dressed."

"Yes; and I saw her cousin Kudrun's sledge waiting before the door. He was to bring her to the church."

"I would sooner go to my wedding on foot and alone," said a pretty girl, with a shiver, "than accept that dark-browed, secret man for my escort."

"And yet," replied another, "it is said this same Kudrun was madly in love with Olga, and proposed to her three times. In fact, so persistent was he that Olga finally told him frankly that she loved another, and could never be more than a friend to him."

"Yes," was the response. "And I have heard Olga say that the expression which darkened his face at her words terrified her. She said he took an oath that, since he could not possess her, no one else should. However, he seems to have repented and she to have forgiven him. He has professed a great friendship for Rodir, and now he brings her to-night to marry his rival."

"Brings?" echoed the other. "He has not brought her yet, and it is three-quarters of an hour after the time."

"What does it mean?"

"Something is wrong. The delay is ominous."

"Look at Rodir. His face is white as his shirt. But yonder comes the messenger he sent to Olga's dwelling. We shall know all presently."

At this juncture a youth of the village made his way into the church, and hurriedly approached the expectant bridegroom.

"Speak," said Rodir, anxiously. "Why does not Olga come?"

"No one knows," replied the youth, breathlessly. "I could not find her."

There was a general exclamation of wonder and dismay among the guests.

"Gracious Providence!" cried Rodir. "What has happened? Tell me all?"

"Alas! there is nothing to tell," returned the messenger, sorrowfully. "It is a dreadful mystery. I went to her dwelling, and there learned from her old nurse that she and Kudrun started for the church in his sledge, an hour ago. You know that there is but one road between her house and this place. Many people who could not come to the church were waiting at their doors to greet her as she passed by. I questioned everybody. No one had seen the sledge. Neither she nor Kudrun had passed that way."

There was a sudden movement in the assemblage, indicative of excitement and alarm.

"Where is she, then? Where has Kudrun taken her?" cried several.

"I ran back toward the house," continued the youth, "and just at the turning which leads to the road running northward to the sea I discovered fresh traces of sledge-runners in the snow. I recognized the runners as those belonging to Kudrun's sledge, because they are set wider apart than any other in the country."

A deep, threatening murmur arose among the guests. Olga was like a sister and a daughter to the women of the simple Norwegian village, and Rodir's frank manliness had won the respect and affection of the men. If he had appeared among them at that moment, Kudrun, generally disliked, would have met with a doubtful welcome.

"Listen," said Rodir, in a cold, stern voice. "All is now plain to me. This man Kudrun once made a vow that, since Olga could not be his, she should never be another's. He has torn her from me. But he shall not escape. I will pursue him to the ends of the earth, and woe to him when I have him in my grasp. Those who love their wives, mothers and sisters, fellow me."

So saying, he rushed out of the church, followed by the tumultuous and angry guests, and in a moment the bridal party was organized for a strange, wild hunt.

Rodir led the way in his sledge drawn by two powerful horses at a headlong pace.

When the turning in the road was reached, however, it became necessary to moderate their speed.

It was near the end of the long Norwegian Winter, and the snow, many feet deep, had leveled the hillocks to a smooth, frozen plain.

The sledge driven by Kudrun, not being confined to the road, had taken an oblique course, and could only be followed by the ruts of its runners in the snow.

More than once the trail was lost in the darkness, and much valuable time wasted in recovering it.

This, added to the hour's start which Kudrun had already in his favor, made the pursuit almost hopeless.

During one of these delays Rodir lost sight of his companions.

Maddened with rage and grief, he drove hither and thither over the snow until his eye once more caught the track of the fugitive's sledge.

Without waiting to inform the others, he urged his horses on as fast as he dared go.

For an hour longer he managed to continue the pursuit at a fair pace; then the track entered a region of small hills and hollows, where it became so confused as to reduce his pace to a walk.

"Is there no pity in heaven?" he groaned, uplifting his eyes to the cold sky. "Must the wicked escape and the innocent be lost?"

At that moment, as if in answer to his reproach, that strange and beautiful phenomenon, common to the long nights in the northern latitude, burst upon his sight.

Over the sky before him crept a faint, greenish glimmer, floating to and fro like a gauzy vail agitated by the wind. Then it deepened to a rich purple, fringed with crimson, and in a moment more a brilliant arch spanned the heavens, flinging off sparkles of dazzling white light, and rendering the earth below as bright as noonday.

"The aurora!" he cried. "Thank God, she is saved!"

The traces of the sledge lay plain before him. He urged his horses into a gallop, and the smooth runners slid swiftly through the snow, scattering it on either side like foam.

His hopes rose to something like certainty. The sledge before him was double-loaded, and drawn by one horse only. His own was drawn by two of the most powerful in the country. Still the fugitive had, counting delays, two hours the advantage of him.

He lashed the horses until the spirited animals seemed to fly rather than run. For three hours he kept on at this headlong speed, and now he began to perceive the keen, damp wind which blows off a large body of ice.

"The sea!" he muttered, arising and looking around him.

Some miles ahead of him he could dimly perceive the white masses of ice, with dark streaks of open water between them.

In places the floes were piled up into veritable mountains; in others they lay as smooth as the water itself.

And now a new apprehension began to haunt him.

What did Kudrun mean to do with Olga? In the direction in which he was going there was no town and no means of escape. On one side the barren, snow-covered plains extended for hundreds of miles without a human habitation. On the other was the frozen sea, shoreless to the very Pole.

Was he really desperate enough to destroy her and himself? Was this the meaning of his threat? A cold perspiration bedewed Rodir's forehead, and the reins nearly slipped from his grasp.

At this moment, far beyond him, he beheld a dark, moving spot, so distant and so dim that he could not make out its character.

But his instinct told him that it was Kudrun's sledge. There before his eyes, almost in his grasp, was his beloved one with his enemy.

Once more he struck his horses with the whip.

But it was too much. One of the animals, utterly exhausted, stumbled and fell, and the sleigh came to a standstill.

Springing out, he cut the harness of the other one, and, flinging a fur robe over its back, mounted it and rode on at a gallop.

In ten minutes more he was so near the object of his pursuit that he could hear Kudrun's voice urging on his weary horse.

"Stop!" Rodir shouted, "or it will be the worse for you."

A malicious laugh was the only answer. They were now upon the seashore. The partly floating ice afforded a devious and uncertain path for the sledge, which Kudrun now directed boldly upon it, followed by Rodir.

A few hundred yards from the beach a long, narrow fissure checked the sledge's advance; beyond, a vast, broken floe was moving slowly seaward.

"Villain! I have you now!" cried Rodir, springing from his horse and running toward the sledge upon the very edge of the chasm.

But Kudrun, without replying, seized the insensible form of the girl in his arms, and, with a desperate leap, crossed the open water and stood upon the floating ice.

"I shall keep my oath," he cried, turning and facing the despairing Rodir with a triumphant smile. "We are floating out to sea. We shall die together."

He deposited the girl upon the ice and advanced to the edge of the fissure, in order to witness the impotent despair of his hated enemy.

While Rodir was looking into the dark water at his feet, with the desperate intention of plunging in and swimming across, the floe upon which Kudrun and the girl were, parted with a sharp report, separating them by a rapidly widening chasm.

Kudrun ran toward the fragment bearing the girl. But it was too late. More than twenty feet intervened.

"At least," he exclaimed, savagely, menacing Rodir with his clinched hand, "she will be lost to you all the same."

But his wicked prophecy was not to be fulfilled. The floe supporting the girl, after a moment, took a slow but decided drift toward the spot where Rodir stood watching it in an agony of hope and fear.

Its retrograde motion was such that, at the same moment it touched the shore, it wedged itself against the fragment upon which Kudrun stood.

With a hoarse cry, he sprang forward as Rodir stooped and lifted his unconscious bride in his arms,

Rodir had no clear conception of what followed. The two vast bodies of ice, grinding together by the force of the waves, emitted a deep, hollow groan.

There was a report like a crash of near thunder, and a shower of keen particles of ice shot into the air.

When his eyesight cleared again, he saw, where the floes had been, a boiling mass of water and broken ice. Kudrun had disappeared!

He bore Olga to Kudrun's sledge, which remained in its former position, and covered her with the heavy robes. After a little she revived, and looked about her with a convulsive shudder.

"You are safe, darling!" murmured Rodir, tenderly.

Perceiving who it was that bent over her, she buried her face in his bosom and held him fast with her trembling hands.

"But where is he?" she asked, raising her head and shrinking still closer to him.

Rodir pointed to the open space of water, still agitated with the explosion.

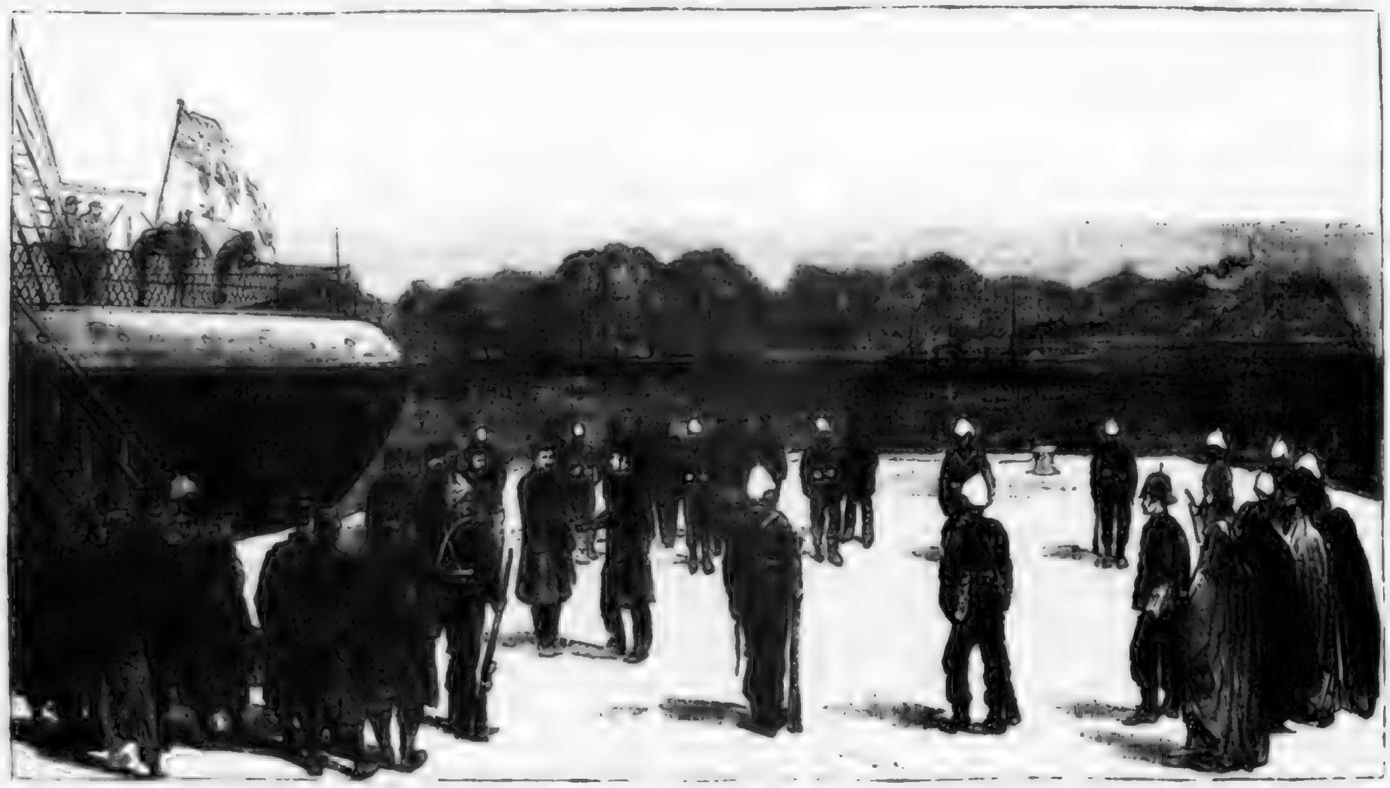
"His death be on his own head," he replied, in a low voice. "He would have destroyed you, and wrought me a deeper injury than death. The hand of God was upon him," he added.

The journey back over the bleak, snow-clad plain, under the spectral glory of the aurora, was accomplished in the silence of deep joy and reverential gratitude.

As at that season of the year, in that part of the world, there is no sun for many weeks, though the wedding did not take place for forty-eight hours after the time set for it, there can be no objection to the statement that Rodir and Olga were married on the same *night* of their memorable journey.

IDEAL SLEEPING-ROOM.

The "ideal sleeping-room" will face the east. It will be not less than fifteen feet square, with windows on two sides for light and ventilation. For further ventilation it will have an open fireplace. The walls will be hard-finished and tinted with a color that will be restful to the eye. The woodwork will be finished in its natural color, paint not being admitted. The floor will be of hard, polished wood, with small rugs for comfort that are shakable weekly. Everything that would invite dust will be strictly excluded, therefore the furniture will have no extra carvings. The one hair mattress will be of the best quality, made in two parts for convenience in turning and airing, with a woven wire spring beneath. The bedclothing will be the lightest, at the same time warmest, consisting of blankets and white spread. All extra adornments of lambrequins and fancy things of no use will not find a place here. The curtains will be of thin, washable material. The "coming woman" will plan to have her bed set away from the wall for health's sake as well as convenience. Modern "conveniences" will be let alone as far as stationary wash-basin, with hot and cold water, is concerned, the portable wash-basin being used instead; she preferring to do a little extra work to running any risk of being slowly and genteelly poisoned. Her bed will be spread open the first thing in the morning, and the sunshine and air invited to do their part toward airing and cleansing of the same, and the making of the bed will be the last of the morning duties. The "coming woman" will plan a big closet in each sleeping-room, with a window for ventilation, if a possible thing. It will not be a receptacle for old boots or shoes, nor antiquated bonnets, hats, or soiled clothing. There will be plenty of hooks at the proper height for her to reach, the carpenter not forgetting to put those in the children's closet at a suitable height for them. The children will be remembered in this house, and will have a room with a hardwood floor where all their belongings can be kept, and they can play to their hearts' content, without being told not to do this or that for fear of hurting the carpet or furniture; where everything shall be usable and bangable, plenty of old chairs and boxes for trains or circuses; where they can decorate the walls with pictures, and have a good time generally.



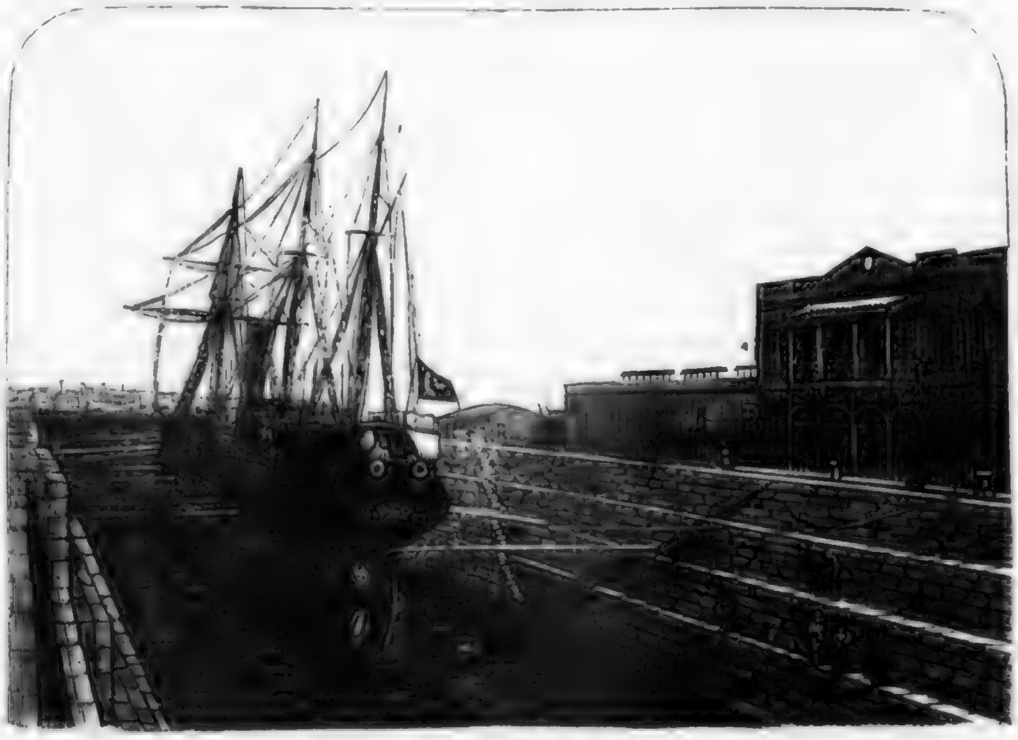
A RED SEA STEAMER AT SUEZ.

FROM THE SUEZ CANAL, THROUGH TWO SEAS, TO THE EQUATOR.

By Colonel Chaillé-Long.

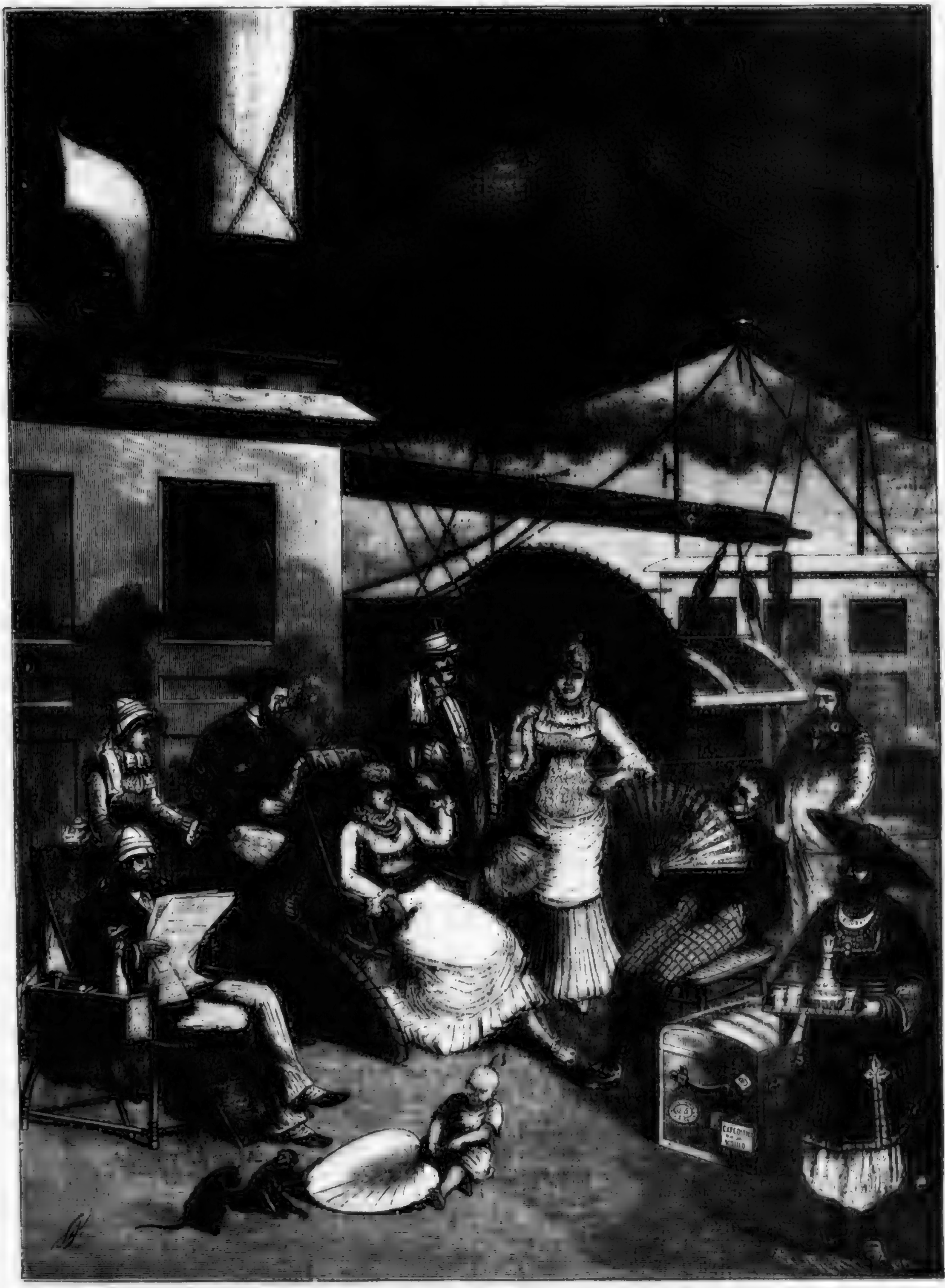
Six hundred years before the Christian era, an Egyptian prince, the son of King Psametik, undertook to complete the Canal across the Isthmus of Suez, began as far back as Seti I., the father of the great Ramses. The undertaking, however, was abandoned at the bidding of an oracle, which said: "You are working for the barbarian."

Twelve hundred years later, when Egypt had passed under the dominion of the Caliphs, Omar "Prince of the Faithful," remembering the fiat of the ancient oracle, forbade his great general, Amrou-ben-el-As the Conqueror, to join the two seas, for the reason that "the Canal would give easy access to the dreaded corsairs of the Mediterranean." It would have been well for Egypt that the "Good Saïd" and the "Prodigal Ismail" of our day had taken heed of the lesson of the past before granting the concession to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps; for the successful completion of the Canal, whilst it has conferred a benefit upon the commerce of the world, has practically been "working for the barbarian," and has "given easy access to the corsairs of the Mediterranean," for such, in fact, are the Europeans, who, struggling for place in Egypt, in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, have destroyed or absorbed the commerce of Egypt and for ever dispelled the hope of the autonomy of that country, and become, by reason of their newly awakened jealousies, the despoilers of Egypt, rather than her natural protectors and guardians.



THE DRY DOCK, SUEZ.

At this moment the English are in Egypt, and in the Red Sea have seized the ports of Suakin, Assab and Berbera. The Italians have taken Zeilah and Massowah. The French are at Obok, Madagascar and the Comoros. The Germans are at Zanzibar. These are the nations whose vedettes have already taken ground along the Canal and the two seas to the Equator, in anticipation of the struggle for supremacy in the matter of extension of their respective colonial commerce. Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, apparently appreciating the fact that the Canal had not only robbed Egypt of her commerce, but threatened its very political existence, endeavored to regain the lost ground and secure the recognition of the Great Powers in some such manner as did his illustrious grandsire, the great Mehemet-Ali, who wrung from



ON A RED SEA STEAMER.

Europe, when victorious before the gates of Constantinople, the concession of the hereditary throne of Egypt. To this end, it was necessary to enter upon a campaign of conquest, and for this purpose the proposition of England was acceded to, and Colonel Gordon was appointed Governor-general of what were to be known as the equatorial provinces. It was necessary to anticipate the expedition of Henry M. Stanley; widely known as an American, but who, in fact, was a Welshman, and even if a naturalized American, and this is doubtful, was actually carrying the English flag—a fact which left no doubt in the mind of Ismail that Stanley was an agent of British interests in Central Africa. For this reason, among others, the Khedive took care to select an American officer, for some years in his service, and through Prince Hussein, then Minister of War, convey to him the admonition that he was expected to carry, as speedily as possible, the flag of Egypt to the central equatorial regions. When this had been successfully accomplished, Ismail, through his Minister of Foreign Affairs, lost no time in addressing a note to the Powers, in which he affirmed the annexation to Egypt of all the countries in and around the great lakes as the result of his Egyptian expedition.

It was with the purpose of conquest, rather than the pretense of discovery, that Ismail adopted the inspiration of General Gordon, who, from his headquarters at Gondokoro, planned the expedition to the Indian Ocean. General Gordon's letter, dated Lado, February, 1875, to his chief of staff, is as follows:

> "MY DEAR LONG: Experience has shown that communication between Gondokoro and Cairo, 2,700 miles, is very difficult. Steamers cannot make more than three trips between Gondokoro and Khartoum per annum. Wood is not plentiful, and will soon be scarce in vicinity of river. Price of coal puts it out of the question. A route from Mombas Bay (Indian Ocean) to advanced Egyptian ports is 200 to 400 miles. Once opened, a firm hold would be established on the rich and promising land south of Gondokoro. North of Gondokoro, as far as Khartoum, the country consists of wretched marshes never likely, from pernicious climate, to be of any value. Inhabitants of the central district much more intelligent and civilized, and likely to prove valuable subjects to H. H. (His Highness), *who has already considered the question* (sic). It would entail small cost—viz., a steamer to Mombas Bay, with small, well-assorted quantity of stores and 200 black soldiers taken from bateau destined for those parts. Zanzibar, being near, could supply any petty wants, and I should work toward the sea. Profound secrecy till complete realization of project, for political reasons, should H. H. approve. Wish the expedition to be considered as belonging to my *Mohmour* (Government). I have written H. H. warmly recommending you as the proper officer to command the expedition.
>
> "C. G. GORDON."

In obedience to General Gordon's order, I hastened to Khartoum *en route* to Cairo, to confer with the Khedive. At Khartoum he telegraphed me:

> "Received your telegram about Mombas to M'Tsé. Study expedition with Gordon, then come to Cairo. It should be kept a profound secret.
>
> ISMAIL."

Arrived in Cairo the 23d of May, 1875, I was received at the palace of Abdice, and welcomed with much enthusiasm by the Khedive. His schemes of conquest, thus far unbalked, bade fair to accomplish the desired result.

At Kas'-el-Nil he caused me to be given a public reception, at which princes, Cabinet Ministers and superior officers of the Army and Navy were bidden and obliged to pass before me and take my hand, placed at the post of honor beside the Khedive. My two soldiers, companions in my expedition, whose courage and devotion I had extolled, were called, and Ismail himself conferred upon them the rank of *bash-schonish* (sergeant-major), and, *mirabile dictu*, pinned upon their breasts the decoration of the fifth class of the Medjidieh, a distinction never before conferred upon a private soldier in Egypt. The black and battle-scarred faces of Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman were curious pictures to behold. Alas! that such generous emotions should be frozen by an act which I cite in order to prove the inmate sordidness of a prince who was capable of the noblest inspiration as well as the meanest.

On the following morning I received a visit, at my hotel, from Mustapha Bey, then Master of Ceremonies, who told me that the Khedive desired me to send the two soldiers to him to the palace: that he wished to reward them. At the hour designated they were sent in a carriage, and later they stood before me holding in each hand a small bag. Their faces, on which I had learned to look as in a mirror, plainly expressed their ill-concealed contempt and rage. "*Owze eh?*"—(What now?)—I said, addressing Saïd. They silently passed me the bags, in which I counted, with amazement, *fifty piastres each*, equal to twenty-six francs! The carriage had cost me exactly that sum. To appease their wounded feelings, I gave them from my own purse, the sum of thirty pounds each. Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman shortly afterward returned to the Soudan, and I have never seen my brave companions since. Were they with Gordon or the Mahdi? Was it Saïd, become a Pasha, whom Gordon caused to be shot? (It will be remembered that one of the two Pashas whom he had caused to be shot, and whom he declared to be *innocent* subsequently, was named Saïd.) I have not been able to hear aught of them, although I have made many attempts to learn their fate.

On the 16th of September the expedition was in readiness to move. I had been recalled from France, where I had been struggling to get rid of persistent jungle fever, to take command of the proposed expedition, although the grave troubles which had arisen on the Abyssinian frontier had quite decided Ismail to send me there. Colonel Ahrendhrup, a gallant Danish officer of the Egyptian staff, was, however, sent, mainly through the interposition of his young wife. Fatal interference! for several months later couriers brought me news of a disaster in Abyssinia. Ahrendhrup and his entire command had been destroyed.

General Loring, a distinguished American officer, who commanded a *corps d'armée* in Egypt, was sent down to stay the tide of Abyssinian invasion. He says, in his account of the affair: "Crushed by the weight of thousands, the men were rolled in a bloody mass down the steep incline in a death-grapple with their merciless foes. In a little while Rushdi and Arakel Beys were killed, and all was silent in the valley and on the mountain-side. The firing had ceased. It was the silence of death."

On the night of the 16th, having been warned to secrecy by the Khedive, who bade me an affectionate "God-speed," I left Cairo in a special train for Suez. In the interval of preparation for departure, and placing my men, with a large quantity of stores, on the steamers *Tantah* and *Dessouk*, which had been detached from the merchant service and placed under my orders, I had ample time to ramble about the City of Suez.

Suez, in Arabic *Soweis*, is situated at the extremity of the Canal, and at the head of the Red Sea, which there forms the Gulf of Suez. Red, sunburned hills rise from the opposite shore like phantoms in the air, and reflect their shadows across the waters of the gulf. The city is a collection of badly constructed houses of Arab architecture, relieved only by a few houses constructed by the

Canal Company, the Khedive's châlet, the British Hotel and a picturesque mosque. Suez has a population of 15,000 inhabitants, chiefly Arabs, mixed with the ubiquitous Greek, Armenian and Jew, who control its commerce, and keep it supplied with mastika and other liquors. It once gave great promise of becoming an important city; it was a stopping-place for Indian passengers and the freight which was shipped for the overland passage; but the Canal has made it like its terminal sister city, Port Saïd on the Mediterranean, a mere coaling station for passing ships. A tradition places near Suez the route taken by the Israelites when they crossed the Red Sea (Ex. xv. i). Not far away are the springs known as "Moses' Well," situated in the desert in an oasis, where, under the grateful shade of the tamarind and palm, the air laden with the perfume of flowers, the Arab of Suez delights to come and forget the noisome odors of his city abode.

It was midnight of the 18th when a special train brought me the promised messenger with my sealed orders, which were not to be opened until we had steamed five hundred miles southward. Two hours later, having established my quarters upon the *Tantah*, and accompanied by the *Dessouk*, we quitted Suez. On the third day "Ali Captan" reported to me that we had reached the designated point, and asked, "*Riah faoe delwachti?*"—(Where are we going now)? Breaking the seal, I read as follows:

> "PALACE OF GHEZIREH, *September 17th*, '75.
>
> "COLONEL: In conformance with the verbal orders given you, you are to leave Suez, where you will find three companies, munitions, etc., which you will take to Berbera upon the steamers *Tantah* and *Dessouk*. You will deliver to McKillop Pasha the instructions of which you are the bearer. . . . McKillop Pasha will embark two other companies at Berbera, and sail for Juba immediately. It is not necessary to repeat that I desire that the secret shall be kept as to the destination of the expedition until you arrive at Juba. I have written to McKillop in this sense, and I charge you to reiterate this order to him verbally. I count, colonel, upon your zeal, your activity, and your intelligence. . . . Be assured, colonel, of my friendly sentiments: ISMAIL."

I therefore ordered "Ali Captan" to steam for Berbera, where we would be joined by McKillop and embark both infantry and artillery on the Egyptian men-of-war *Latif* and *Mehemet-Ali*.

McKillop Pasha was an Englishman, an experienced and gallant officer of Her Britannic Majesty's Navy, who, during the War of Secession, had run the blockade at New Orleans, and for this breach of duty Mr. Seward addressed the British Foreign Office a note which resulted in McKillop being relieved from service, but he was sent to Egypt as Admiral commanding the Egyptian Navy—a change which McKillop could not but regard as in the nature of a reward.

Keith Johnson, the geographer, says in his book entitled "Africa," that "the Egyptians have also advanced along the coasts of the Red Sea and south of Massowah. In 1874 the town of Berbera, on the Somali coast of the Gulf of Aden, was occupied by the troops of the Khedive, and the whole coast of the Danakil country, between that and Massowah, with most of its ports, was taken possession of by Egypt. The harbor of Zeilah was made over to Egypt by the Porte in July, 1875, and later in the same year the Khedive's troops marched thence inland and took possession of Harrar.

"Not content with this, the Egyptians grasped the ports of Brava, Juba and Kismayu, on the east coast, in January, 1876."

This, in fact, was the work in which McKillop and myself were now actually engaged.

The tedium of life on our crowded ships, the decks of which were closely packed with men, horses, mules and guns, was relieved by a resort to story-telling, the favorite pastime of the Egyptians. In this way I became acquainted with the lives of almost all of my officers, some of whom had been designated to this dreaded expedition by a jealous wife, who had thus succeeded in securing the punishment of a husband for some fancied or actual neglect. Others had been promised promotion and a wife with a handsome *dot* from the royal harem, which would give them rank and position and constitute them members of the royal family. The harem of the Khedive numbers 500 or more slaves and concubines; of these four are raised to the rank of princess, and are recognized as his lawful wives. The rest constitute a fold from which he may select at will such as he may desire to give in marriage to some officer, not only as a reward for services, but in this way to extend the influence of the royal family, and attach to it those who have distinguished themselves in the higher grades of the Army. The harem, therefore, is not a mere collection of women, purchased at great expense to gratify the caprice of the prince, as the vulgar believe. It is, in fact, a potent political factor, which may strengthen and build up a dynasty.

My second in command was Major Farhard—known as *Farhard Mogibe Bimbachi.*

The Bimbachi was an odd sort of a genius. He had been soured by not having been made the subject of a royal favor. In place of that, as he told me, he had been the victim of an intrigue, by which he was married to a repulsive old woman with one eye, and without a piastre, "sight unseen," of course, for a man never sees his wife until the knot is tied. I entertained my officers frequently at dinner, but I was finally obliged to suppress this little courtesy, for the most of them, commencing with Farhard, had the incurable habit of playing with their feet in the interval of the service at table, and this, joined with the rough weather, made it positively insupportable.

The Red Sea, when calm, is beautiful beyond description. The deep blue of the water is rendered more pronounced by contrast with the arid, cloud-like hills which stretch in broken lines along the coast. Near the shore, bordered by green foliage, the shallow waters on the coral reefs assume a deep-green hue. If to this scene a sail be added, you may have a perfect picture of what seems in reality a "painted ship upon a painted ocean."

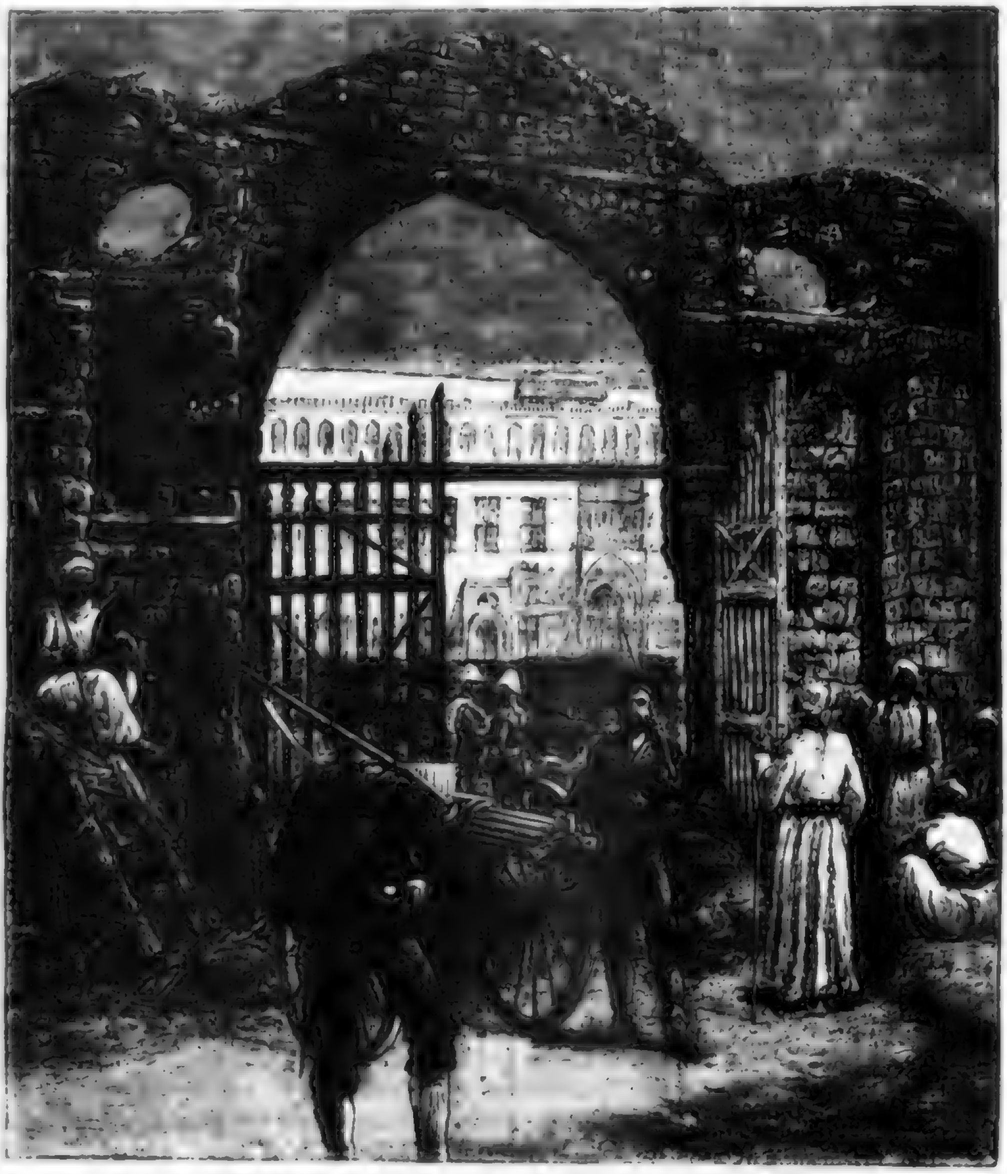
At night, as we approached Suakin, a singular spectacle presented itself to the astonished vision of my men. The intense evaporation of the waters of the sea fills the atmosphere with a luminous mist, through which the rays of the moon breaking shed a halo of golden light, through which the ship silently glides on her course. The phenomenon is due to the excessive warmth of the water, over which the chilled winds of the north commence to blow at sundown, and this produces the mist.

At the end of the Sinaitic peninsula, on our left, may be seen *Gebel-el-Zeit*, or Oil Mountain, so called because of the large petroleum wells which are said to run in continuous streams into the sea. Ismail endeavored to have them worked, but without success. Nubur, the Armenian Minister of Foreign Affairs, however, has taken up the matter, and, it is said, has sent for a number of European oil men with necessary machinery. If it should prove a success, American petroleum is in danger of being supplanted in the Eastern market.

Kosseir, and the ruins of Berenice, on the Egyptian coast, may be seen from the deck of our ship as we pass.

Both these places connect with Keneh on the Nile by a desert route, along which may be seen the great quarries from which the ancient Egytians extracted the stone with which the colossal structures of the Thebaide were built. A day's march in the interior from Berenice may be found the once famous emerald mines, which were worked in turn by the ancient Egyptians, the Caliphs, the Sultan Mamelukes and by Mehemet-Ali.

Djeddah, on the Arabian coast, is noted for the horrible massacre of Christians by the Arabs in 1858. Djeddah is twelve miles distant from Mecca, the sacred shrine of the Moslem, to which an endless throng ever pours through the gates of Djeddah, which derives its importance from this fact. Djeddah is, in fact, a *vilayet*, or department, of Mecca. The commerce of the city is considerable, and its bazaars, stored with the richest fabrics of the Orient, outrival those of Cairo, Damascus and Bagdad. It is a great market for mother-of-pearl, coral, balsams and gums, and is celebrated for the famed horses of Nedjid, and the white asses which are so highly prized by the Pashas and Beys of Constantinople and Cairo. Djeddah is more remarkable still, as containing the grave of our common mother Eve (?). At least the Arabs so believe, and just without the walls of the city they point with great marks of veneration to the huge mound, certainly one hundred feet long, which they tell you contains her sacred dust.



AT A GATE IN SUAKIN.

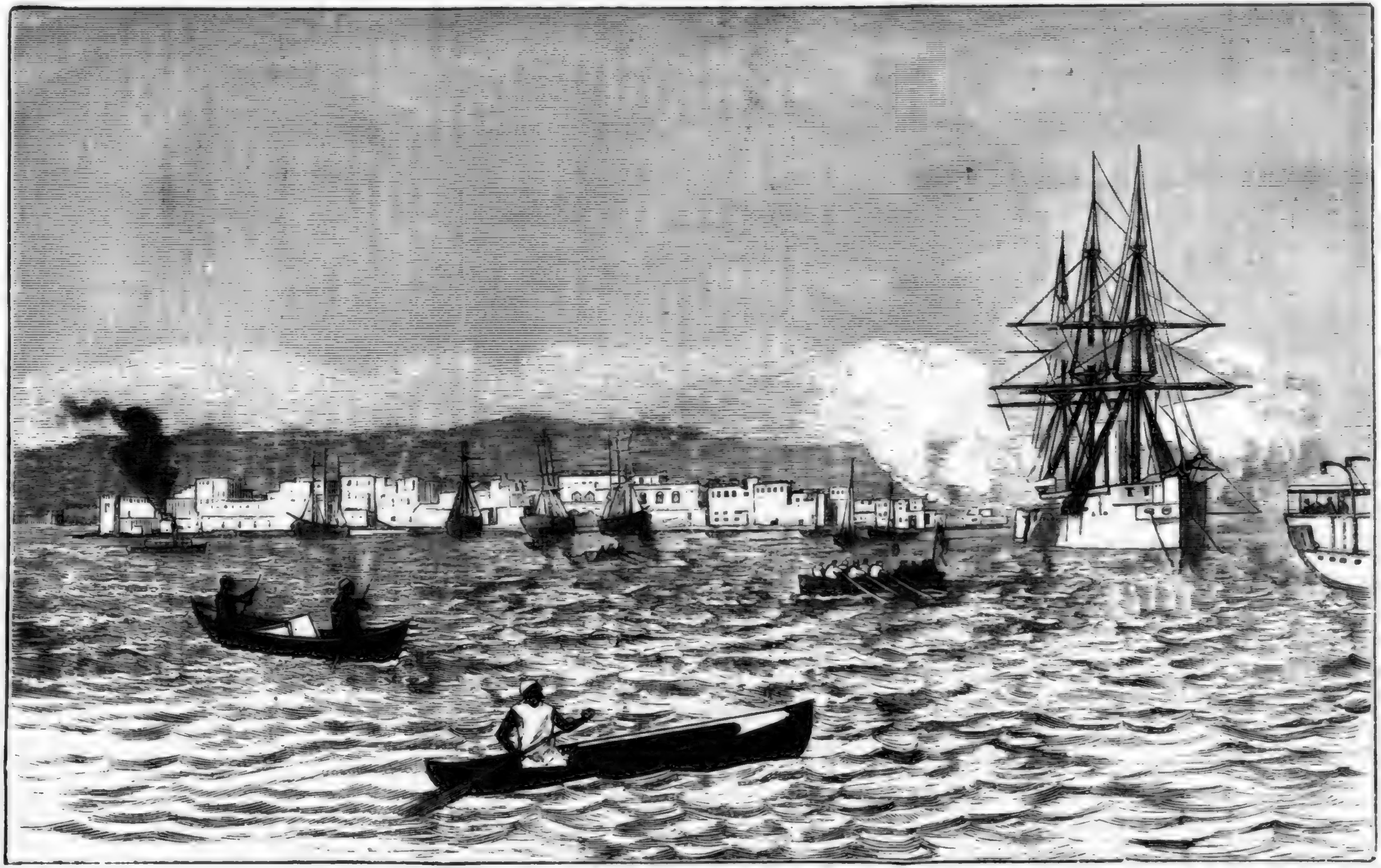
Suakin, on the Egyptian coast, is a city of 10,000 souls, composed chiefly of the nomad Bishareen, with a mixture of the negroes of the Soudan. Built upon a small island or coral reef, it forms, with its crescent shape, a natural and excellent harbor. The fort, residence of the governor and mosque lend an air of dignity to the place, which is dispelled upon a near approach, for the houses are merely the rudely constructed huts of the Bishareen, or the stalls and bazaars of the market-place. Suakin was an important *entrepôt* of the products of the Soudan, brought by caravans across the desert from Khartoum, or Berber on the Nile. To acquire this commerce England has given proof of a very decided policy; first, by recommending and imposing General Gordon upon Egypt as Governor-general of the Soudan; and later, by sending the plant of a railway to Suakin, to be laid to Berber, even at a moment when it was proposed to eliminate the Soudan from Egypt, the better to obtain it for England, either by diplomacy or *vi et armis*, from the barbarian Mahdi, whom Lord Dufferin proposed to recognize as the "Ancestral Sultan" of the Soudan. The continued successes of the Mahdi, ending with the fall of Khartoum, had confined the English forces until now to the occupation of Suakin, and temporarily checked all intercourse with the interior. There is but little doubt, however, that when it shall be resumed the trade of the Soudan will be with Liverpool, for Suakin is practically an English port.

Suakin is justly famed as the hottest place in the Red Sea, if not on the globe. I pointed out the city to my officers as we passed, and recalled a conversation to Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, who was with Gordon and myself, as aide to Gordon. Nearly two years before, when *en route* to the Soudan, we were sitting on the veranda of the Governor's house. Two sentries near by were pacing to and fro, when one of them said:

"Ye Abdallah! You knew Suleiman, our brother, who died from the effects of the heat?"

"*Arafou*"—(I knew him)—replied Abdallah.

"*Chouf, Ye Achoui*"—(Listen, O my brother)—continued Mustapha. "Last night Suleiman appeared to me whilst I slept, and said: 'Mustapha, Suakin is indeed hotter than hell—for I am in hell, as you may suppose. *Gehenneh*—(hell)— is a cold place compared to Suakin; so much so, that the night of my arrival there, feeling cold, I woke up the devil to ask him for a blanket.



SUAKIN, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR.

Surprised, he asked me: '*Askar*—(soldier)—whence came you?' When I told him Suakin, he replied, '*Araf*'—(I understand)—and thereupon he cried out: 'Give the man from Suakin a blanket.'"

Aden is a peninsula situated on the south coast of the Province of Yemen, in Arabia Felix, in latitude 12° 47′ north, longitude 45° 10′ east. The inhabited peninsula covers a space of thirty-five miles square, and contains a population of 20,000 souls, exclusive of the English garrison, which numbers 3,000, composed of all arms. Ibn Batutah, the Arab geographer, visited Aden, and described it as "a large city, but without either seed, water or trees." The remains of its ruins, still visible, prove that it was once a magnificent Arab city. At present the town consists of about 2,000 whitewashed houses, built of stone and mud.

The history of Aden is a myth. It is first mentioned in history as a place where a Christian church was erected by order of the Emperor Constantius, A.D. 342. From that period down to the English occupation it has been the scene of interminable struggles with the Abyssinians, Persians and Mohammedans, who in turn have taken possession of Yemen. In 1513 Don Alphonso d'Albuquerque, who had been dispatched from India to the Red Sea to aid the Abyssinians against the Mohammedans and capture Aden, attacked the fort, but was repulsed. In 1538 Soliman the Magnificent, the son of Selim, Sultan of Turkey, seized the whole coast.

In 1551 the inhabitants rebelled, and handed over the place to the Portuguese, from whom it was recaptured by Peri Pasha of Egypt. In June, 1839, a force, consisting of Her Majesty's ship *Volage*, 28 guns, and *Cruiser*, 10 guns, 300 Europeans and 400 native troops, bombarded and took the place. On my arrival at Berbera, on the opposite coast, General Schneider, the commandant at Aden, sent an officer to ask me by what authority the Egyptians assumed command of Berbera. "Go and tell your master," I replied, "by the same law that maintains him in Aden—the right of conquest. If he does not like my answer, tell him to come and put me out."

On the 1st of January, 1885, the English Government took possession of Assab, Harrar, Zeilah and Berbera, the French Government having been in possession of the ports of Tadjourah and Obok some time before. Obok passed under the dominion of France in 1881, and was ceded by treaty to that country by Menelik, King of Shoa, and with the assent of King John of Abyssinia, to whom Menelik is tributary.

Obok is destined to prove a point of great importance in the future operations which may take place in the Red Sea, and serves France for the moment as a coaling station for her naval and merchant marine service, which heretofore was obliged to coal at Aden.

The above-named ports along the Red Sea coast have been seized and taken from actual Egyptian control. Barren and waterless archipelagos which jut out from the coral-reefed coast, they are now the picket-stations of European nations who have set out upon a campaign of extension of colonial commerce.

Berbera, opposite Aden, is situated in the arc of a deep bay, bordered by a sandy plain which stretches its locked arms into the sea, forming a breakwater and good harbor. It was here that my expedition arrived on the night of the 25th of September. I found McKillop Pasha with his command engaged in the construction of a pharo. Having delivered him my instructions, we set about the preparations for our further expedition. Troops were landed and exercised, and the additional forces put in condition for the coming campaign. During this necessary delay, I had an opportunity to meet, for the first time, the Somali race, which, with the Danakils, the Gallas and the tribes of Issa, form the great part of the inhabitants—speaking a mixture of Arab and the Galla—comprised in the triangular space formed by Cape Guardafui, with its base reaching from this point to the Juba River. The Somali is tall, and clearly shows both his Hamitic and Semitic origin in the lips and nose. The head is long and narrow, the forehead, prominent; the color, a copper-brown, and the hair, woolly. Though pastoral, he is warlike, and is constantly at war with the interior tribes of the Gallas. During these incursions, in which almost every male of the tribe takes the field, whether old or young, the Somalis commit their flocks of sheep and goats to the care of their wives and their daughters.

A Somali warrior told me that among the Gallas a runaway match is considered much more honorable than a quiet marriage. The lover, however, takes no active part in the *enlèvement*. This is done by his friends, who steal the girl away and carry her to the lover's hut, where they proceed to kill a cow, and, sprinkling the girl with the blood, cause her to drink also from their hands. The lover then appears, and the union is considered inviolable. The *dot* is not a material consideration. The Gallas are practical socialists, and the *sine quâ non* of a simple sheet, which they wear in the form of a toga, is within the reach of all. Liberty, equality and fraternity is not an unmeaning expression either in Somali or Galla land. They have solved the question of labor and capital, for no one labors, and they are innocent of money as of a change of shirt. It frequently happens, however, that a young lady without the charm of beauty is a drug in the matrimonial market. Custom in Galla land provides a remedy. With the aid of her parents—anxious, perhaps, to get rid of her—she climbs the inclosure of the hut where the man resides whom she has selected. Falling upon her knees, she proceeds to beat the ground, waiting for hours until he appears, when the law declares them man and wife, whom no man can put asunder.

On the 30th of September the expedition, further reinforced by two companies of infantry and a detachment of artillery, placed on board the men-of-war *Latif* and *Mehemet-Ali*—McKillop flying the Admiral's flag on the latter vessel—sailed from Berbera southward to Cape Guardafui, which we passed on the 4th of October. Cape Guardafui terminates the Egyptian coast of the Red Sea. The Socotra Islands stand out in the sea, as if broken off from the peninsula by some mighty shock and upheaving of nature. Rounding the Cape, our course is changed down the Indian Ocean to the Equator.

Ras Hafoun is reached on the 6th of October; the nose of the peninsula of which Cape Guardafui is the forehead. Ras Hafoun juts abruptly into the sea, forming a bay and breakwater against the monsoon winds at this season of the year. The dark, gloomy sides of this mountain headland, as it looms up from out the unbroken silence of the sea, is rendered the more lugubrious in the nighttime, and assuming such fantastic and diabolic shapes that my Arab soldiers and sailors declare that Ras Hafoun is *Wich bet'Afrite*—(the Face of the Devil).

The native Somali, until now, recognized the authority of Sultan Mahmoud, the Imam of Muscat. It was a mere nominal authority, however, for the sheik gladly sold out to us for a few Maria Theresa dollars and a bright red shirt. After the arrangement had been completed, I landed with a detachment of soldiers, and climbing the steep sides of the mountain, planted upon its highest peak a flagstaff, to which the ship's carpenter had nailed the flag of Egypt, made, for better durability, from a piece of sheet iron, on which I had painted the crescent and star. This done, a proclamation announcing the Khedival authority was read in the presence of the assembled chiefs, and the flag was saluted.

On October 15th our joint expedition arrived and took position before the fortified town of Brava. Lieutenant Hassan Wassif was sent on shore, and after considerable delay, the officer commanding the troops of Zanzibar came on board the *Mehemet-Ali*. Convinced of the impossibility of successful resistance, he agreed to capitulate, and a company, under the command of Lieutenant Ibrahim Effendi, was sent on shore to occupy the fort, which he found already abandoned—the nondescript soldiers of Saïd Burgash having anticipated the action of their commander, and fled in alarm toward Zanzibar.

Twenty four hours later we arrived off the mouth of the Juba River, the objective point of our expedition. An angry sea was raging upon the bar, but notwithstanding this, McKillop ordered a naval officer and six men to man one of the two boats lowered whilst we followed with the second. As we approached, the high sea suddenly carried up the lieutenant's boat, and, toppling over as it fell, it was dashed to pieces before us, and disappeared for ever with its human freight. Quickly reversing oars, we succeeded in escaping the same fate by the merest chance, and returning, gained the ship, saddened by the fate which had befallen the unhappy boat's crew. A Somali fisherman, who witnessed the catastrophe, came off to us and said that it would not be possible to enter the Juba at this season, but that we could find a good harbor at Kismayu, a few miles further south, and accordingly we got under steam for that point.

Kismayu is situated fifteen miles south of the Equator, in the bend of a land-locked basin half a mile wide, the entry to which is rendered difficult by reason of the narrow passage, guarded on each side by huge boulders of rocks. In the afternoon of the 16th we succeeded, after careful soundings, in entering the port. In the distance could be seen with the naked eye a stone fort, mounting several guns, bearing directly upon the pass. The village consisted of a collection of huts, the homes of the Somali, which we subsequently learned numbered fifteen hundred. The garrison, composed of four hundred soldiers of the Zanzibar Army, and aided by an auxiliary force of Somali warriors to the number of 200, could be seen acting under great excitement. The gunners held in their hands, and waved with angry gesture, the torches with which they threatened to fire their guns—I, say *threatened*, because I am glad to say the Zanzibar soldiers had never fired these guns, captured from a Dutch man-of-war which they had doubtless wrecked. They were *afraid* of the guns, they afterward naïvely acknowledged to me. Our supply of water both for man and beast was quite exhausted, and it was necessary to effect a landing as quickly as possible. Wellnigh a month in the close quarters to which we had been subjected had told very severely upon us all. I therefore sent Hassan on shore with orders to confer with the commandant of the town. He returned with four dignitaries, who had scarcely touched the deck when they insolently ordered us to clear out, adding, "We have soldiers, and"—pointing to their guns—"seven big cannon, and we will prevent you from landing. Such is the answer of Sultan Hamet, our governor." Quietly nodding to Hassan, I bade him take the sheiks for a tour round the ship and present them to McKillop, who, in the meantime, was donning my finery for the occasion, he having left his at Cairo. Whether it was McKillop's gold lace, or the long row of ugly-looking Armstrongs and Krupps with which the *Mehemet-Ali* was armed I know not—it is certain that when Hassan brought them back, they were much more subdued, and politely asked to be sent back. In the meantime I had been actively engaged in lowering boats, and when the first detachment was reported ready, I informed one of the sheiks that he could go ashore with my men, and that his comrades could follow when I had completed the landing of several companies. "If a shot is fired, say to Hamet I will hang your friends, and hang Hamet when I catch him."

Daylight the next morning found four companies, which had been landed during the night, with several field pieces and a *mitrailleuse*, in position on the beach in front of the town. The sheiks were permitted to return, and were bidden to demand the surrender of the place in the name of the Khedive of Egypt. Hamet was plucky, however, and after waiting for some time for a reply, I quietly detached a company, and under cover of the sand hills, gained the rear of the town unperceived, and taking them in hand, rushed with fixed bayonets into their unguarded rear, and without a shot Kismayu was in our possession.

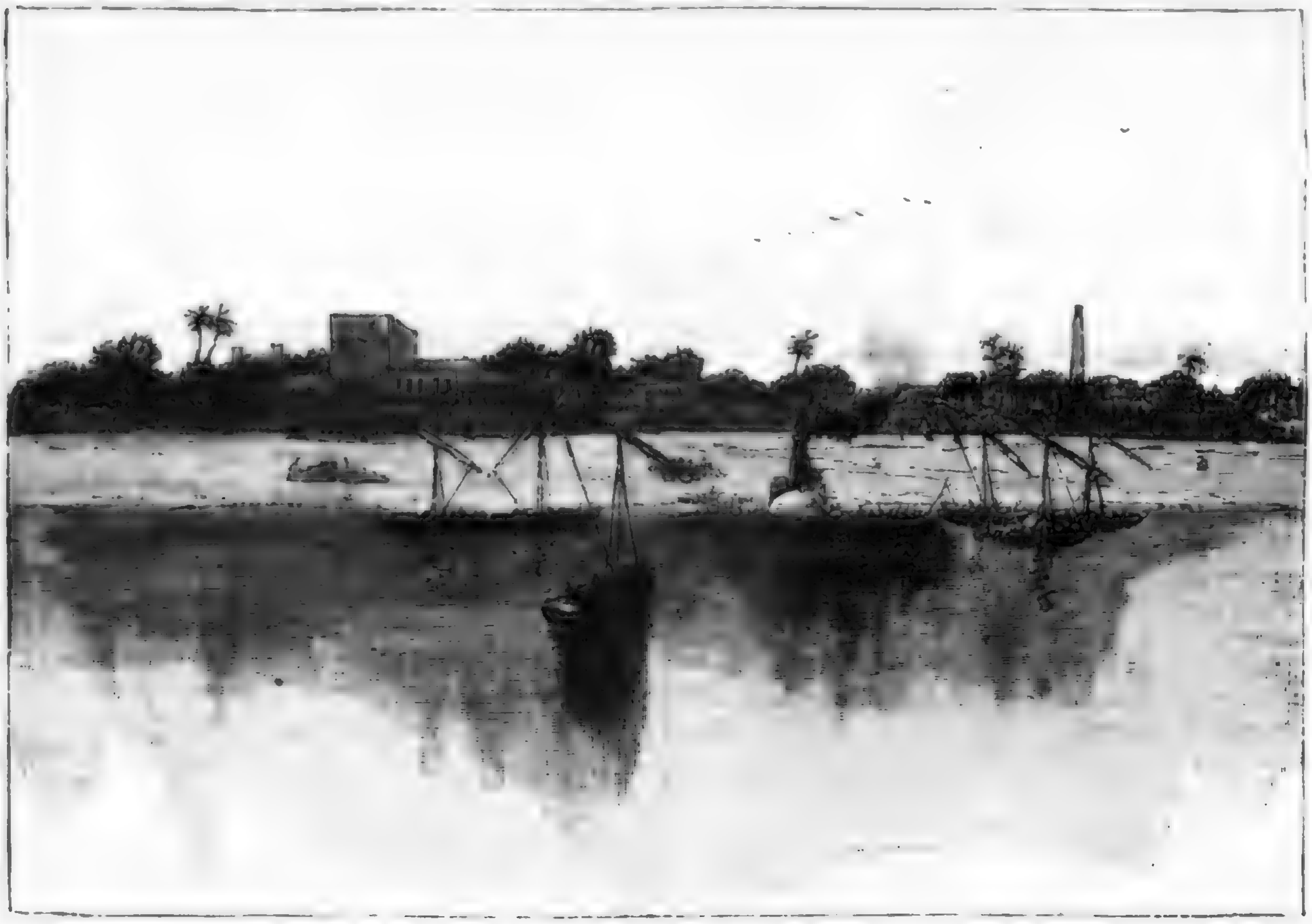
That there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous was well illustrated by an incident, at which I laughed heartily afterward. As we rushed into the fort two giant tamed ostriches playfully placed themselves in our front and shared with me the honor of the capture.

The discomfiture and surprise of the Zanzibarians was complete. They threw down their arms at once, and were quickly surrounded by my troops in front. They were immediately paroled and allowed to take their arms. They put off for Zanzibar to report the capture to the Sultan. That they did this with great credit to themselves may be imagined when we subsequently learned that Dr. Kirk, then Her Majesty's consul, and Mr. Badger, his countryman, and an agent of Saïd Burgash, were hurried away to Aden on the Sultan's steamer, and telegraphed to Lord Derby as follows:

> "The Egyptian pirates are in my land. Have taken my commerce and country, and massacred my soldiers. Come to my aid.
> "SAÏD BURGASH."

The Sultan's alarm had a special significance, and there is reason to suspect that Dr. Kirk shared Burgash's embarrassment. Kismayu was a great slave-trading port, and its capture meant that the 400 slaves found there (the joint property of the Sultans Saïd and Hamet) had fallen into the hands of the Egyptian *pirates*. As a matter of fact, I captured 400 slaves found in the town, and having liberated them, they were told to "scuttle away," which they did, standing not upon the order of their going. When it will be remembered that Dr. Kirk had already assured the world that the Sultan Saïd had issued a proclamation abolishing the slave trade, the extraordinary telegram for relief signed by Saïd, but inspired by Dr. Kirk, may well be understood. The presence of the entire garrison of Kismayu in Zanzibar should have been a sufficient answer to the doubtless excited and lying reports of a massacre. It is a fact of which I am proud that during this entire expedition no life was taken, nor a single life lost save by accident or by the act of God.

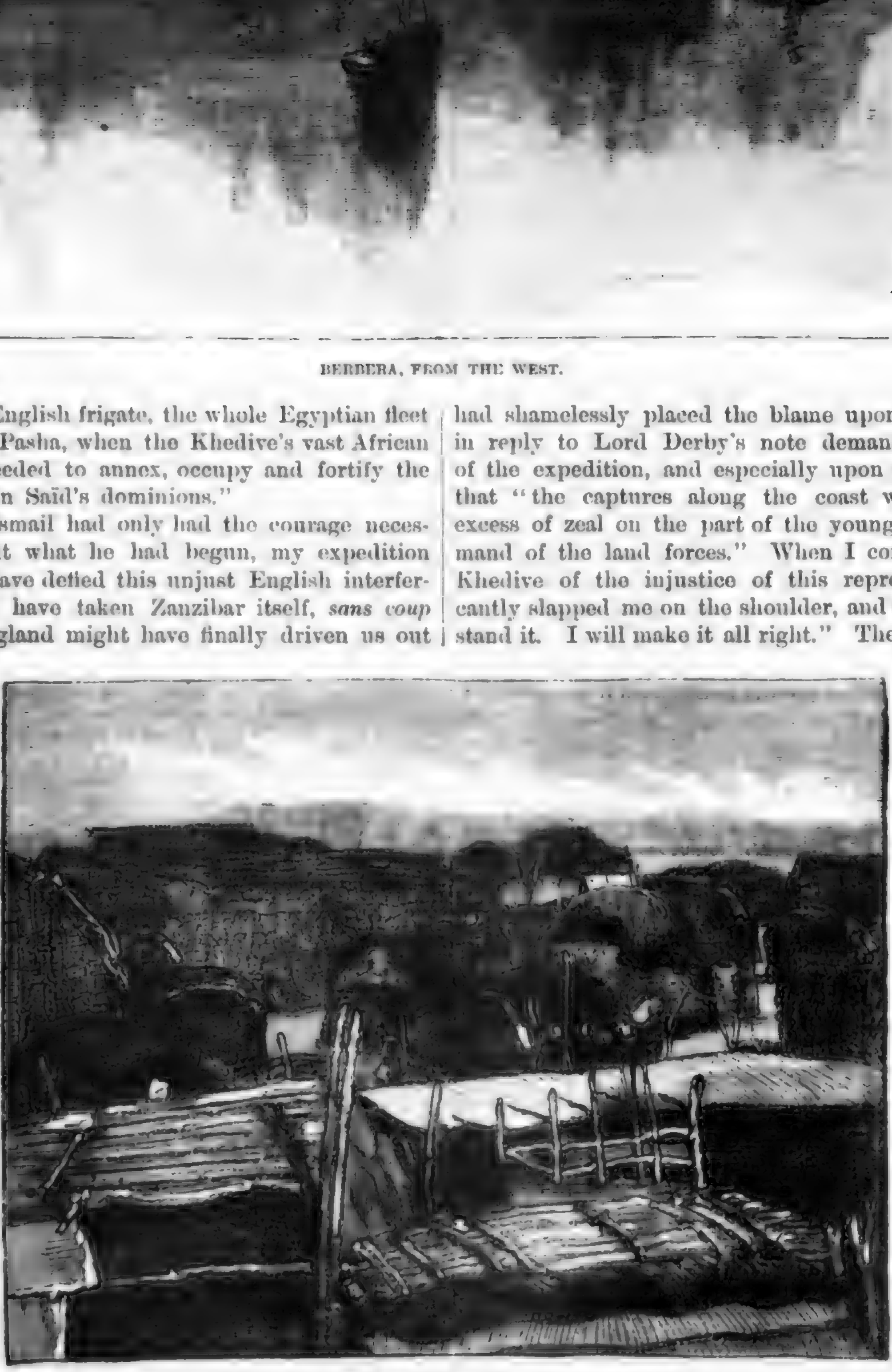
Dr. Kirk was rewarded for his promptness in reporting the Egyptian invasion, and was knighted by Her Britannic Majesty's Government. Mr. Johnson, in a recent article in the London *Graphic* referring thereto, says: "To Sir John Kirk alone we owe it for having driven



BERBERA, FROM THE WEST.

away, with one English frigate, the whole Egyptian fleet under McKillop Pasha, when the Khedive's vast African expedition proceeded to annex, occupy and fortify the principal ports in Saïd's dominions."

For a fact, if Ismail had only had the courage necessary to carry out what he had begun, my expedition could not only have defied this unjust English interference, but could have taken Zanzibar itself, *sans coup ferir*. True, England might have finally driven us out of Zanzibar, but could not have dislodged us from the coast. It was a lost opportunity for Ismail, and the precursor of other ills, which ended in his dethronement.



A SOMALI VILLAGE.

As for McKillop and myself, we were made, for our pains, the scapegoats of Ismail's pusillanimity, for, some months later, we learned, when returned to Cairo, that Ismail had shamelessly placed the blame upon our shoulders in reply to Lord Derby's note demanding the recall of the expedition, and especially upon me, for he said that "the captures along the coast were due to an excess of zeal on the part of the young officer in command of the land forces." When I complained to the Khedive of the injustice of this reproach, he significantly slapped me on the shoulder, and said: "You can stand it. I will make it all right." The fact is, neither McKillop nor myself ever received the promised promotion or reward.

To return to Kismayn. The surrender was marked with great pomp and ceremony. The troops were dressed in gala for the occasion, paraded and formed in a hollow square around the flagstaff, from which floated the blood-red flag of Zanzibar. Sultan Hamet was dressed in a rich costume, with turban on his head and feet incased in red Morocco boots. From his shoulders hung in graceful folds a white cloak, richly embroidered in gold, which fell to his feet. He was a mild almond-eyed Arab, a cousin of the Sultan Saïd, and for this reason he received, by courtesy, the title of Sultan. Hamet listened in silence to the proclamation which declared the future authority of Egypt over the land. The Zanzibar flag was saluted and hauled down, and the Egyptian colors run up amid the loud huzzas of my soldiers. Hamet asked and received permission to remain with us until he heard from his cousin the Sultan. He feared to go to Zanzibar, for the loss of the slaves, more than his governorship, seemed to prey heavily upon his mind, and he said his cousin would hang him if he should go back.

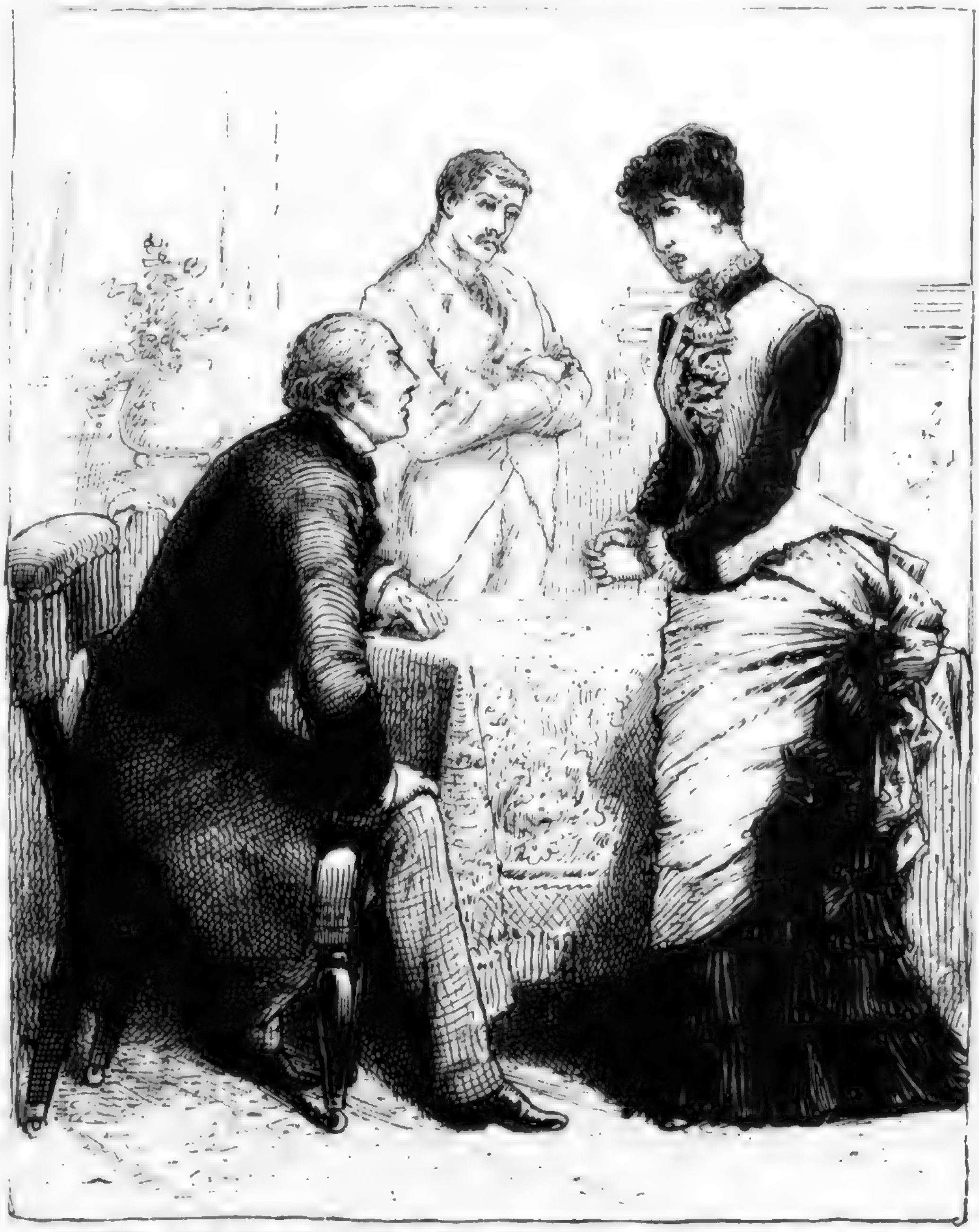
Having established a garrison at Kismayu, McKillop assumed the command of the coast, whilst I moved with my troops—numbering 700 infantry, cavalry and artillery—into the interior, and established myself in a fortified camp on an eminence overlooking the Somali plain and the Indian Ocean, on the Juba River. There, engaged in pushing reconnoissances along a river whose sources are yet unknown, and where, as Sir Richard Burton writes me, an Arab has told him, "there is gold in great quantities," I awaited further instructions from Cairo. There I resumed my acquaintance with the Saïd recently returned from France, where I had met him; and it was whilst on the Juba that a prince of the Comoros, a fugitive from the capital of his brother the Sultan, and laden with jewels and money, came into my camp, with a brilliant escort, to proffer me the Crown of the Comoro Islands. The tragic end of Prince Ali, whom Ismail Khedive robbed and caused to be thrown in the Nile, adds another horror to those crimes of palace by which the desperate viceroy endeavored to avert the *dies iræ* which an implacable fate reserved for this most prodigal and profligate of princes.

BEAUTIFUL MISS DERWENT.

Brookland is a popular Summer resort, and each year can boast many distinguished visitors: but of them, no other ever attracted so much attention as did Stella Derwent. Describing her, a prominent society journal said: "Her face is of the pure Spanish type, though more regular and delicate in its features than is usual among Spanish women. Her hair is jet; her eyes are large, lustrous and fringed with heavy lashes; her complexion is rich and clear; her expression is bright, sparkling, amiable. More remarkable than the perfection of her head is her faultlessness of figure, which combines stateliness and grace both in carriage and in pose."

The description in no wise exaggerated her beauty.

If it be true that "every woman is fond of conquests," Miss Derwent had cause for rejoicing. Before she had been in the place a week most of the gentlemen there resident—whether permanently or temporarily—had succumbed to her charms, vied with one another in paying her their *devoirs*, which she received in a dignified, courteous manner, but with an *insouciance* that stimulated their endeavors to render themselves agreeable to her.



BEAUTIFUL MISS DERWENT.—"SHE CONVULSIVELY EXCLAIMED: 'I CONFESS ALL, AND ASK YOUR MERCY FOR—HIM.'"

There was one gentleman whom she seemed to regard with greater favor than the others—the Hon. John Maxham. He was the wealthiest, most prominent citizen of Brookland, and had secured his title from having several times represented his town in the State Legislature.

Somewhat rising fifty, he looked much younger, and was prepossessing in his personal appearance. He had been bereaved by death of two wives, but was quite ready to marry a third time, provided a woman could be found to comfort his declining years who would creditably fill the position which, as his consort, would be hers.

With him she took long rambles through green pastures and beside still waters; rode behind his handsome bay trotters; not unfrequently dined. So favorable an impression did she make upon the honorable gentleman's daughter and sole heir that she frankly declared to her intimate friend: "I think Miss Derwent would make pa an excellent wife;" no trifling concession, if the effect of her father's marriage upon her patrimony is considered.

The prospective union of Mr. Maxham and Miss Derwent was the general theme of conversation in Brookland, when the community was suddenly startled by an announcement which caused all other matters to fade into insignificance—that the local bank had been burglarized to the extent of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, in currency and negotiable bonds—an announcement that proved only too true.

Of this bank Mr. Maxham was the president and cashier; for its funds he was personally responsible. To make good the deficit it would require the bulk of his worldly possessions. He at once called a meeting of the directors, at which it was decided to offer a reward of two thousand dollars for the apprehension of the guilty party or parties; of five thousand dollars for the recovery of the stolen property; also to employ a skilled detective, who was summoned from New York city by telegraph.

Having arrived in Brookland, the detective—one of the most expert in his profession—made a thorough examination of the building wherein the bank was located and its surroundings; listened to Mr. Maxham's statement of the facts of the case without remark. Then:

"*You* usually open the bank?" he asked.

"Always, when I am in town," replied Mr. Maxham.

"On the morning when you discovered that a burglary had been committed, you found the door locked?"

"I did."

"The windows fastened on the inside as now?"

"They were."

"You had no suspicion of anything wrong till you went to your safe?"

"I had not."

"The door of the safe was also locked?"

"It was."

"Who knows the combination that you use, on the lock to your safe?"

"No one but myself."

"You are liable to be away. In your absence, what does your teller do for money with which to transact the business of the bank?"

"We pay out about the same amount each day. This sum I take from the safe and place in his hands, of course making allowance for a slightly larger demand than the average. If I am to be absent over night, at the close of business he deposits the money in his hands with one of our merchants who has a safe, fireproof and burglar-proof like our own, receiving from him a receipt for the amount."

"Supposing any casualty—paralysis, sudden death or the like—were to befall you, how would the interior of your safe be reached?"

"The combination is on a slip of paper, which is in a drawer of the safe in the town clerk's office, which has three locks. The keys to these locks are respectively holden by the three directors of the bank, and all of them would have to be used in obtaining the slip of paper."

"You seem to have made ample provision for the security of your treasures," smiling. "To guess accurately at your combination would be practically impossible, therefore it must have been learned by some person who watched while you, unsuspecting, opened the safe."

"I do not remember opening the safe when any one was near me."

"Then——" And the detective hesitated.

"I know what you would say," said Mr. Maxham, quietly; "that I must be the guilty person. Fortunately, I can account for every moment during the night when the deed was committed; easily prove an *alibi*."

The days passed on, and not the faintest "clew" was discovered. No stranger had been seen in the place, directly prior to the burglary, nor since it had any one gone from Brookland to whom the slightest suspicion attached. The detective gave up the case and returned to New York.

Meanwhile, Mr. Maxham had walked, rode, dined with Miss Derwent, as usual. She manifested the warmest sympathy for him in his misfortune; in the sweetest voice, declared that trouble was necessary to show one who his real friends are. From another, the assertion would have afforded him no comfort; from her, it did. It convinced him that her regard for him was not inspired by his wealth, which he would probably have to sacrifice; emboldened him to declare his love, in impassioned language, and ask her to become his wife.

"Oh, you naughty man!" she exclaimed, archly looking into his face; her tone far from discouraging.

"I am positive that, as my wife, I can make you happy."

"I have no doubt of it. But your proposal is so unexpected. You must give me time to consider it, before definitely answering it."

"Certainly; you will not allow it to disturb our present friendly relations?"

"By no means!" earnestly,

One evening, some two weeks subsequent to the burglary, a young man named William Avery, a clerk in the Brookland Post-office, called at Mr. Maxham's residence and requested a private interview with him on important business.

"I have company this evening," said Mr. Maxham, when the two were by themselves in the library, "and trust you will be as expeditious as possible."

"I will detain you but a few minutes," Avery replied. "To come directly to the point: Do you know anything of Miss Derwent's antecedents?"

"*What?*" and Mr. Maxham's face flushed angrily.

"Please answer my question. Do you know anything of the lady's past life, even her birthplace?"

"I do not!" with ill-suppressed indignation.

"That foreign gentleman, Count Duprer, has been confined to his room at the Eagle ever since the burglary, has he not?"

"I believe so," sharply.

"Your teller informs me that you once allowed Miss Derwent to see you lock and unlock the bank-safe, and that you did not acquaint the detective with this circumstance?"

"If you have nothing to talk about except her and the count, I must beg leave to end this interview."

"Since Miss Derwent has been in this place," Avery continued, calmly, "she has called at the post-office for her mail, instead of having it sent to the Eagle as other boarders there do; a singular freak, it seemed to me. She has received four letters, each and all of them bearing the same post-mark and addressed in the same coarse, scraggly chirography. Meantime, as many letters have gone from this to the office whence hers have come, and all were for the same person. Hence, I concluded that she was their sender. I firmly believe that one's character is disclosed by his handwriting, in no small degree, and at once made up my mind that he whom I supposed Miss Derwent's correspondent is an extremely rough specimen of humanity. Influenced by an irrepressible curiosity to know what two persons so dissimilar as Miss Derwent and her supposed correspondent could have in common, I wrote to the postmaster of the village where that individual resides for particulars respecting him. Two hours ago, I received the following reply," drawing a letter from his pocket and reading:

"'F——, OHIO, *September 5th*, 18–.

"'DEAR SIR: Yours of the 1st, by which I confess myself surprised, is received. In reply would say: Horace Parsons, concerning whom you inquire, once an estimable, though always an illiterate, man, is a miserable, drunken brute. His daughter, of rare physical beauty, some three years since met a young man who had a handsome face and pleasing manners, with whom she became infatuated, by whom her ruin was effected.

"'Her parents idolized her, and her disgrace caused her mother's death; her father's downfall. The one for whom she sacrificed her honor is a gambler by profession, and capable of doing almost anything to obtain a living without work. He treats her shamefully, yet she worships him. His real name is Louis Carter, but both have *aliases*. I imagine one of hers is Stella Derwent, as Parsons frequently sends letters to that address—lately to your post-office—and I do not know that he writes to anybody else. She furnishes the money for her father's support, doubtless given her by Carter. Very likely Carter is with her in Brookland, though they do not always travel together. If so, look out for him. "'Truly yours, —— ——, P. M.'"

During the reading of this communication, Mr. Maxham sat motionless as a statue, his face bloodless. When it was finished, he said, in a husky tone:

"You think Carter and Duprer identical? That, aided by Miss Derwent, who betrayed the confidence I reposed in her when I indiscreetly allowed her to see me unlock the safe, he was able to and did rifle its contents without leaving any trace?"

"Yes; and that his illness was feigned in order not to be seen by the detective who might have recognized in him an old offender. He would not wish to leave the place immediately after committing the crime, from fear of being suspected; for, in these days of telegraphs, a malefactor gains nothing by an attempt to run away from the scene of his operations."

"True."

"Knowing the relations which have subsisted between you and Miss Derwent—so we will call her for the present—I deemed it best to acquaint you with my views before stating them to any one else."

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness"— tremulously.

"I may be wholly wrong in my inferences. Therefore, I suggest that we go to the room where Miss Derwent awaits your return, anxiously, no doubt"—smiling as he spoke—"and I think I can at once prove her innocence or guilt."

"Very well;" and the two descended to the parlor, where Avery was formally introduced to Miss Derwent.

Presently, without any apparent abruptness, turning to Mr. Maxham, he inquired:

"Did you know that Count Duprer is no count at all? That he has been recognized as a notorious character named Carter?"

The effect of this double question upon Miss Derwent was instantaneous. She trembled like a leaf; the color receded from her cheeks; her eyelids drooped.

"One of his exploits was the ruin of a young girl," Avery continued, not waiting for Mr. Maxham to reply; "and that caused the death of the girl's mother—made a wreck of her father. It is said that she whom he ruined is so completely in his toils that she dares not refuse to act as his accomplice, whatever deed he may plan to commit."

This was too much for her, and she convulsively exclaimed:

"I confess all, and ask your mercy for—him."

We will not prolong our narrative. No arrests were made, but the stolen property was all recovered. The sudden departure of "Miss Derwent" and "Count Duprer" from Brookland was a matter of surprise to all save Mr. Maxham and Avery, who, alone, ever knew their guilt.

To Avery was paid the reward of five thousand dollars, a sum which he considered sufficient to warrant a "new departure" on his part—his marriage to the blue-eyed lassie who had long been the principal figure in his dreams by night and by day; heretofore prevented by his pecuniary circumstances.

Mr. Maxham has not, as yet, found his third wife; nor is he likely to find her so long as he avoids women as he recently has avoided them—and particularly handsome brunettes.

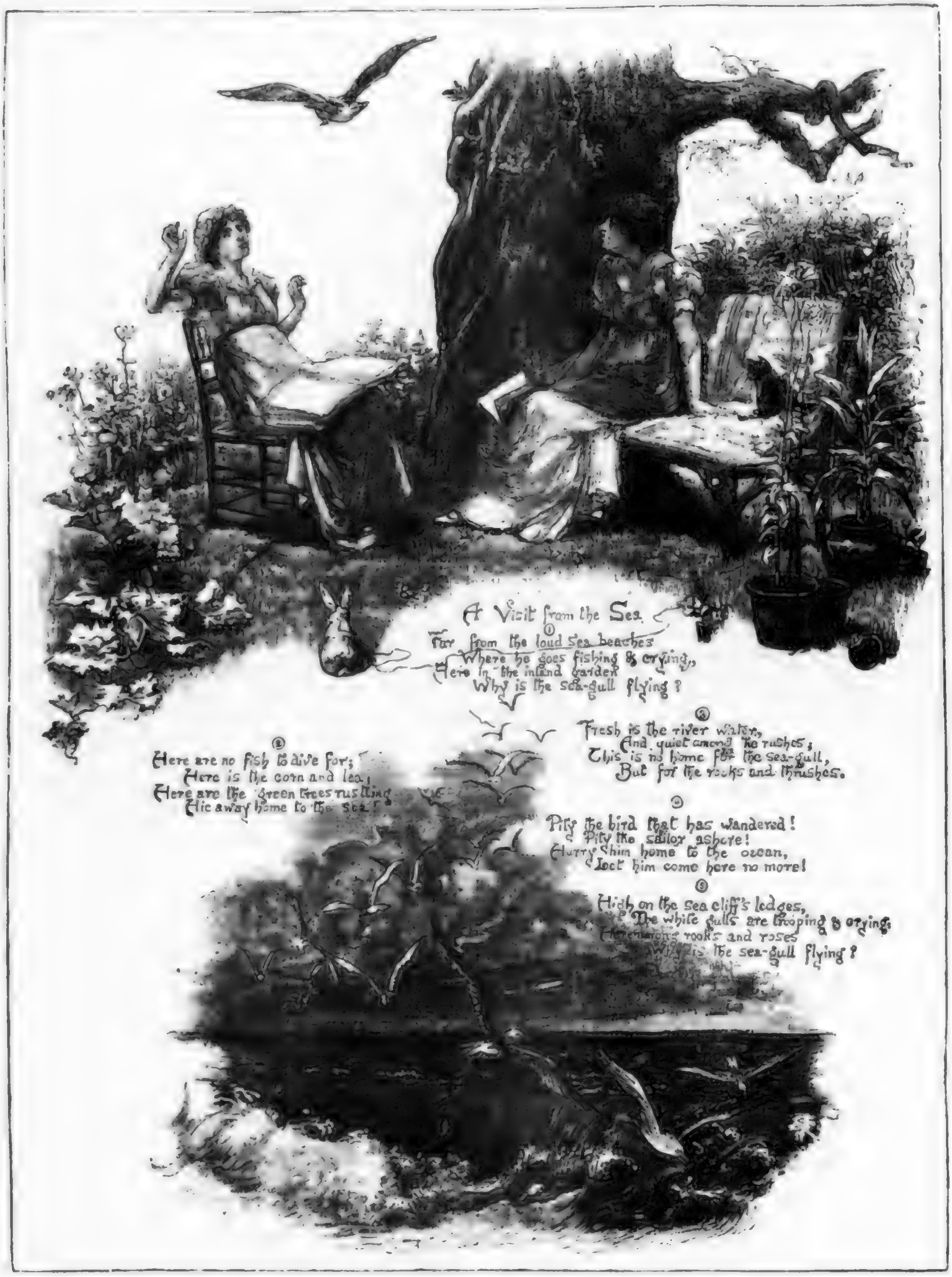
WOMEN KNIGHTS.

FROM the Institution of the Legion of Honor by the first Napoleon to the year 1852 only five ladies received the decoration, and they were all nuns. A change was made in 1865. The Empress went to visit Rosa Bonheur at Fontainebleau, and on her return sent her the cross of the Order. It was thought that this would be the commencement of the recognition of the eminence of women in secular departments of life. But the tide turned into its old channel, and the next decorations were issued to nuns. The Franco-Prussian War opened up a new chapter in the annals of the Order. A female telegraph clerk and a *cantinière* were both decorated for acts of heroism performed at great risk of life and resulting in important services to the French Army. The recent war with China has added two more to the list of decorated ladies, both of them nuns, and both eminent for their services to the wounded on the field of battle. And now once more the tide of distinction seems to have set in the direction of art. The latest *chevalière*—there are in all but thirteen living—has received the insignia for services to archæology rendered during the recent expedition to Persia.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SENSES.

ALL mothers should study the unfolding of child-life. Dr. Genzer says that the sense of touch is developed from the earliest period, and reflex actions are readily excited by the slightest stimulation of the nerves of touch, especially those of the face, then of the hands and soles of the feet. The feeling of pain is but slowly developed, and is clearly exhibited only after four or five weeks, before which time infants do not shed tears. True muscular sense is at least doubtful. Hunger and thirst are manifested in an increased general irritability, followed by reflex movements; these cease after the first week. Smell and taste are not distinguishable in infants. Dr.

Genzer also asserts that the sense of hearing is perceptible in the first, or at most the second, day of life. New-born infants are so sensitive to light that they will turn the head to follow a mild light; whilst, if a strong glare be suddenly thrown upon the eye, squinting is induced, and even convulsive closure of the lids. After a few days the child will follow the motion of various objects by movements of its head. Between the fourth and fifth weeks the convergence of the pupils of the eyes and the power of regulating their movements in vision are perceptible. A distinct perception of color does not exist under four or five months.



A Visit from the Sea.

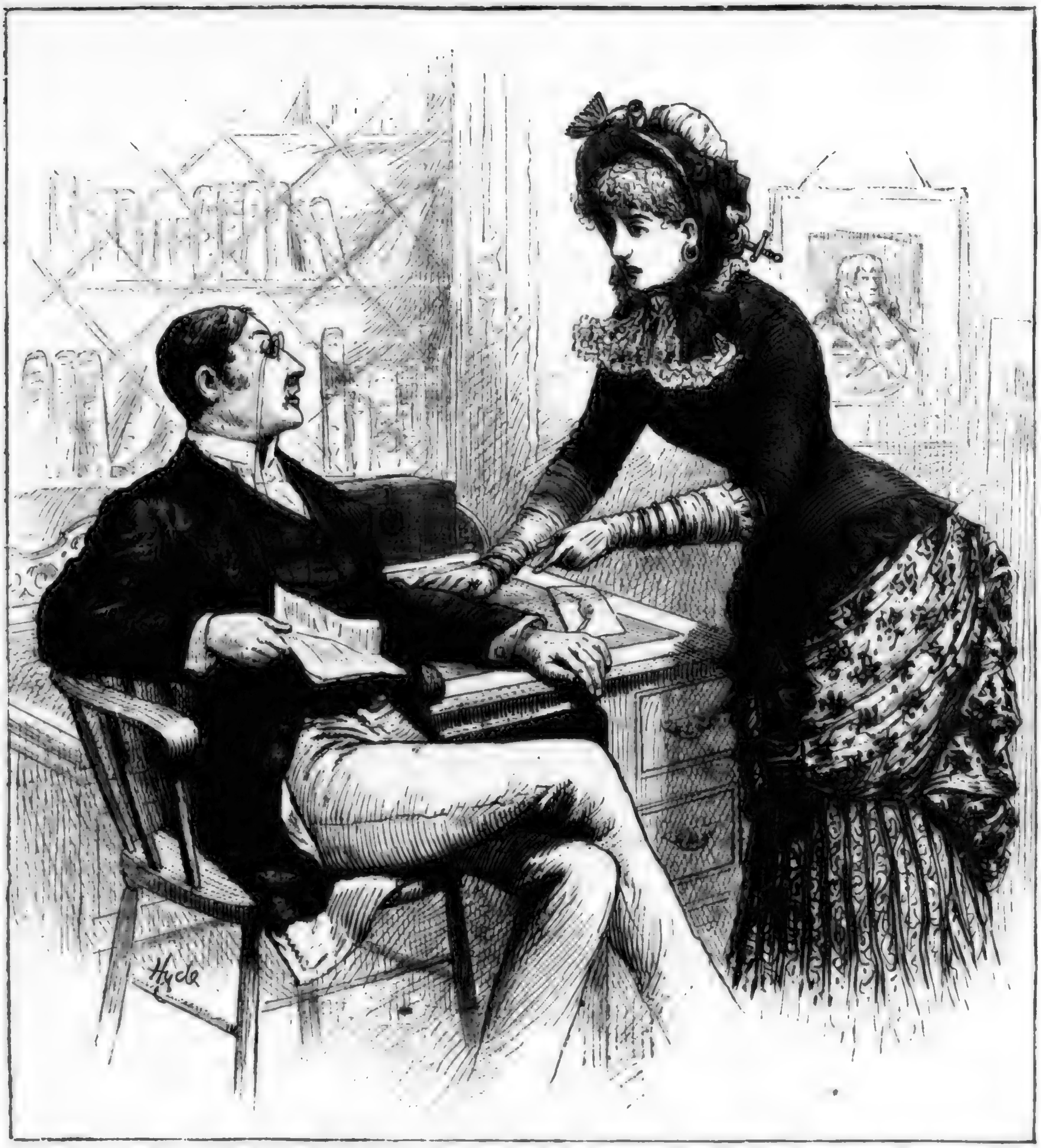
①
Far from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing & crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

②
Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling.
Hie away home to the sea!

③
Fresh is the river water,
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
But for the rooks and thrushes.

④
Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!

⑤
High on the sea cliff's ledges,
The white gulls are trooping & crying;
Here among rooks and roses
Why is the sea-gull flying?



MESSENT'S DOUBLE.—"MRS. FABIAN APPEARED IN A STATE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT, AND ACCOSTED RAYNOR FIERCELY. 'WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?' SHE CRIED. 'WHY, YOU'VE GOT A LETTER FROM HIM!'"

MESSENT'S DOUBLE.

JOHN RAYNOR, a young solicitor in very fair practice, had known Rupert Messent rather well for a good many years as a club acquaintance. Intimacy, or even sincere friendship, between the two young men was quite out of the question, owing to the complete dissimilarity of their tastes and dispositions.

Messent had run through a fine fortune, which he had inherited from his father, and for years had subsisted mainly on his debts. At least, he had no visible source of income, though he gambled recklessly on the turf, the Stock Exchange and at cards. But he was one of those men who never seem to burn their fingers or to seriously damage their reputation, though his mode of life was no secret to any one.

The fact was, he was a man of extremely fascinating manners and appearance, excelling in all bodily exercises, clever, well-read, accustomed to move freely in the best society, and not the sort of person to be ignored or cold-shouldered.

Raynor, on the other hand, was steady-going and methodical, not wanting in shrewdness and worldly wisdom, but with very narrow interests and sympathies. He devoted himself to his profession with the single-minded purpose of one day becoming an eminent family solicitor. This respectable ambition prompted him to lose no opportunity of cultivating acquaintances of good social status.

He always had an eye to business, and used his club as a means of quietly increasing his connection. He was probably attracted to Messent, in the first instance, by observing the deference with which he was treated by older men than himself. When he got to know him and realized his position, he still looked upon him as a possible client. With his handsome face and figure, his geniality and his accomplishments, he might aspire to marry an heiress.

Raynor often suggested this to him, with the hope of securing professional employment for himself, if Messent should take his advice. The latter, however, seemed little inclined to do so ; or, at all events, he professed to laugh at the notion.

But he contracted the habit of conversing with Raynor about his affairs—his debts and his embarrassments—and they usually had a chat when they met at the club.

One evening he strolled into the smoking-room and joined Raynor on the sofa.

"Well, Raynor, I've done it, and you're responsible," he remarked, when they had exchanged greetings.

"Done what ?" inquired Raynor.

"I'm engaged to be married to Miss Clayport," said Messent, extracting a miniature cigarette from a dainty silver case, and lighting it.

"What ! The daughter of old Clayport, the contractor ?" exclaimed Raynor.

"I believe he is a contractor. He is very rich, any way," said Messent, puffing serenely.

"My dear fellow ! he is worth millions—five or six millions, they say—and his daughter is his only child !" ejaculated Raynor, startled out of his usual calmness.

"He is an old brick !" said Messent, rousing himself to make a faint show of enthusiasm. "I told him of my debts, and so on. He says they are a flea-bite. I own I never looked at them in that light before."

"My dear Messent, pray allow me to congratulate you !" cried Raynor, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Thanks," said Messent, shortly. "Miss Clayport," he added, after a pause, as though speaking from a strong sense of duty—"Miss Clayport is a very charming girl."

"So I have always understood," said Raynor, though, as a matter of fact, he had never heard of her before in his life, except by name.

He proceeded to touch lightly on the subject of the settlements to be executed upon the marriage, with the view of impressing Messent with the necessity of placing himself under his professional care and direction.

Messent answered his questions in an off-hand manner, which plainly showed that he had not troubled his head, at present, on the subject, and he seemed so *distrait* and absent-minded that Raynor at length said :

"You look as glum as an undertaker, Messent. No one would imagine you had just been made the happiest of men."

"The fact is," said Messent, slowly, as he lighted another cigarette, "I had rather an upset just before I came here. I saw my ghost."

"Your ghost !" laughed Raynor.

"Well, I suppose I ought to say my double, as he was certainly flesh and blood. But he was so like me, that I could almost have sworn it was myself."

Raynor stared at his friend in amazement. Messent was the last man in the world whom one would have suspected of having delicate nerves, yet he was evidently disturbed by what he was relating.

"I don't think anything of that," said Raynor, a little contemptuously. "There have been lots of instances of men as alike as two peas. What does it matter ?"

"I suppose it doesn't matter, but it gives a man a queer sensation to come face to face with another the very counterpart of himself," said Messent, throwing away the end of his cigarette on the carpet, in defiance of the club rules, and thrusting his hands in his trousers-pockets. "Of course, he wasn't dressed like me, but his features and complexion seemed precisely the same as mine."

"Did you meet this inconvenient person in the street ? Why didn't you insist on his giving you an account of himself ?" asked Raynor, laughing. "I'm not sure that it isn't a case of infringement of copyright ?"

"I met him close here—in Bond Street. I was so taken aback that I never thought to speak to him," said Messent, who treated the matter quite seriously. "I wish I had," he added, rising to his feet and shaking himself. "If I had exchanged half a dozen words with him I should not have come away impressed with an uncomfortable idea of having seen an evil omen."

"Evil fiddlesticks !" said Raynor, with great scorn.

An intimate friend of Messent's came up at that moment and carried him off, thus putting an end to the conversation.

Raynor immediately dismissed the incident they had just been discussing from his practical mind, which was a great deal exercised about his friend's marriage.

If Messent married old Clayport's heiress, he might become a valuable client, and there was, of course, the possibility that, through his friend's introduction, he might obtain the business of the wealthy contractor himself.

The endless vista of six-and-eightpences which this wealthy connection opened up to his imagination caused his interest in Messent to increase a hundredfold, and he mentally congratulated himself upon his foresight in having secured his confidence.

In spite of himself, however, he was fated to be reminded of Messent's story of his double ; for, a few days afterward, he was walking down Long Acre, in the direction of his offices in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, when he saw, as he thought, Messent walking on the pavement opposite. If he had not suddenly recollected Messent's own warning, he would have rushed across to him without a moment's hesitation. But, with characteristic caution, he looked the individual up and down before committing himself, and then he saw he had been misled by a remarkable likeness. At a second glance he perceived that the stranger looked older than Messent, and, judging from his attire, he was in a different station of life altogether. There was no room for doubt that this was the man Messent had met the other day, but Raynor, though struck by the resemblance, did not think it was anything to rave about.

However, he wrote and told Messent he had come across his duplicate. It was his policy to keep himself *en évidence* at this interesting juncture of his friend's affairs, and therefore he took the trouble to send a few lines. In the course of the following week he received a reply, in which Messent said that he had since made the acquaintance of the individual in question, and he invited him to come up to his rooms on an evening which he named to meet the stranger. Raynor took no interest whatever in his friend's double, and thought Messent was making an unnecessary and foolish fuss about an accidental likeness. But he deemed it prudent to accept the invitation, and at the appointed time presented himself at his friend's chambers.

Messent had an expensive first floor in Bond Street, furnished with a good deal of taste and luxury. His man ushered Raynor into the sitting-room, which was untenanted, and then handed him a letter, saying that his master had been obliged to go out. Inside the envelope was a brief note from Miss Clayport to her *fiancé*, stating that at the last moment a friend had sent her tickets for a much-sought-after entertainment, and requesting him to accompany her.

On the back of this Messent had scrawled a few lines apologizing to Raynor for his enforced absence, and explaining that Miss Clayport's letter had only just arrived. He asked Raynor to be good enough to wait and receive the guest he was to meet, if only for the purpose of accounting for the absence of the host. He added that he would be very pleased to find them both at his rooms on his return.

Raynor thought he might as well wait, especially as Messent wished him to. He seated himself comfortably in his friend's best easy-chair, selected a choice cigar from the box on the table, and sat keenly scrutinizing the apartment, and especially the invitation-cards on the mantel-board, until the other guest arrived.

The newcomer was announced as Mr. Fabian, and the man who showed him in stared at him open-mouthed, evidently amazed—as, indeed, he could not fail to be—at the visitor's likeness to his master.

Raynor introduced himself and apologized for Messent's absence as requested. He repeated his friend's invitation, and Mr. Fabian consented to remain.

He did not seem overjoyed at the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* with Raynor, though the latter exerted himself to be agreeable. In fact, Mr. Fabian seemed a little out of temper at the trick his host had played him. But he was apparently as much struck as Messent himself at the resemblance between them, and the desire to become acquainted with one another seemed mutual.

Raynor was able to satisfy Mr. Fabian's curiosity regarding Messent by describing his parentage and antecedents, and their conversation elicited the singular fact that Messent and his double had been born in the same month and year.

Raynor became quite interested in these comparisons, but upon better acquaintance with Mr. Fabian, he noticed many little points of difference between the outward appearance of him and Messent. It is true their features were very much alike, and the color of their eyes looked the same. Even their hair and mustaches and whiskers were of the same dark tint, though Mr. Fabian's face was more covered, and he was much less carefully combed and trimmed. But for all this, Raynor flattered himself he should never himself have been deceived. Mr. Fabian's features were not so refined as Messent's; his face, too, was lined and careworn, and had an expression of habitual dejection.

It was quite clear, however, that Mr. Fabian had not led so pleasant and easy-going a life as Messent. He seemed at very low water, his clothes being old and shabby, and his linen none of the cleanest.

On seeing him in the street, Raynor had concluded, chiefly from his dress, that he was not Messent's equal in the social scale. He now saw reason to alter his opinion, for though Mr. Fabian's manners were rough and unpolished, he was unmistakably a gentleman.

Finding his companion was inclined to be reticent about himself, Raynor could not refrain from putting him a few leading questions, as he thought, adroitly.

But he began to suspect he had given offense by his curiosity when Mr. Fabian abruptly arose from his chair, threw his half-finished cigar into the grate, and took his departure with scant ceremony.

Messent's man made an excuse to come into the room where Raynor was when Mr. Fabian had gone, and expressed his astonishment at the extraordinary likeness.

Raynor rather pooh-poohed it, feeling irritated at Mr. Fabian's abrupt exit. He remained until he had finished his cigar, and then, finding it was still early, adjourned to the club for the rest of the evening, leaving word for Messent where he was in case he felt inclined to come round.

Messent called upon him the next day at his office, chiefly to ask questions about Mr. Fabian, but partly on business also. He wanted to know what form a marriage settlement usually took, and so on—giving Raynor an opportunity of impressing him with his professional acumen.

Raynor dwelt as much as possible on this part of the interview; but Messent seemed much more interested about Mr. Fabian.

He eagerly listened to what little information Raynor had gathered concerning him, and seemed as keen as ever about following up the acquaintance. He announced his intention of calling upon him, and mentioned his address, which Raynor had not previously known. It was in some suburb the other side of the water—Wandsworth or Battersea.

After this Raynor saw nothing more of Messent for a few weeks. He kept a lookout for him at the club, but a newly engaged man can never be depended upon at his old haunt.

The next he heard of him was, oddly enough, through this very Mr. Fabian, who called one day with Messent's card. Raynor gathered that a sort of intimacy had sprung up between Messent and Fabian, for they had apparently seen a good deal of each other. Messent had evidently said a good word for his friend, for Mr. Fabian's manner at his second meeting with Raynor was much more genial.

"I have called to consult you on a matter of business," said Mr. Fabian, after chatting a few minutes about Messent. "I did not tell our friend what the subject was, though he knows it is connected with my departure."

"Where to?" inquired Raynor.

"Venezuela."

"What! For good?" exclaimed Raynor.

"One place is as good as another," said Mr. Fabian, bitterly. "Let me tell you in confidence how I am situated."

It was a commonplace story, which need not be repeated in detail. Suffice to say that Fabian was not his real name. He was the son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, who had disinherited him in consequence of his marriage with a woman of doubtful antecedents. Mr. Fabian was not very communicative about himself, and Raynor imagined that his relative had more cause for displeasure than he cared to admit. He confessed he had been subsisting chiefly on charity for some years past, owing, as he declared, to his inability to earn a living. The present position was that the only relief he could obtain was a sum of money on condition of his leaving the country for good.

"Messent advises me," he said, discontentedly, "and he has given me a letter to a man over there, so I may as well try my luck."

"What did you want with me?" inquired Raynor.

"I want you to look after my wife and children," said Fabian. "I mean to pay them an allowance for a month or two, while I am making a home for them."

It crossed Raynor's mind that his client contemplated deserting his family; but Fabian, apparently divining his suspicion, hastened to say:

"This is Messent's idea. I was for taking my wife with me; and I am not sure it wouldn't be better."

"Of course, it is a matter for arrangement," said Raynor, deciding to speak to Messent before undertaking the business.

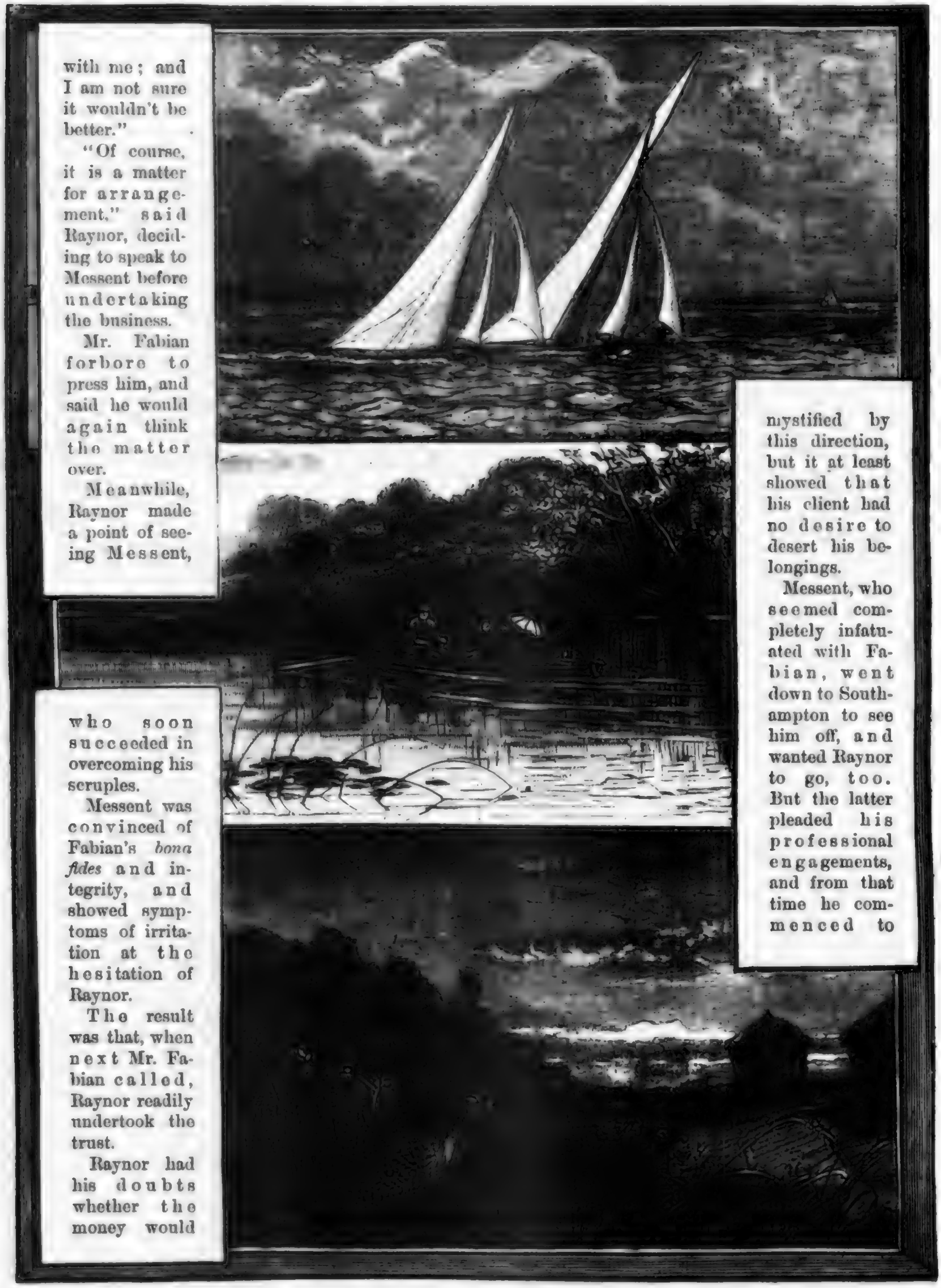
Mr. Fabian forbore to press him, and said he would again think the matter over.

Meanwhile, Raynor made a point of seeing Messent, who soon succeeded in overcoming his scruples.

Messent was convinced of Fabian's *bona fides* and integrity, and showed symptoms of irritation at the hesitation of Raynor.

The result was that, when next Mr. Fabian called, Raynor readily undertook the trust.

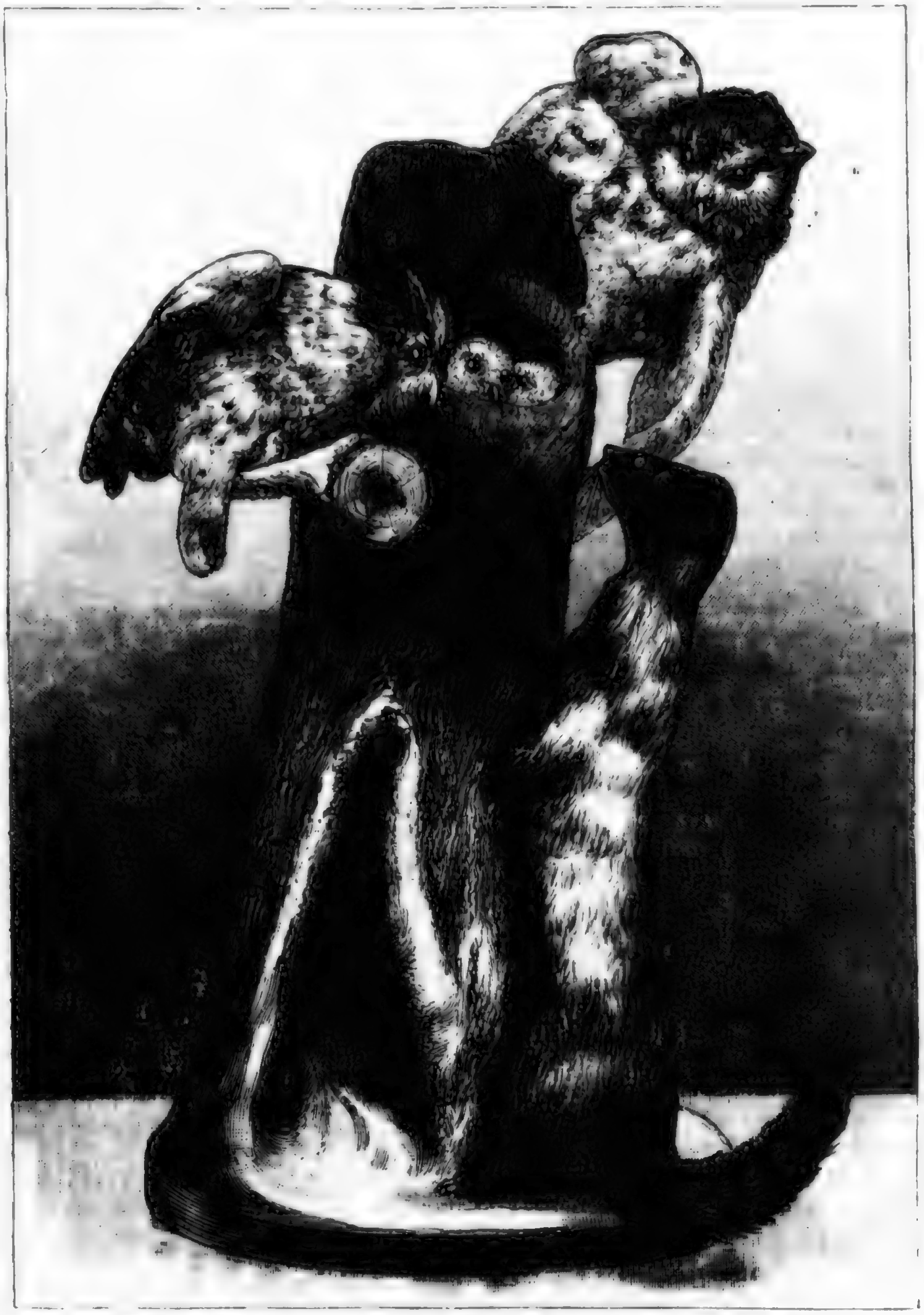
Raynor had his doubts whether the money would be forthcoming, but, rather to his surprise, a considerable sum was placed in his hands to distribute in weekly payments.



Before he sailed Mr. Fabian authorized Raynor, in case his wife should grow impatient, to take a passage for her and her children by a later steamer. Raynor was a little mystified by this direction, but it at least showed that his client had no desire to desert his belongings.

Messent, who seemed completely infatuated with Fabian, went down to Southampton to see him off, and wanted Raynor to go, too. But the latter pleaded his professional engagements, and from that time he commenced to make weekly remittances to Mrs. Fabian. The lady acknowledged them two or three times without comment, and then, rather to Raynor's surprise, requested to be informed of her husband's address. Raynor wrote to her with a direction at Venezuela which would find him, and the next morning, on reaching his office, he was informed that Mrs. Fabian awaited him.

She was a vulgar-looking, over-dressed young woman, with golden hair of a very artificial aspect. She appeared in a great state of excitement, and accosted Raynor fiercely.



AN IMP OF DARKNESS.—MOTTLED OWL ATTACKED BY A MINK.—SEE PAGE 487.

"Where is my husband?" she cried.

"Did you not get my letter?" inquired Raynor, who carefully cultivated professional composure.

"Yes. What is the name of the place! I can't read it! What is it?" demanded Mrs. Fabian, in a breath, producing the letter.

Raynor told her quietly what the place was, and where.

"Oh, then he has deserted me!" cried Mrs. Fabian, violently. "I suspected what he was up to when he pretended he was obliged to keep in hiding from the bailiffs. So he has left the country, has he?"

"There is no question of desertion," said Raynor, anxiously, as the lady showed an inclination to demonstrate her indignation very forcibly. "If you and your children wish to follow him, you can do so. "I will engage your passage to-morrow by the next steamer."

"Oh! I'll follow him right enough," said Mrs. Fabian, after a stare of astonishment. "Catch me letting him get beyond my reach. I'll follow him, and if I don't like it, I'll soon bring him back. Why, you've got a letter from him," she added, suddenly pointing to one he had just opened, and held in his hand.

"It is nothing of the kind," returned Raynor.

It happened to be a letter from Messent, stating that he had arranged to get married at a very early date, which he named, and asking Raynor to put himself into communication at once with Mr. Clayport's solicitors about the settlements.

"It's my husband's writing, I'll swear!" cried the woman, suspiciously.

"Very odd, your saying that," said Raynor, good-humoredly. "It is the writing of a friend of your husband's, who, strangely enough, bears a most extraordinary resemblance——"

Raynor stopped short in his sentence, and never finished it. Like a revelation, the suspicion suddenly flashed across his mind that the likeness between the two men was not accidental.

A moment's reflection revealed to him the humiliating truth that he had been made the tool of an unscrupulous and designing man. The woman seated by his side was Messent's wife, and in order to get her out of the way and secure himself from future annoyance, he had sought by subterfuge to procure Raynor's *bona-fide* testimony to the existence of a double.

The depth and cunning of the conspiracy Raynor could not help admiring, even while he was tingling with vexation and resentment.

"I don't fancy my husband has gone to what's-its-name, after all," said the woman, who sat watching him.

With a vicious gesture Raynor threw Messent's letter to her across the table.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

The Rev. Mr. Hagamore, of Catshoge, Leicestershire, England, was a very singular character. He died January 1st, 1776, possessed of the following effects—viz., £700 per annum and £1,000 in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him, and threw him into a pond, where he was found breast-high. His servants heard him call for assistance, but, being locked up, they could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pairs of breeches, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 58 dogs, 80 wagons and carts, 80 plows (and used none), 50 saddles and furniture for the *ménage*, 30 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks that a toyman offered £8 for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes and shovels, and 249 razors.

ENGLISH DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

It is difficult to discover by what means Anglo-Saxon England arrived at such perfection in needlework. Already in the seventh century after Christ, as we find from the wonderfully minute description of the graveclothes of St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, embroidery seems to have been in a high state of cultivation, practiced, no doubt, by the monks or nuns of the ancient monasteries. When the body of the saint was disinterred in the twelfth century, we are told that not only his body but his graveclothes had been miraculously preserved, the gold all untarnished; and the linen sheet which covered him was, it would appear from the description, of the same early form of lace which we find on Egyptian monuments. But there is so much difficulty in determining from written records when the work of the loom is referred to and when that of the needle, that a wide field is left for rival theorists. Some time before the Norman Conquest, however, we find Anglo-Saxon women adepts in the finest kinds of embroidery. The wife of Edward the Confessor was "perfect mistress of her needle." William of Poitiers, secretary to William the Conqueror, states that "English women are eminently skillful with the needle and in weaving of gold." William himself, in fact, appeared at his coronation in a splendidly embroidered robe of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, from which we may gather that the art existed in England from much earlier times, and did not come thither from Normandy.

ALL FOR MY LOVE.

By Frederic E. Weatherly.

Launch me a golden argosy,
Hoist me the silver sails;
Lend me thy waves, thou dancing sea,
Waft me, ye fav'ring gales.
Go tell the night her stars to light,
The moon to stoop and shine,
Because my love hath sent for me,
Because my love is mine!

Fell me the mighty cedar-tree,
Build me a palace fair,
Deck it with gold and ivory,
Hang it with arras rare.
Fling wide the gates that front the sea,
And let the clarions play,
Because the day hath dawned for me—
My love is mine for aye!

Go bid the nightingales to sing,
The pearly fountains play,
A melody of love by night,
A dream of night by day.
Tell ye the world it draw not near,
Tell ye the hills and sea,
The glory of my life is here,
My love hath come to me!

Ancient Perfumes.—Two ancient Egyptian perfumes have been reconstituted through the researches of a young French professor at Lyons, who has devoted himself to studying Egyptian sculpture and the plants of the Nile Valley. By hunting through the papyrus texts and the inscriptions on the walls of the temple lavatories, he has found the recipes for the manufacture of "tasi" and "kyphi." The former was a temple perfume, used to anoint the statues of the Egyptian Venus. "Kyphi" was more important, and besides being used at home for the rites of Isis and Serapis, was imported into Greece and Rome after the conquest of Egypt. It then became the favorite perfume of the luxurious Greeks and Romans, who were anointed with "kyphi" after the bath, and were sprinkled with the essence during the grand banquets, while sometimes it was used to perfume the wine.

The area of the rock worn away at the Horseshoe Falls between the years 1842 and 1875 was 18,500 square feet, equal to .425 acres; between 1875 and 1886, 60,000 square feet, or 1.37 acres. The main length of the contour of the Falls is 2,300 feet. The present rate of wear is one mile in 2,200 years.

AN IMP OF DARKNESS.

By W. Van Fleet, M.D.

Since the days of Minerva the owl has been regarded as the representative of gravity and wisdom. His judicial solemnity when full-fed and at rest is absolutely imposing, yet we know that concealed beneath this sedate demeanor there lies a very empty noddle. However, despite his classical prestige, the owl has always been endowed by the ignorant and superstitious with supernatural powers and more than fiendish malignity, fit only for the companionship of bats, toads and noxious creeping and crawling things that shun the day; to say nothing of his reputed relationship with the powers of darkness and evil.

With the European peasantry the owl has been, in times past, and in many cases is yet, regarded as an *avant-courrier* of woe and desolation. His harsh and mocking cry bodes dire misery to the listener, and a glimpse of his spectral form as he wings his silent course through the deepening gloom of the forest or about some uncanny old ruin, is to them surely a precursor of misfortune.

Even among comparatively well-informed people owls are often looked upon with dislike, and if not considered of evil omen to the spiritual welfare of the human race, are thought to be destructive in a high degree to other forms of feathered life. But there are owls and owls. The known species are several score, and comprise a number of distinctive types, with characteristics as various as those of humanity.

Within the limits of the United States alone are found over a dozen species. Some, as the Barred (*Strix nebulosa*) and Great Horned (*Bubo Virginianus*) owls, being really inimical to the interests of the farmer and sportsman, though it is still an open question if they do not quite compensate for the depredations on game and domestic fowls by their corresponding destruction of injurious quadrupeds and reptiles; while by far the greater majority of the common species are among the most interesting and useful members of our avian fauna, living, as they do, on the smaller injurious mammals and noxious insects; though their diet is occasionally varied by such casual feathered bipeds, both wild and domestic, as chance may throw in their way.

The popular idea of owls, as gathered from song and story, is taken from the habits of the White or Barn Owl (*Strix flammea*) of Europe, a gloomy and sepulchral bird, dwelling in old ruins and deserted buildings, as well as the more primitive tenements of rocky hollows and decayed trees. There is an American variety of this bird, but it is extremely rare, north of the latitude of Washington; and though it has the same fondness as its European relative for taking up its abode in deserted human habitations, ruined castles are not common enough in this work-a-day country of ours to have attracted popular attention to their feathered inhabitants.

By far the most common of the North American *Strigidæ* is the Mottled or Screech Owl (*Scops asio*), at the same time it is one of the handsomest and altogether the most agreeable and beneficial to the husbandmen of our native owls. Indeed, so far is this bird attracted by the increased abundance of suitable food, and consequently greater ease of securing a livelihood about cultivated fields, that it has nearly abandoned the deeper forests in many localities and become a familiar resident of orchards, and in many cases even barns and deserted out-buildings; though this species always evinces a preference for oak groves, among whose gnarled and weather-beaten trees suitable holes for nesting and passing the hours of daylight can easily be found.

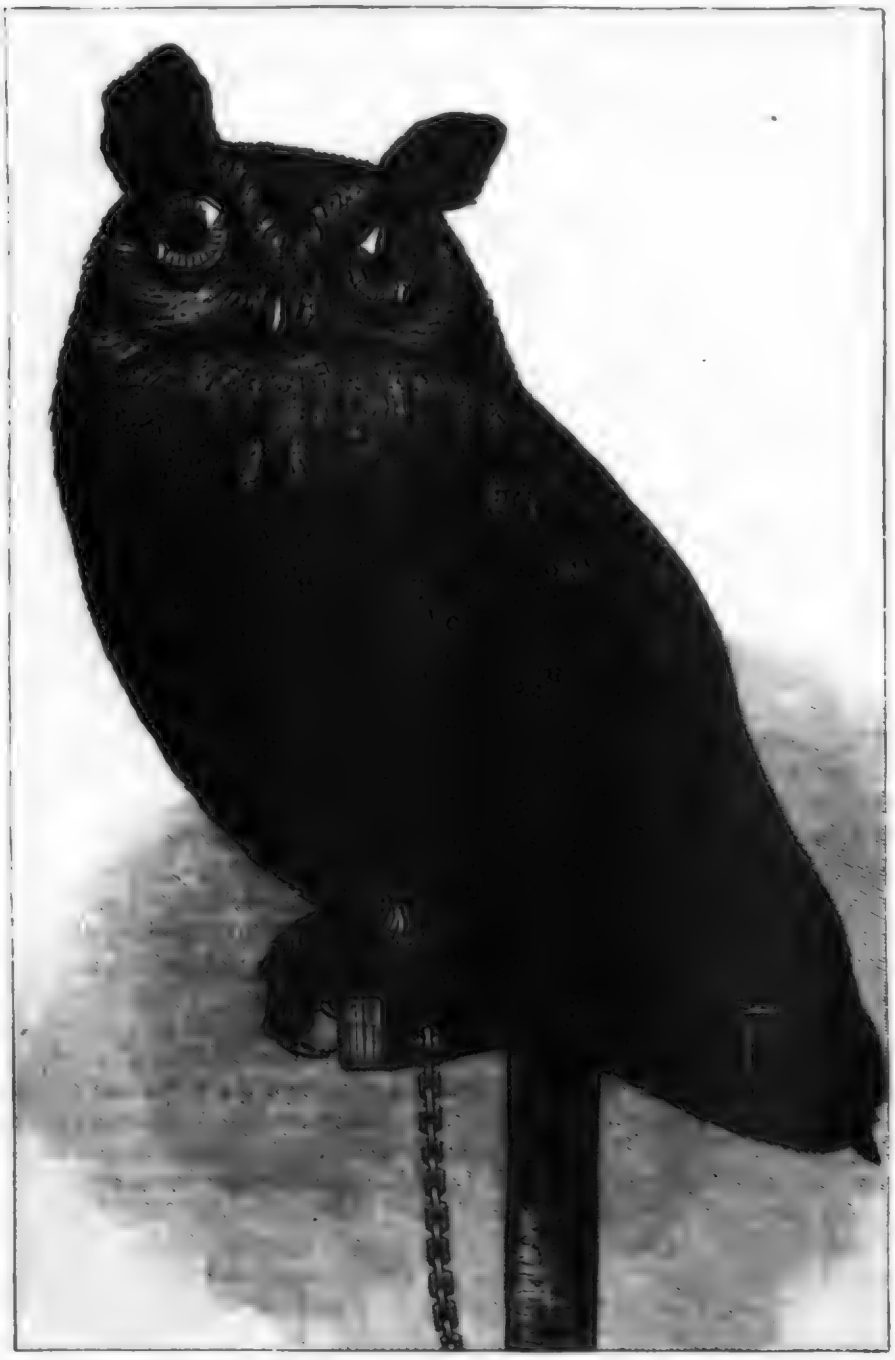
Our little owl is firmly attached to the home of his choice, and, when a particular hollow in a tree or stub is fixed upon, he can always be found "at home," except during the heat of Summer, when he prefers a freer circulation of air, and makes out of a neighboring thicket a temporary Summer resort; generally choosing a densely vine-embowered bough, where, secured from prying gaze, he dozes, away the long, warm days in perfect contentment, save when some unusal commotion of contiguous shrubbery announces the approach of a possibly dangerous intruder, when, with a scarcely perceptible alteration of his rigid attitude, his great eyes are bent in the direction of the disturbance, and every faculty is alert to discover the cause of alarm; but if no threatening demonstration ensue, he will gradually relax his strained attention, and, closing his eyes until they appear but a narrow streak, will dreamily watch the invader of his sylvan retreat, especially if it be in human form. In that case he will permit a very near approach, if cautiously made, but if he fancies himself observed he will leave with a quick and noiseless flight, threading the leafy mazes with an ease and certainty showing that his eyes are nearly as serviceable in the glare of day as in the more kindly shades of night.

As before remarked, during the colder weather the mottled owls seek shelter in hollow trees, and, occasionally, unused out-buildings, though the latter are seldom resorted to, unless there is an unusual abundance of mice or other suitable food near by. Thus they are sometimes seen sitting quietly high upon the beams in a shadowy nook of an old-fashioned barn. If unharmed, they soon become accustomed to the presence of visitors, and only show impatience at a near approach by ruffling the feathers and repeated snappings of the bill.

When in their holes, they can scarcely be dislodged by any amount of shaking and poking, but will retire to the furthest recesses of their retreat and vent their anger by loud snaps and frequent hissings. If the form of the cavity permits, they can easily be taken with a gloved hand, the owl generally submitting quietly until he is dragged to the light, when, with a loud cry, he makes a frantic dash for liberty, and with claw and beak vigorously resents further restraint. Adult screech owls, trapped or taken in this manner, can scarcely be tamed. It is true they soon grow accustomed to human presence, and will even take food readily from the hand; but they are always impatient when being handled, and at night are constantly seeking an avenue of escape.

On fine days, during the latter part of Winter, they may often be seen basking in the sunshine at the entrance of the hole, sitting bolt upright with every feather drawn tightly to the body, the pointed ear-tufts erect and looking particularly—if not of the gray variety—like a fantastically formed knot or excrescence of the wood. At the approach of any danger, real or fancied, they plunge headlong back into the nest, and rarely emerge again the same day.

Early in May the mottled owls mate, and, after building a rude nest in some favorite hollow, the eggs are deposited to the number of four or five. The nest is



LIVING MOTTLED OWL.

merely a heap of soft materials, such as dry grass, moss, leaves and fibrous roots. The eggs are three-fourths of an inch in diameter, nearly spherical in shape, and of a pure white color. Both birds seem to assist in incubating, but the female is generally to be found on the nest in daytime, though the male is seldom far away, dozing quietly in a neighboring hollow tree, or perchance, if that be lacking, in a dense part of a pine thicket. The young, at first, are odd-looking and shapeless bunches of grayish-white down, entirely helpless, with elongated beaks, and eyes which remain closed for some time. They do not grow very rapidly, and, by the time they are able to leave the nest, Spring is far advanced.

For some time after they have outgrown their home, and until they are fully fledged, the young owls remain together, often sitting with the parent birds in a row upon some well-screened branch, sometimes within a few feet of the ground. It is an odd sight to come unawares upon such a family group and see their great eyes open as if by common consent, and watch their looks of solemn astonishment.

During the day the dreamy idleness of these happy families is often rudely disturbed by the noisy and violent attacks of various small birds, among whom the Catbird (*Mimus Carolinensis*) is always conspicuous, being generally the leader in the fray. Our little feathered philosophers give small heed to their angry persecutors, but sit blinking solemnly, until, from sheer weariness and lack of further provocation, the vexatious disturbers of their peace desist.

As dusk approaches, the owls become very lively, and flit through the deepening gloom like veritable winged imps, pouncing upon every animate object of suitable size that their eyes chance to espy. Small birds, mice, lizards, fish and an extraordinary number of the larger insects, among which are cicadas, katydids, the nocturnal grasshoppers, large moths, and the larvæ of the larger *Coleopteræ*, contribute to the *menu* of these diminutive epicures. Indeed, it is quite rarely that, during the warmer Summer months, anything but insect food is to be found in their stomachs.

At these times the parent birds are very watchful of the owlets, and will follow a passer-by for a considerable distance, wheeling around his head with many a snap and hiss. It is somewhat startling, when passing through the sombre shades of some darkening woodland, to be suddenly assailed by such a pair of winged furies, small though they may be. Country boys of ten provoke these attacks, and strike the owls down with slender sticks; a pastime which, it is needless to say, is as cruel and unnecessary as stoning our familiar songbirds to death.

In colder weather, when their favorite insect food fails, the mottled owls become bolder, and make long forays in search of food. They occasionally attack and vanquish birds as large as a domestic pigeon, and I have found, during my ornithological rambles, unmistakable traces showing that both a bluejay and a great northern shrike had met their death from the sharp talons of a screech owl. In each instance scattered feathers of both combatants showed that the victory was not achieved without some trouble.

Even during the severest weather the number of useful birds devoured by these owls is comparatively very small. In the examination of their "castings" (or boluses of indigestible *débris* regurgitated from the stomach), great quantities of which can usually be found in any hollow tree inhabited by these owls, it is quite rarely that bones or feathers of any but Winter sparrows or other graminivorous birds are found. On the contrary, the great bulk of these telltale indices of former meals is always made up of the bones and hair of various species of mice, mostly of the injurious kinds. Insects are not often found in the "castings," as the owls seldom occupy their holes at the time of year that insects are numerous. I certainly think, from a rather close observation of the habits of the mottled owls, extending over many years, that they are far more beneficial than otherwise to mankind, though, like in all things, we have to forgive them a few peccadilloes.

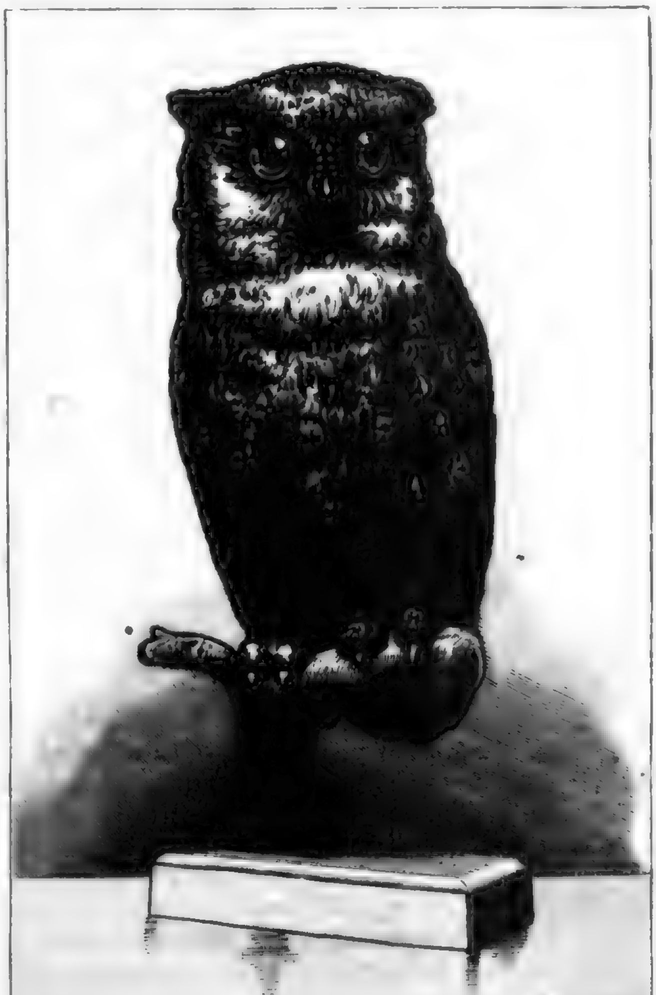
This species of owl is very easily tamed if caught sufficiently young. The writer, some years ago, took a female from the nest while still so young as to have unopened eyes. This youngster was christened Polly, and was carefully fed and attended by various members of the family. Polly grew well and waxed strong and hearty under our care. She was as affectionate as a kitten, and when taken up would rub her downy head against the hand in a very catlike manner, emitting at the same time a soft rattling sound, answering very well to the purr of a cat. This subdued rattle is always given by the mottled owls as a greeting to each other, or when pleased. To complete the catlike analogy, Polly sometimes gave vent to unearthly yowls at night, and was very fond of playing with strings or yarns when dangled before her, catching them deftly in her claws and beak, and looking up with a most quizzical leer when she had made a particularly clever stroke. Polly was especially fond of fish, though fresh meats of any kind and large insects were always acceptable. As soon as she was sufficiently fledged, she began to forage for herself, and was very active during the long Summer evenings, often familiarly entering the sitting-room where the family were reading, and watching for the moths and beetles which were attracted by the light, pouncing upon them with unerring certainty when discovered. A favorite amusement of Polly's was to lie with extended wings on the slanting roof of an out-building, basking in the warm rays of the afternoon sun. She particularly attached herself to one of the ladies of the family, and seldom failed to join her when reading or sewing at a particular window. Polly would extend herself upon the windowsill and look up with a comical air of perfect contentment, but if a stray thread or bit of cloth fluttered near she never failed to grasp it.

But alas! poor Poll fell a victim to her taste for fish. A small piece, slightly salted, was given her by mistake one evening, and the next morning she was discovered dead under her favorite perch in a walnut-tree near the house. She was sincerely mourned, and was in many respects the most pleasing and tractable feathered pet I have ever had. A pencil-sketch of "Polly," taken when two weeks of age, is appended as a slight tribute to her sterling traits of character.

The eyes of this particular owl, from being accustomed from the very first to light, became of a much darker yellow than any specimen I have ever seen in a wild state, and were as serviceable by day as by night. When carrying Polly in the open field I have seen her suddenly fix her attention upon a distant flock of crows or other birds, and follow them with her gaze until they had passed entirely beyond my range of vision. At such times, her pupils would rapidly contract to mere points, to expand as rapidly when her gaze was withdrawn from the glare of the sky. From this, I infer that the extraordinary sensitiveness of the eyes of some species of owls are more the effect, than the cause, of their nocturnal habits.

The mottled owl is quite a small bird, being but seven or eight inches in length, and rarely more than fourteen across the wings. As in most predatory birds, the female is larger and stronger than the male. The coloration is complicated and difficult to describe accurately. It consists of diversified figures of black, white and several shades of brown, on a background of—according to the variety—slaty gray or reddish-brown. Whether this marked difference of color should be considered sufficient cause to separate the varieties into species was a much mooted question with the early American ornithologists, especially Wilson, Nuttall, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte. It is now generally conceded that the red color is to be found mostly on the older birds and those from the more southern localities, while, *per contra*, the gray is more generally confined to younger and more northern specimens. This departure from a standard coloring is noticed in a less degree in several other birds, noticeably the Ruffed Grouse (*Tetrao umbellus*), the tail-feathers of which, in northern specimens, are of a light ashy-gray; while, in those of warmer sections, it is quite rufous. That there are many departures from the above rule, is very evident. Pennsylvania seems to be the middle ground, as both varieties are about equally common, except in special localities. Gray parent screech owls have been found with a rufous brood and red parents with a gray brood, but no instance has yet come to my knowledge of parents of both colors mating together, or of a mixed brood being found. The plumage of the mottled owls is very thick and soft, and, when puffed up, gives the bird an appearance of being about "as broad as long." The facial expression—if the term is permissible—is remarkably varied, and can, with very little change in the posture of the bird, show emotions ranging from sleepy good nature to keen interest or fierce anger. The eyes are large, and of a clear golden yellow; the beak is yellow, and the claws are of a dusky slate color.

The voice of the mottled owl is ordinarily a clear, tremulous whistle, susceptible of several modulations and occasionally rising to a most disagreeable shriek, as is indicated by its popular name of "Screech Owl." To one well acquainted with these birds, their distant cries,



MOTTLED OWL, MOUNTED.

heard through the swelling chorus of insect life, forms one of the pleasant features of Summer woodland life. As before remarked, the mottled owls, when pleased, utter a subdued kingfisher-like rattle that sounds quite agreeable.

The species under consideration (*Scopsasir*) is found throughout nearly all temperate North America, and is replaced in the Far West and Central and South America by a number of closely allied species, differing in quality of voice, size and coloration. The nearest European relative is the Scops-eared Owl (*Ephialtes scop*) of France and Italy.

MERCEDES.

A SPANISH MEMORY.

By E. J. Biddle.

—"The Spanish maid aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the anlace has espoused.

* * * * *

"Her chief is slain—she fills the fatal post;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.

* * * * *

"Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove.

* * * * *

"The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed
Denotes how soft the chin which bears his touch;
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such.
Her glance how wildly beautiful! . . . .
Who round the North for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan and weak!"
—*Byron.*

I had spent the Winter of 1871 in Egypt, not then in the tumultuous state it has been since Arabi Pasha took up arms. I had lounged in a boat up the Nile, shooting along the bank as occasion offered. I had returned to Cairo, then gone to Alexandria, and, finding an English Anchor Line steamer just about to start for Sicily, had taken passage in her to Messina. From thence I had drifted to Palermo, where, to my delight, I had been able to take ship direct to Spain, the most charming of countries, and the only one left in Europe where everything has not come down to the dead level of being like to every other place.

Madrid is both commonplace and cosmopolitan, but the other towns of Spain still have a distinct and personal look and manner of their own. The polyglot waiters and shopmen are still few in number; the hotels are not exactly patterned after every other one from St. Petersburg to Naples; the people not dressed by the ready-made-clothes man, who has destroyed costume and made the streets of almost every city in Europe and America alike.

Spain has suffered by flood, by war, by bad rules, but these modern miseries have not—thank Heaven!—yet come, among its other curses, to the Iberian Peninsula. Neither men nor women seem there to be ashamed, as they undoubtedly are throughout the rest of Europe, of their national costume.

Outside of Madrid the ladies still wear the graceful mantilla, or lace shawl, about the head, and are distinctively Spanish. The men have, it is true, many of them, adopted the hideous and grace-destroying trousers, but still a majority have kept to the sensible and natural division at the knee.

But, charm of charms, one is not in Spain overrun by "tourists" from all quarters of the globe. The inns are bad and not cheap; a knowledge of the language is almost a necessity; the commercial traveler finds richer fields elsewhere; the Winters are raw and cold; the Summers hot as with the heat of a furnace; but in April and May the climate is delicious, and at all times Spain is Spain and Spaniards are as distinctively Spaniards as they were before the rest of Europe took it in its head to so mix itself up that one country is like every other one.

May was just beginning when I reached Cadiz, the loveliest city in the world. The midday sun was hot enough to make the strong salt breeze from the Atlantic grateful, and the nights were simply perfect. I had left my luggage on board ship, intending to send for it from the Hôtel de Paris, an excellent inn, at which I had before lodged, and a thoroughly Spanish place notwithstanding its name.

I had, however, wandered about, renewing old memories, gone into one or two churches—which, in this month of May, are always full—until noon put me in mind that it was time for breakfast. I hunted up a *café* which I knew to be good, and, as things in Spain, like those of the Orient she so much resembles, never change, found it without difficulty.

It is the best in the city, and what is served would be good in any country, but how different it is from the white and gilt, looking-glassed and gorgeously upholstered coffee-houses of France and Italy. There was an almost unreadable old sign, then a dark flight of steps, a heavy leathern curtain, and a still, dark room, where sat a few grave men in silence.

The waiter was as different from the conventional *garçon* as were his surroundings from those of the usual *café;* a grave, heavily whiskered man, he came with noiseless tread, bowed and awaited my order.

I ate, and then ordering a cup of the excellent coffee I well remembered, and a *puro*, a genuine Havana cigar, fresh and delicious, such as one can always get in Spain, but which are in all other countries, outside of Cuba, allowed to dry until the flavor is half gone, I settled myself to thorough enjoyment.

The stillness, the half-light, the cigar—the first really good one I had tasted for months—all combined to make me drowsy, and it was half-past three before I roused myself from my nap, and started to secure lodgings for the night.

At the inn they were very sorry, but every room in the house was full, and, practically, there was no other place for me to go. I went to look at another hotel, but it was not prepossessing, and I came back to the Hôtel de Paris.

It was now six, and an attendant suggested that if I wished to dine at the *table d'hôte*, he would see what could be done. I wrote a note to the steward of the ship, and gave orders that my traps should be sent for; then dined well, and then, knowing that this always softens foreign innkeepers' hearts, ordered a bottle of much more expensive wine than is my custom.

Dinner over, I found the room question still unsolved, except that I was promised something.

The evening was delicious, and, after a stroll to finish my cigar, I entered a little theatre by whose doors I happened to pass. There was something—such as we would call a variety performance—going on which I found dull, so took another walk down toward the sea, and about ten returned to the inn.

There was a room—an excellent room—if I would not mind a gentleman's luggage scattered around. He was out of town and would not return for some time. The bed had been changed, and the room was one of the largest and best in the house. Where was my trunk?

Where were my bags? They would be sent for tomorrow—that terrible "mañana" to which, in Spain, everything, great or small, is postponed.

I grumbled somewhat at the want of combs, brushes and other conveniences, but, giving orders to have my things sent for early, I went up-stairs.

The passage was a long and somewhat twisting one, and impressed me with the idea that the hotel was much larger than I had supposed.

It was the new part, added less than a year before. It had been part of a monastery, now secularized, said the young man who was acting as my guide, as he threw open the door of No. 21, a large, high-ceiled really fine apartment, though not very sumptuously furnished, and which was at one end full of heavy trunks and boxes.

It was certainly a delightful room, but one story from the street, large, airy and in every way convenient. It had only two heavily draped windows, one facing the street, but, as I saw, not the street from which one entered the hotel; the other window I could not open, but it doubtless, I thought, looked into a court.

Of doors there were five: one from the hallway, large and massive; the others as heavy, but smaller. All were locked, and evidently led to closets.

My only light, a single candle, seemed but to make the darkness more heavy, and I noticed there was no bell. On the door there was a great bolt, large enough to resist a catapult.

The bed was inviting, and, with a sigh for my toilet articles, it was the work of but a few minutes to bolt the door, undress, and, drawing up a little table for my light, put myself between the covers and begin my invariable half-hour of reading, as a prelude to and a wooer of sleep.

Drowsiness soon came. The book was dull, my candle was blown out, and a few minutes later I had sunken into the deep sleep of a healthy and tired man. I am, however, always a light, though dreamless, sleeper, seldom moving from the position in which slumber finds me, but easily aroused by the slightest noise or movement.

Suddenly I found myself wide awake, and felt that in my room there was a presence. What?

My mind ran rapidly over the whole situation. I had bolted the door; tried it after it was bolted; the other doors were locked. The window toward the court had been securely fastened; that looking on to the street I had opened an inch or two for air, but to prevent too much draft I had placed one of the boxes against it.

Like all European windows, it opened like a double door, and could not have been moved without making more noise than the entrance of the presence had caused.

A momentary chill ran through me. I did not move, but I felt every nerve and sinew tighten as I lay ready to spring upon an adversary and, at least, fight for my life. All this takes long in the telling, but in time of action took but a moment.

Then a voice! Heavens! it was, then, a person! The words were few, low and hurried, but they went through my overwrought senses like the blare of a trumpet. A disk of light fell on the wall.

"Padre!"

The light flashed in my face. I half arose. The light wavered, as if whoever held it had stepped backward. More rapid words. Darkness again—profound, utter darkness—and I felt, for I could not see, nor did I hear, anything, something advance.

The something struck the table by the bedside. There was another word, "Traidor!"

I threw myself forward, felt a sting as if a jet of flame had touched my wrist, caught a hand or arm, and, throwing my whole weight and strength upon my adversary, leaped from the bed.

To my profound surprise there was no resistance. Instead of a fierce struggle in the dark for mastery, there was a faint sob or groan, and then a collapse.

Still keeping a firm hold upon the wrist I held, I groped with my left hand, found a match, lighted my candle and turned. My assailant was a woman—almost a child!

A glance showed me that the ponderous bolt was still in its place, the doors and windows closed. Who was she? How had she come? Why was she here?

I spoke. No answer. Then, light in hand, I kneeled beside her. She had fainted.

As I moved, I noticed a stain of blood, and found it was flowing rapidly from a long, but little more than skin-deep, wound, along my wrist, and there, dropped from the hand I had seized, was a dagger.

For a moment I kneeled as in a trance. The sudden awakening, the presence, the short conflict, the tension of the nerves which had so abruptly ceased, and then, this girl.

There she lay. Not more than sixteen, her waving chestnut hair, loosed from the lace mantilla, fell like gold-touched bronze around a face pale but exquisitely beautiful, and undoubtedly that of a lady.

One hand was gloved; the right, that which had held the dagger, and which I, by chance, had seized in the darkness, was beautifully small and white. Her rich, black costume showed a supple, delicious form, and one perfect foot and rounded, silk-dressed ankle had, as she fell, been pushed into sight.

Tying a handkerchief around my wrist, I flung on some clothes more rapidly, I believe, than ever in my life before or since—although I have twice awakened to find flames coming into my sleeping-room—hurriedly smoothed the bed, and picking the strange, would-be assassin from the floor, laid her upon it, keeping the head low, then removing the lace and bathing the face with water.

In a few moments there was a sigh, and the fair lids opened upon the most glorious pair of eyes painter or poet ever dreamed of; those great, liquid eyes which the Moors have left as an inheritance and a reminder that they once ruled in Spain.

For a moment these sweet eyes looked into mine with a startled glance, then there was a movement as if she wished, as memory returned, to cover them with her hands. The right hand fell piteously; the wrist was already black, swollen, disfigured. Great Heaven! I had broken it!

Supported by the left arm, she rose to a sitting posture, and never shall I forget the look of magnificent scorn and perfect composure with which her eyes met mine.

"Yes," she said, "you are stronger than I. I did not kill you as you deserved. Now what?"

Although I understand it well, I speak Spanish badly at the best, and the few words at my command deserted me. I made two efforts, and then said:

"Do you speak French?"

"Yes."

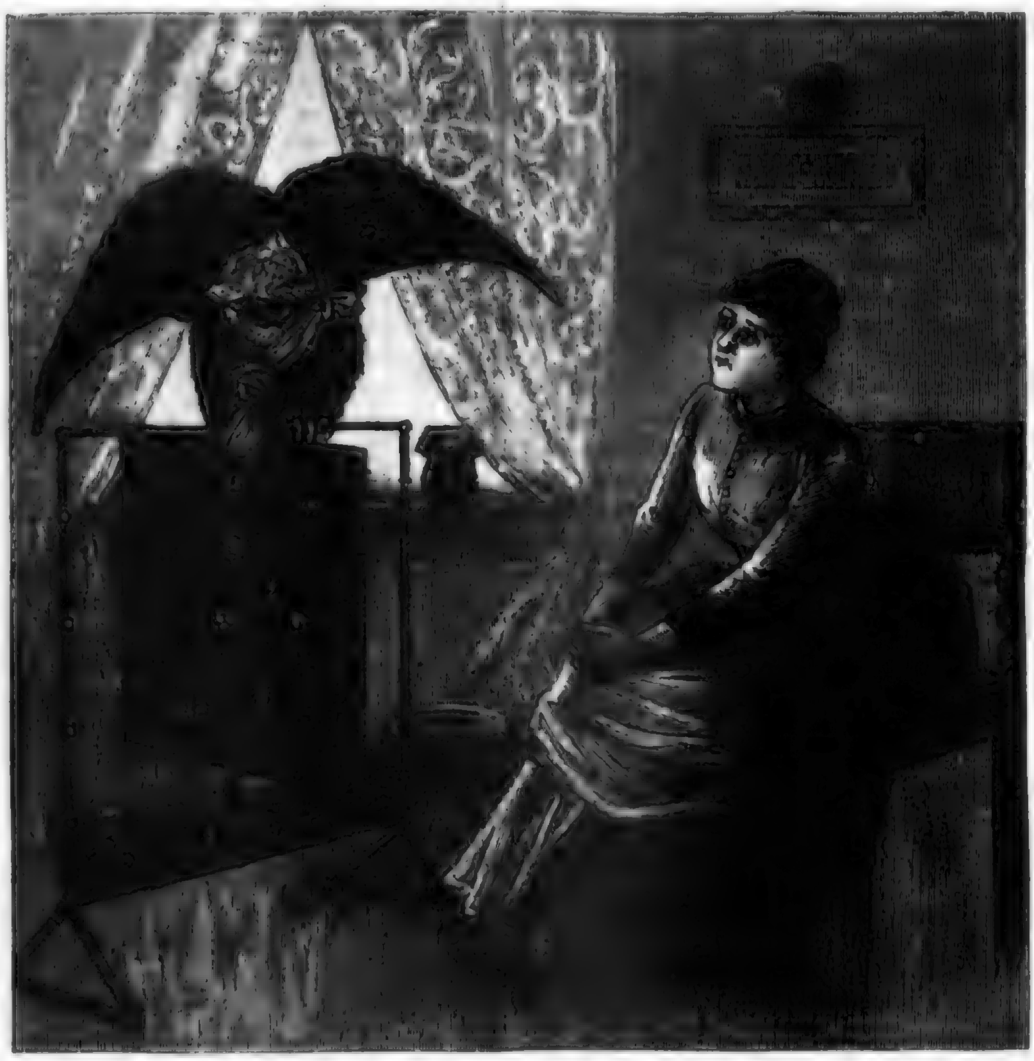
Then I poured out my questions. "Who are you? Why are you here? How came you into this room? Why should you wish me dead? Let me see your wrist. Is it broken? Let me make a scarf for it until you can see a doctor.

XUM

I turned to seek something to make a sling with, and when I looked again she stood erect, her bosom heaving like that of a young pythoness, and in her uninjured hand she held the dagger, with the point close to her breast.

"Now," she said, "I can speak. Come one step nearer, and you will accomplish what such a coward and traitor as you would glory in! You will have killed the daughter and sister of the father and brother your vile plot has perhaps already destroyed."

"Mademoiselle! for whom do you take me? I am a foreigner—a stranger from beyond the Atlantic! I never heard of your father—never knew you had a brother. I know you are young, beautiful. I fear I have have hurt you. I am neither traitor nor coward. Yesterday I landed in Spain. The inn was full, and they gave me this room, to which you seem to have some mysterious entrance."



AN IMP OF DARKNESS.—POLLY PLAYING WITH HER MISTRESS.—SEE PAGE 487.

Again she smiled in superb scorn.

"Yes. You spies who dog men to their deaths are always foreigners. You know nothing. No! Not until the web is woven, the victim ready for the altar. This time one has escaped you."

Then, as I held forth my hand in mute appeal, feeling that I would go mad, I thought: Is this a dream? No, no! There was the bloody rag around my still bleeding arm.

I took one involuntary step nearer. Her eyes were fixed on mine. I saw the sharp steel cut through the silken covering of her breast.

"One step more and I die! but will not die unavenged! You are known, and there are those of your party—no, of the party in whose pay are such slaves as you—who will tear you limb from limb for this!"

"Mademoiselle," I answered, "I do not know for whom you take me. There is, evidently, some strange mistake. Why you, a young and beautiful woman, are here at this hour of the night I know no more than I know who you are. If you will, I am ready to take you to some place of safety where a chirurgeon may be called, and I will then leave you. I am an American, of the United States. I have here a passport which shows that six months ago I was in Paris; that I went to Brindisi, and thence to Egypt. I passed the Winter in Cairo and in going up the Nile. From Egypt I went to Sicily, and yesterday landed here from an English steamer, now lying in the harbor. I am a gentleman—a foreigner who knows nothing of your politics, cares nothing for your parties. What the mystery is that brings you here I do not seek to learn. I only know that you are a woman, and that, God knows unintentionally, I have hurt you, perhaps severely, certainly painfully. You cannot tell how it revolts me to have done so even by an accident. All that I wish is to be able to help you. That, the circumstances give me a right to ask."

As I spoke there was a change in the girl's face. The look of haughty scorn faded, the blood surged over cheek and brow. She cast a frightened glance around; for a moment held out the dagger; then, with an expression of horror, cast it from her.

"Yes, I believe you now. And I—*Madre de Dios!*—I have come here—I have tried to kill you—I am here now—"

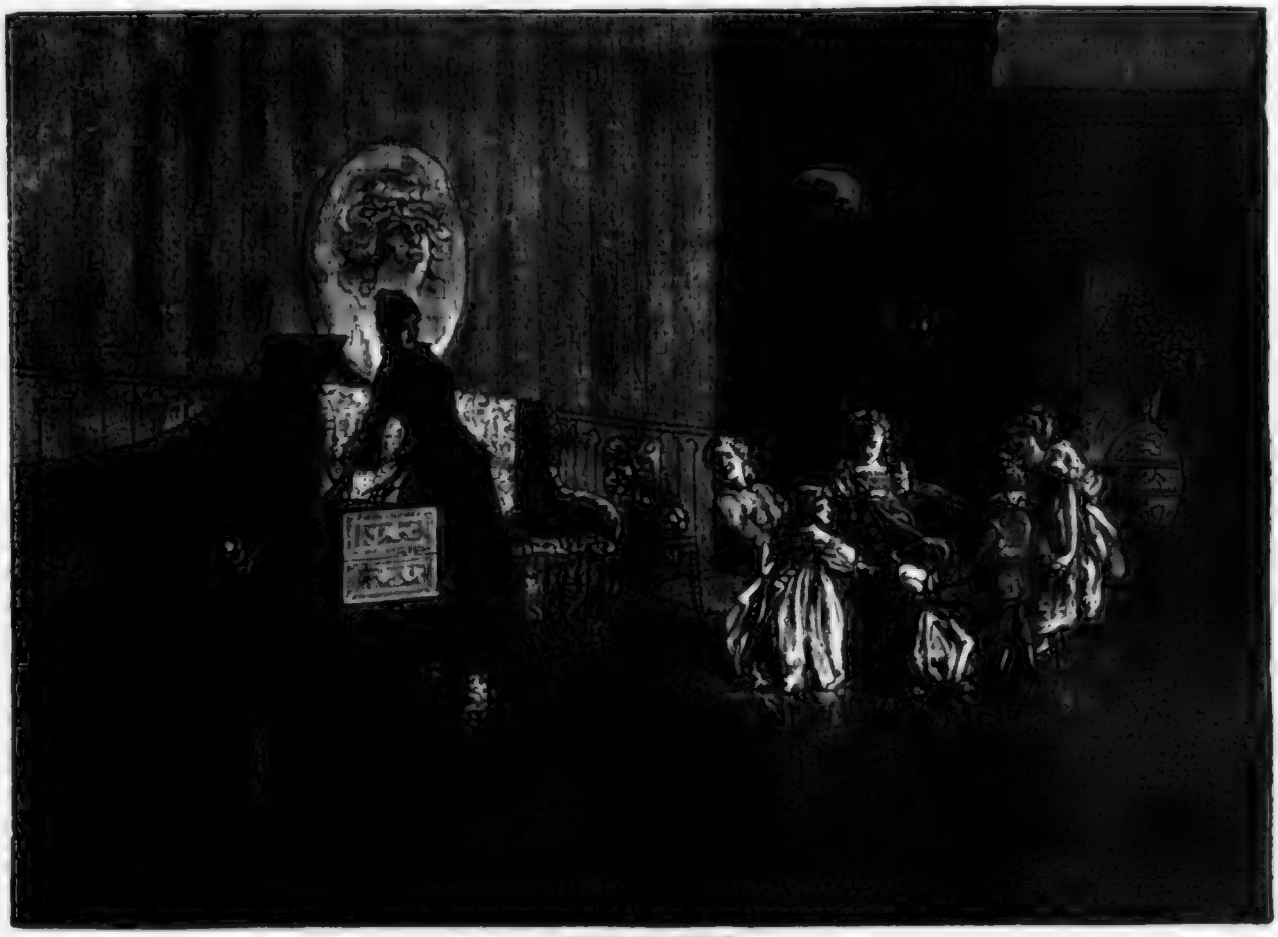
"You are as safe as if I were the brother of whom you have spoken. Tell me what I can do. I swear that, were it only to repay my having hurt that little hand, I will do anything in man's power to aid you." The reaction had come; again she sank upon the ground, while sob after sob convulsed her; a gush of almost hysterical tears followed.

I approached, and, unresisted, examined the wounded wrist. It was broken just above the joint, and already much swollen.

There was an empty box of cardboard on one of the trunks. Cutting this into strips, and tearing up a pillowcase, I bandaged the arm into place as nearly as possible, made a sling, passed it around her neck, and made the arm as comfortable as I could.

It must have hurt the poor child, but she did not speak until it was over, and the pain seemed to have taken away all the excitement under which she had been laboring.

"*Muchos gracias, señor,*" she murmured, as I led her to



A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

a chair, glanced at my watch, which, to my surprise, marked only two o'clock, and said :

“Mademoiselle, I am now at your service. I will not pretend that I am unimpressed by your beauty, by your grace ! I hope to be able to tell you some day how much I feel them. Now is not the time. There is evidently some mystery in all this. Tell me as much as you will ; nothing, if you think that best ; but trust in me, and if, as it seems it must be, you are in any danger or trouble, let me act for you. I give you my honor, as a gentleman, to do all in my power.”

There was a long pause, then she answered, gravely:

“Señor, it is a matter which not only involves the lives and happiness of those who are dearest to me, but to thousands of others. I scarcely know if I should confide it to any one. Yet the chance is desperate, the time short, and I believe, now that I have seen and heard you, that you would not betray us. Yet swear upon this holy sign”—she continued, drawing from her bosom a tiny crucifix —“swear that if, when I have told you all, if you cannot or will not aid me, you will, at least, keep the secret.”

I felt that an oath upon her soft, white hand would have been to me a far more potent one, but the explanation would simply have confused a Spanish girl, so I gravely kissed the crucifix and said :

“I swear it upon the holy crucifix, and by my honor as a gentleman.”

“You must know, even though a foreigner and a stranger, that we are ruled by a wretched Italian adventurer, son of the petty Duke of Savoy and King of an island he probably never saw, and that this son dares to call himself the King of the Spains.’

I bowed.

“Well, the gentlemen of our country have taken a vow to bring back our rightful sovereign lord, now in exile. The Church gives them its blessing, for this Italian and his base father are heretics, infidels, who have dared to fight against the Holy Father and the Church itself. My father is the Marquis of V——, and also the colonel of the —th Regiment of Cavalry, stationed at ———. My dear, dear brother, the handsomest, dearest boy in the world, my parent's only other child, joined the same regiment nearly a year ago, just after my marriage.”

I could not forbear a motion of astonishment. This fair child a wife ! She saw my motion, reddened a little, but continued :

“Yes, a year ago I was married to the Duke of O——,” naming one of the great historic houses of Spain. “He is much older than my father—nearly fifty—and is the general commanding this province. Some years ago he and my father quarreled, and, as they always take different views of every question, political or other, it is not surprising.

“My marriage was to heal the breach and unite their influence. Alas ! that breach is now wider, the feeling more bitter than ever before, my position, a most unhappy one. I have been much more with my father than most girls, and, indeed, the members of our little household of four were always together and in sympathy.

“My father is one of the chiefs of the party who would bring back our King to his own again. It became necessary to have a confidant, and he did my mother and me the honor to let us share in all his correspondence. Two months ago he caused a stranger to take this room. That stranger, though calling himself a professor, is a soldier high in rank, but stationed at some distance, and is also for the King.

“My father learned of the room from Father P——, the priest of the church beside you, and who is our father confessor, as well as a distant relative of our family. That window looks out upon the high altar ; and from that door there is a spiral stair built in the thickness of the wall, leading to the church-floor below.

"All this building belonged to the religious Order of St. Dominic, as still does the church. This room was that of the Superior of the Order, and was arranged for his convenience. When the property was secularized and sold, no changes were made in this room except to connect it and other smaller ones near it with the hotel. After it was taken, many papers which my father was afraid to keep at his own house were brought here.

"In the hotel it is thought that the 'professor' is making some kind of a learned collection of plants or insects, and, as he pays regularly for the room, they care little how seldom he visits it. I am sure, however, that my father did not know the people there had another key; certain they never dreamed of the room being rented. He always comes in by the winding stairs, the foot of which is just behind the great monument, and so one can enter easily unseen.

"I have several times come with him, leaving my mother in the church. This evening I went to my mother in great excitement and trouble. By chance I overheard my husband give some orders, and knew he had discovered the plot to bring back our King. He favors the Italian. This afternoon he received dispatches from Madrid, and at once called a meeting of some of the principal military officers.

"It was at the end of this conference that I heard the order I spoke of given. He himself, dressed as for a journey or a campaign, soon after left the house, and I hurried to my mother's. Shortly after came Father P——. He, too, heard the news with alarm, and left us to try to secure some messenger to my father. It was late when he returned, and then, trembling with excitement, he burst into the room where my mother and I waited, exclaiming:

"'Your father is in the city. I saw his light behind the curtains of the prior's room. Have you the keys of the stairs' door?'

"Fortunately my mother had the duplicates.

"'For the love of Heaven, then go to him at once. I cannot go, for he made me swear, as a precaution in case of my arrest, never to enter that room, or learn anything in regard to the movement.'

"My mother could not go. She was almost fainting from dread and excitement. She had never been up the stairs, and it is doubtful if she could have opened the upper door, which has a spring-lock as well as a handle, both of which must be turned at the same time, requiring some strength and a knowledge of the lock. It was on account of this double lock that, after my hand was hurt, I made no effort to escape; I knew I could not open the door.

"Father P—— and my old nurse and dueña, who still lives with my mother, came with me to the church, and we found that the light had disappeared. I unlocked the lower door, and leaving the others, came up and knocked. No answer. I unlocked the door, and using a lantern given me by the priest, looked around. You know the rest. Excited, wild at the danger to my father and my brother, I felt sure that any intruder into this room must be a spy come to examine the private papers hidden here.

"Now, señor," she added, turning her glorious eyes full upon me, "you have said you would serve me. It is necessary for some one to see my father early in the morning. The danger of arrest is too great to trust any one with a letter. There is no one who can go whom I would intrust with the secret. The distance is but seven leagues. I would ride there myself even with my injured hand, did I not know that my husband's anger at such a step would add to his hatred of my family, and my very presence there would make my father's connection with the revolution seem certain. Will you go?"

"Willingly, were the distance seven hundred leagues instead of seven. Anything to make you forget that it was I who injured that little hand."

She smiled a little sadly, and answered:

"Señor, I shall be more apt to remember that you are the first young man to whom I ever spoke when not in my parents' presence; that, notwithstanding the strangeness of my coming, and of the place, you have treated me with courtesy and consideration. That, so great is the belief in your honor that your conduct to me has inspired, that I am ready to intrust to you the one great secret of my existence, and which involves far more than my own poor life.

"But time presses. This is my plan: To my mother I will simply say that, although you are not, as we thought the occupant of this room would be, my father, you will carry the message to him. Open that door, then go through the hotel and join me in front of the church; turn to the right as you leave the hotel, then to the right again at the corner, and you will find it. I shall get the priest to leave some one to conduct you.

"I do not wish my mother to see you, nor even my old friend and *governante.* They could not understand. My wrist I must explain by a fall, and to my injury ascribe my long delay. God will forgive me an untruth in such a cause. Arrived at my mother's, you will find all prepared for your departure.

"If you do this service for me, and succeed, my prayers will be offered up for you morning and night, and you can know that, so long as I live, I shall look upon you as an angel Heaven has sent me in my need. Good-by!"

I pressed to my lips the little hand she extended, and vowed that, come what would, her instructions should be carried out; then took her key, opened the secret door and saw her reach the foot of the winding stairs.

Returned with my candle to my room, I repaired, as well as I could without fresh linen, brushes or combs, my hastily made toilet, and, locking my door, but taking my light with me, passed down-stairs, left key and candle, and then went out of the hotel; evidently not without exciting the suspicion of the porter who opened the door for my exit.

The church was soon found, and a very old and feeble man standing there looked up, bowed, and led me a few blocks to the front of a superb residence.

My mysterious visitor could not have preceded me more than five or six minutes, but a groom held a superb stallion ready for mounting.

From the gateway advanced a venerable priest and a lady, who, although her head was covered with the folds of the mantilla, I recognized as my fair visitor.

Behind them, but remaining in the arch of the doorway, were two ladies, presumably the mother and the *governante.*

"Señor," said the young lady "here are a few hurried words written to my father, simply introducing you as a stranger who had brought letters of introduction to our family. There is the finest horse in the stables. At noon my father's regiment 'pronounce' against the existing Government. The Government is prepared; the regiment will be disarmed before it can join with others who are also in favor of our rightful King; the officers will be at once arrested, certainly degraded, perhaps many of them shot; for the Government is cruel because weak. Go, and may God protect you!"

"The word shall be given to your father, señora, if I can do it, no matter what the cost, but I do not believe it can be done in the manner you speak of. Were it a flower to be gathered in a garden guarded by a dragon or by mortal foes, I might take horse from your palace-gate to win that flower to deck your hair, or, sword-in-hand, perish in the attempt; that would be the chivalrous and romantic way. This, madam, is a man's matter of life and death. It demands modern means and common-sense methods—even though done for the bright eyes of a beautiful woman," I added, so the priest did not hear. "I think," I resumed, addressing that gentleman, "that the railroad running north goes through the town where this regiment is quartered?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I know your roads all run very early trains. When does the first one start?"

"Some time between half-past four and five there is a train for laborers and market people, which, in Summer, many take to avoid the heat."

"Madam, my plan is this: I will go to the ship, get a change of linen, as you would see, were it lighter, what I now wear is stiff and horrible with blood," I said, hurriedly, in her ear. "It would excite instant suspicion. I will dress, take a satchel, then, as a tourist, will go to the railway armed with my passport, and will reach the barracks by six. I am little of a horseman. Oh, madam," I added, smiling, as I saw a certain contemptuous start—for in Spain perfect horsemanship is the first of manly arts—"I would ride if there were no other means, but I doubt much if I would ever reach my destination. I do not know the road, and would be obliged to ask constant questions; but my greater reason is that this house is doubtless watched. I have already seen more than one shadow, which I feel convinced are from spies. Had I been twenty, instead of nearly thirty, I should have started as you ordered. Let me ask you to do this: I will walk away, but only to the next doorway. So soon as I have gone, start the groom with this blank envelope, containing nothing, in the direction he would take if going to your father. Let this reverend gentleman walk away rapidly, as if returning to the church, taking with him the old man yonder who acted as my guide. I will wager both will be arrested, while I may slip off unperceived in the darkness. Do you ladies at once go in, and you, madam, remain with your mother. Tell the groom nothing. Let the reverend father say nothing to-night, but to-morrow let the whole of this meeting be accounted for by your broken wrist. If I am arrested, as I must go if possible, I shall declare I am a doctor met by chance, and called to set the arm in the church where you had fallen."

My plan succeeded perfectly, or my good fortune was in the ascendant.

The groom had not gone a block before he was surrounded by soldiers; forced from his horse; his pockets searched; the supposed letter found, and he marched off to the office of the commandant of the city.

The priest and his companion were arrested before my eyes. I came out, walked leisurely in the direction the groom had taken; was spoken to by none, and, by a circuitous route, reached the ship half an hour later.

On shipboard there is little difference between night and day. I at once made a complete change in my dress, bound up my wrist and arm with courtplaster, took one of the ship's stewards in uniform to carry my bag, and, catching a chance cab, went to the railway-station, took a ticket for a point much further north than my real destination, and started.

At six o'clock I reached the little town where the —th Cavalry was stationed; went to what I was told was the best inn, had a cup of coffee, and then asked for a guide to show me about, a thing I never before or since did, even in the largest city.

My guide—a good-natured-looking man-servant in the *posada*—secured, I told him I had been a soldier (Heaven forgive the falsehood!) and especially would like to see the barracks.

He took me there. I stopped to examine the arms and uniforms of some troopers on guard, and was told the men belonged to the —th Regiment of Cavalry, of which the Marquis of V—— was the colonel.

I took out a card, wrote "Chef d'escadron en retraite" beneath my name and sent it to the colonel, saying that a foreign officer would like to meet him, if agreeable.

Spaniards are early risers, and in a few moments an orderly came to ask me to the colonel's quarters. The marquis was a handsome and distinguished-looking man of about forty, and received me with great cordiality.

Unfortunately there were other officers present, and I was asked several questions which, as I had never seen a day's service in my life, I found some trouble in answering. Some duty soon called all in another direction.

The colonel was about to usher me out, and to follow, when I found time to say:

"I come from your daughter, the wife of General the Duke of O——; from madam, your wife; and from Father P——. Here is a word of introduction. Read it and burn it at once. The political plot is found out. You will be arrested as soon as you try to 'pronounce' for another dynasty. Make no sign. Burn the letter at once. Now take me out, show me about a little, and then bid me good-by."

For a moment the marquis seemed speechless; then, seeing my impatience, he lit a match, set the letter I had brought, and another he drew from his pocket, on fire, handed me a cigar, took one himself, held me the fire, and said, "Señor, I have no time to thank you now," lighted his *puro* as we walked out, holding the blazing pages before him until the last was consumed.

A quarter of an hour later I was with my guide seeing the other lions of the little town, its church, etc. By half-past ten I had returned to the inn, then ordered and ate my breakfast, and at twelve lay down for a well-deserved and much-needed siesta.

Not yet was I able to get the desired rest. Scarcely had I fallen asleep when there came a loud knock at the door, and in marched a police officer and a file of soldiers. I pretended to be very indignant, but followed them to the office of some high official.

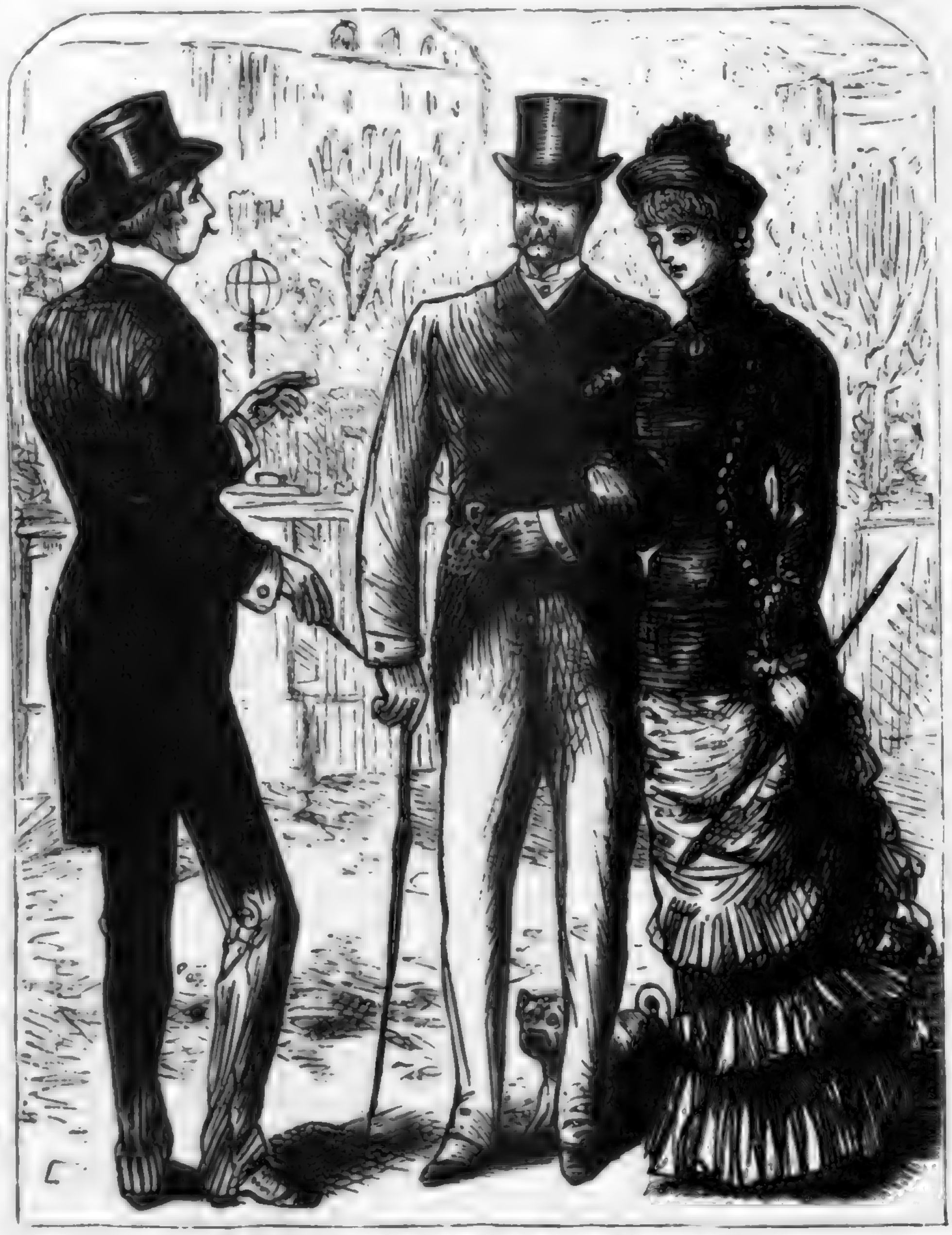
Here I was searched, and every scrap of paper about my pockets and my bag looked over. The letters were all in English, and bore other than Spanish postmarks. I produced my passport, insisted upon the American Minister in Madrid being telegraphed, and showed by my papers that I had been but a day in Spain.

The official telegraphed to Cadiz, and found I had only left the ship that morning, for on board they knew nothing of the hotel, and before the train started I had convinced my captors that the visit to the barracks was an accident.

The officer was evidently afraid of getting himself into trouble by interfering with a foreigner, and offered the most full and ample apology for having disturbed me. These I received very stiffly, but was glad enough to be off on the train speeding northward.

Had it not been for my lovely would-be murderess, I should have gone directly on until I reached Portugal, for I was still in doubt what the priest might be made to confess, or what trouble might still be in store for me in Spain.

That, however, was not to be thought of. I tried to reason with myself. I should probably never see her again unless surrounded; my connection with the dynastic plot might throw me into a Spanish prison, said to be the most dreadful in the civilized world, as loathsome as were those of the Middle Ages; I could reach Portugal in a few hours, telegraph for my baggage, and wait until all excitement blew over.



NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Brown—"WELL, YOU DIDN'T BRING BACK THE MERRY LITTLE WIDOW FROM NEWPORT, THEN, PERCY?"
Percy—"NO-O. NOT QUITE."
Brown—"WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PROPOSE TO HER."
Percy—"YA-AS. SO DID SHE."
Mrs. Brown—"VERY WELL; WHY DIDN'T YOU? SHE WOULD NOT HAVE REFUSED YOU."
Percy—"NO-O; BUT SHE MIGHT HAVE ACCEPTED ME!"

Reason was useless. Those lovely eyes, the sweetest and the proudest whose infinite depths man ever looked into, were in Cadiz. She had offered me her prayers; doubtless I needed them.

I certainly was indifferent to their being offered in my behalf; but, once in Cadiz, I might see her, if only to pass her in the street. Had not chance once thrown her in my way? Why might it not again?

The struggle was useless. I spent the night at the little town my ticket, taken at a venture, had carried me to, and the next morning saw me flying southward.

At the hotel I found my luggage, explained I had gone for a day into the country, at which none seemed at all surprised, and went to the room in which had happened my strange adventure.

I threw myself into a chair, and dreamed dreams as vague and full of romance as if I had been a boy and this the first woman I had ever met. Then becoming impatient at inaction, I dressed carefully—as a man in love always does—and started out.

At the door I met the chamber-girl, a pretty black-eyed, saucy thing—as are all her class in Spain—who exclaimed:

"Ah, señor, I did not know if you were dead or alive! A pillow-slip torn up! blood all over the bed and floor! more blood in the washstand-basin! As you did not kill yourself, pray whom did you murder?"

I was little in the humor to flirt with the prettiest *moza de camara* who ever lived; but this must be stopped.

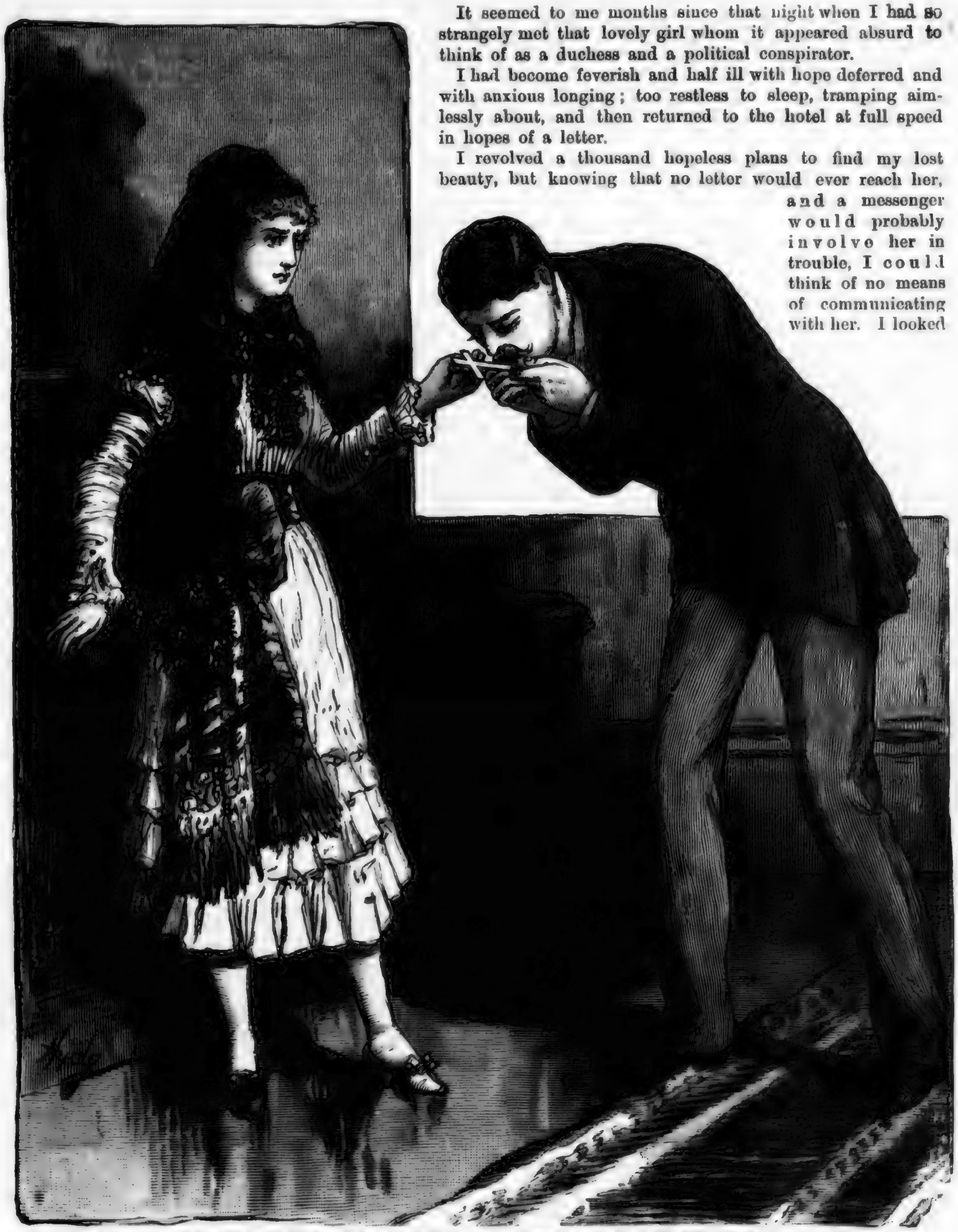
"Ah, *anima mia*, I was so longing for you that I tried, as you see, to kill myself because you did not come," I said, smiling. "At least, I would have felt so had I before seen you. As a fact, however, I cut myself, by an accident, on my arm, and here is a *scudo* for all your trouble."

Amidst a superfluity of thanks I made my escape, feeling that the blood and the disorder would never be heard of more.

It was too early in the afternoon to hope to see any one, but I went into the church, found the door of the stairway, which, placed as it was, would certainly never be seen unless especially sought after, then walked over the ground I had gone two nights before.

There stood the *palacio* of the marquis, a noble building, through the wide arch of whose doorway could be seen a superb *patio*, so large as to form a shady garden, full of trees and shrubs, and musical with the falling water of fountains.

I then went down to the port and on board the ship, which was still being laden with fruit, chatted a while with the officers, and, it being now nearly time for the popular afternoon *paseo*, made my way to the charming Alameda. There were gay equipages, prancing horsemen



MERCEDES.—"SWEAR THAT IF, WHEN I HAVE TOLD YOU ALL, YOU CANNOT OR WILL NOT AID ME, YOU WILL, AT LEAST, KEEP THE SECRET."—SEE PAGE 490.

It seemed to me months since that night when I had so strangely met that lovely girl whom it appeared absurd to think of as a duchess and a political conspirator.

I had become feverish and half ill with hope deferred and with anxious longing; too restless to sleep, tramping aimlessly about, and then returned to the hotel at full speed in hopes of a letter.

I revolved a thousand hopeless plans to find my lost beauty, but knowing that no letter would ever reach her, and a messenger would probably involve her in trouble, I could think of no means of communicating with her. I looked and groups of pedestrians, but the face I longed to see was not there.

For a week I lived in an indescribable state of excitement, of hope deferred. I would wake in the morning to the sonorous chants of the priests and the solemn melodies of the organ, to pass another day of restlessness, which ever ended in disappointment.

daily for Father P——, but he, too, seemed to have disappeared.

Spanish papers are not amusing, and contain no news, yet I searched through all I could find, and at last, in one published in Madrid, found a few words in regard to the plot and its failure. No names were mentioned, and thus I was as wise as before.

At length a letter came. I knew at once it must be from her, and yet the hand in which it was written was a shock, although I well knew that Spanish ladies wield the fan with greater skill than they do the pen.

I hurried to my room, afraid to open the letter in public, and its first lines made me feel ashamed of having criticised the writing. Poor child! had I not broken her right arm? She had been ill with fever, caused by anxiety and what she was good enough to call the accident to her wrist.

She had passed a night of terrible uncertainty, knowing of the arrest of the priest and of the groom, and not knowing if I had shared their fate. It was not, indeed, until three days later that she had heard whether her father was safe. He was still under quasi-arrest, but nothing had been proven against him. She was sitting up in bed, her mother was with her and had promised to mail the letter, which she begged me to excuse, because it was written with the left hand, the paper placed on a book which she could not hold, and all done in great haste for fear of interruptions.

Her brother had been in the city the day before, and had told them all the details. How could she ever thank me enough for all my wisdom, my courage? Had I followed the silly plan she—ridiculous child that she was!—had made for me, perhaps both father and brother would have ere this been shot, and yet at this moment she had thought me cold not to mount at once and fly to their deliverance.

Why I should have done so much for one who had tried to injure me, who had said such wicked words, she did not know. The Blessed Virgin must have sent me, and given me the strength and wisdom, as well as the will, to help her. Perhaps it was on account of the holy cause of the rightful King.

She begged me to think as kindly of her as I could, and that she had with much difficulty persuaded her mother to accept for and give to her any letter which I would write; gave me the mother's address, and with many more pretty compliments, making all too much of the little I had done, signed herself, "From one who prays night and morning for your happiness, Mercedes de V——, Duquesa de O——."

Never did boy writing his first love-letter take more time or waste more midnight oil upon his effusion than I upon my answer; but the next morning it was posted, inclosed in an envelope to the Marquesa de V——"

Then came more days of waiting, waiting, waiting. Then a visitor came in the person of a dashing-looking young lieutenant of eighteen, a handsome boy who, although much darker, and, notwithstanding his silky mustache, his spurs and his clattering sabre, I should have had no difficulty in recognizing as a brother of my mysterious duchess.

He brought a few very noncommital lines from the father, introducing him, and said that the marquis had been anxious to come and also to write his thanks, but was still so closely watched that he had thought it best to send only a verbal message.

The young man then went gravely on to thank me, but I soon found that he knew nothing of his sister's visit nor of her letter. He inquired of my probable stay, asked me to dine with him at a club, and regretted that his mother was not well enough to see me for the present. That then and ever he and his father held themselves deeply bound in gratitude to me, hoped some day to be able to show how much they felt the service, and with a variety of pleasant platitudes, took his leave.

As I was profoundly indifferent, except on ordinary grounds of humanity, whether the marquis-colonel and the gay young dragoon had been shot, or had not, save as their welfare affected the happiness of the daughter and sister, I was rather bored by the visit.

In my letter I had begged an interview; had conjured her to whom it was addressed to see me; and said I would then do as she wished—go or stay. In either case, I asked for a picture and a lock of her hair.

Nearly a week later the answer came. She still wrote with the left hand, but was almost well. Her mother had, however, fallen ill with the excitement, and was confined to her bed. Mercedes had tried to get her to invite me to the house and let her see me there. The mother had refused unless the consent and the presence of the colonel could be secured. Her father's consent was hopeless. She thought I deserved better treatment. I had risked much to serve her and hers. She had determined to trust the matter, so far as it concerned herself, to her maid, who was also her foster-sister, and, she believed, loved her.

Of the political part nothing should be said. If I would go on the day I would receive this letter, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the church on which my window looked, I would see a young girl kneeling before the closed iron gates of the second chapel on the right-hand side. I was to put a green leaf in my buttonhole and stand near her. As she rose she would say "Mercedes," and I was to answer the number of the marquis's regiment. The girl would be her foster-sister, and would have full instructions.

It seemed to me that all the clocks in Cadiz combined that day with my watch to mark the time too slowly, but five o'clock came at last, and there before the chapel gates was the girl, devoutly counting her beads.

She was pretty, was smartly dressed and evidently knew on her own account how to use eyes, tongue and fan as well as any lady of all Iberia.

She said "Mercedes" without taking her eyes from the saint, and, when I gave the number, added, "I cannot talk with you here; keep me in sight, but do not seem to follow me."

After a few blocks my guide entered a dark little shop, spoke a word or two to an old woman who sat in it, but who immediately disappeared into some inner darkness, and then turned to me and said:

"Señor, the lady from whom I come is my foster-sister, and I love her—have never left her since she was an infant. I am to-day doing myself great harm with these good people, but I would do anything to serve her. She is unhappy, is a slave in her own palace. She cannot go even in her own carriage to her mother's house without the escort of the old woman hired by her husband to keep her in sight. She is required to be escorted back either by her mother or the old *governante*. My lady wishes to see you. At first she wished me to bring you to her house, but I could not pass the door with you. That is absurd. She had forty other plans, all as impossible. At last she told me of the room you occupy, and of the stairs. That is possible, although dangerous. What we have decided is this: We will go in the morning to her mother's. Just before noon, when there are few people on the street, she and I will go out, explaining that she wishes to go only to the little mercer's shop in the neighborhood. We will go there and then, as rapidly as possible, to the church. She will have the key. A thousand things may prevent, but, if we can, we shall be there at noon to-morrow. It may cost my lady her reputation, you half a dozen duels, and cost me everything; but, as she wishes it, I am ready."

I tried to force a handful of gold pieces I had brought into her hand. She declined to touch them.

Heaven knows how that night and the next morning passed, or what I did during them. Certainly I neither slept nor ate.

A large part of the night was spent pacing up and down the deserted Alameda, the morning in my room, waiting impatiently for the slow hours to pass.

I had been listening, with every nerve strained, to hear the door at the foot of the stairs unlocked; but so slight was the jar, so light the footsteps, that the first sound was a fumbling at the lock of the door leading to my room. I sprang toward it as it opened to admit the evidently much agitated maid, who glanced around, and then turned to assist her young mistress.

Mercedes was as beautiful as ever, but there was some subtle change. This was no longer the child of but a few days before. She was dressed entirely in black, and had evidently been much more seriously ill than she had been willing to tell me in her letter. Her face was pale as death, and her left hand, which I took, trembled violently. The right arm was still supported by a scarf.

She was laboring under intense excitement, and when I led her to a chair she sank into it, so ashen pale even to her lips that I feared she would faint.

For some moments we both were silent. The maid sobbed from suppressed agitation, and then, opening the secret door, sat down upon the stones. Mercedes was the first to speak.

"Señor," she said, "the time is short, and I have much to say. First, promise me this—that you will at once leave Cadiz and seek to see me no more."

"Can you wish me to do so?" I asked.

She turned her divine eyes full upon me, and, as a tinge of color swept over her sweet face, said:

"My being here, in face of all the difficulties which attended my coming, is a sufficient answer to the question of my wishes; yet I must exact a promise from you to go."

I kneeled before her and promised to do anything she should ask, and, taking her little hand, covered it with kisses.

"Señor," she continued, "up to the time when I met you I was a passionate, romantic girl, who certainly had dreamed of love, but it was as indistinct and impersonal a thing as are the nurses' tales of enchanted castles, dragons and knightly heroes. My marriage had made me unhappy by removing me from my home, but had told my heart nothing. You did me a great and perilous service, and then wrote to me. Those written words were in an as yet unknown tongue, and spoke to my heart even as the magic words of the Moorish enchanters of old brought from the rock the living spring, making all blossom as the rose. I knew then why, when you were gone on your dangerous mission, I had found myself thinking more of your safety than even that of father or brother. Ever since has that paper lain upon my heart, to be taken out in secret, kissed and wept over. During the past two weeks I have been ill, almost for the first time in my life. I have thought so much that all the time before seems like some distant dream, or the life of another. I determined to see you. I wished, señor, to once hear you—hear you with your own lips, say—say," she continued, rising, as a warm flush spread over throat and brow, burned in her cheek, and stained her lips till they glowed like a cleft pomegranate, while the long lashes swept over the averted eyes—"say that you love me before we part for ever."

Everything that a man could utter I said, and might have spoken till the morrow, had not a step, a tap upon the secret door and a word from Mercedes's companion, warned us of time's flight.

Then Mercedes turned to me, her lovely eyes bathed in not unhappy tears, and placed in my hand a gold-framed miniature and a long coil of her chestnut hair.

"This," she said, pointing to the picture, "was taken just before my marriage. The hair I cut last night and kissed a thousand times because it was to go to you. Promise me to leave Spain to-morrow."

I bowed, and she continued:

"I love thee, dear, so well, I could not know thee near me and not come to thee. And now, dearest, take me once into thine arms, kiss me upon the mouth, that I swear to thee shall never in my life be kissed again, and with that kiss take all my heart."

She had grown deadly pale again, and again trembled so violently that she could with difficulty stand; and that long kiss, the first, the last, was more like a parting with a dead than with a living love.

Her head slipped down upon my breast, and for a moment I held her there, close to my heart. Then, without a word, without a look, but with one imploring gesture not to move, she turned from me and fled.

* * * * * *

I have little recollection of that afternoon and night, except of a strange, benumbed feeling; but I must, in the mechanical way which habit and civilization had taught, have secured a passage and attended to ordinary matters of detail, for before the sun rose again upon Cadiz I was flying with widespread sail before a strong north wind along the coast, bound—Heaven knows why at that season—to beyond the opening of the Straits of Gibraltar, to the Moorish town of Tangier, one of those "whited sepulchres" of cities which shine so fair unto the sea, and are so foul and vile within. For a year I wandered far and wide. Above my heart hung Mercedes's picture, but I heard nothing, although on that last day I had given her an address to which she could always write.

It was Summer again, and I was at Danieli's, in Venice, when among the letters handed me was one whose stamp and postmark made my heart almost stop, and then the blood surge to my head, an almost blinding tide.

It was from Cadiz, by whom written I never knew, but most probably by her foster-sister.

I had gone to my room, torn open the note. It was stained with tears, and said:

"She died this morning."

That was all. Inclosed there was a sheet with a few weakly traced, penciled lines:

"*Mis amores mi vida.* I love thee—I love thee! *Adios para siempre.*
MERCEDES."

Summer went and came again, and another Winter, and I stood, feeling old, worn and travel-stained, in Cadiz. It was easy to find the tomb.

Some pious ancestor of the great ducal family had built a church to the glory of God, and an enormous side chapel to the glory of his race.

There was a new tomb shining in marble. Above gleamed a recumbent figure, said to be by some great artist of the day. There were the coats-of-arms of her husband and her father, and long Latin inscriptions gave, in pompous phrase, her birth, her virtues and her death.

I turned from the mockery to curse the system which had given this glorious woman to the cruel soldier, and then to the perhaps less bitter tomb.

XUM

THE TELESCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

By Arthur Vaughan Abbot.

The passenger in an express train, comfortably seated in his armchair, sometimes feels a momentary sense of insecurity as, glancing through the window, he beholds the familiar objects of the landscape sweep swiftly by. But the sensations of the traveler could be scarcely enviable should the iron horse suddenly take fright, and, seizing the bit in his teeth, rush off at the rate of 1,100 miles a minute, and at the same time spin round and round with the dizzy velocity of 1,400 feet per second. Yet, during the few moments occupied in glancing over the foregoing sentences, the gentle reader has traveled with this marvelous speed on our little globe, nearly 1,000 miles through space, without experiencing the slightest discomfort, or, perhaps, even being aware of the fact. The idea that the world is a sphere, and with its inhabitants is spinning round and round, rolling on its way through space, is an astronomical truth so familiar as to be one of the earliest schoolboy lessons, and so universally accepted that any other hypothesis would only excite a smile of derision and contempt. But scarcely 300 years have passed since the highest representatives of science and art in the then civilized world assembled to compel a poor and insignificant Italian astronomer to declare that the world was stationary. Truly, mankind is learning rapidly, but each fresh discovery only broadens the horizon of knowledge, and should be but a fresh incentive to a larger and more perfect comprehension.

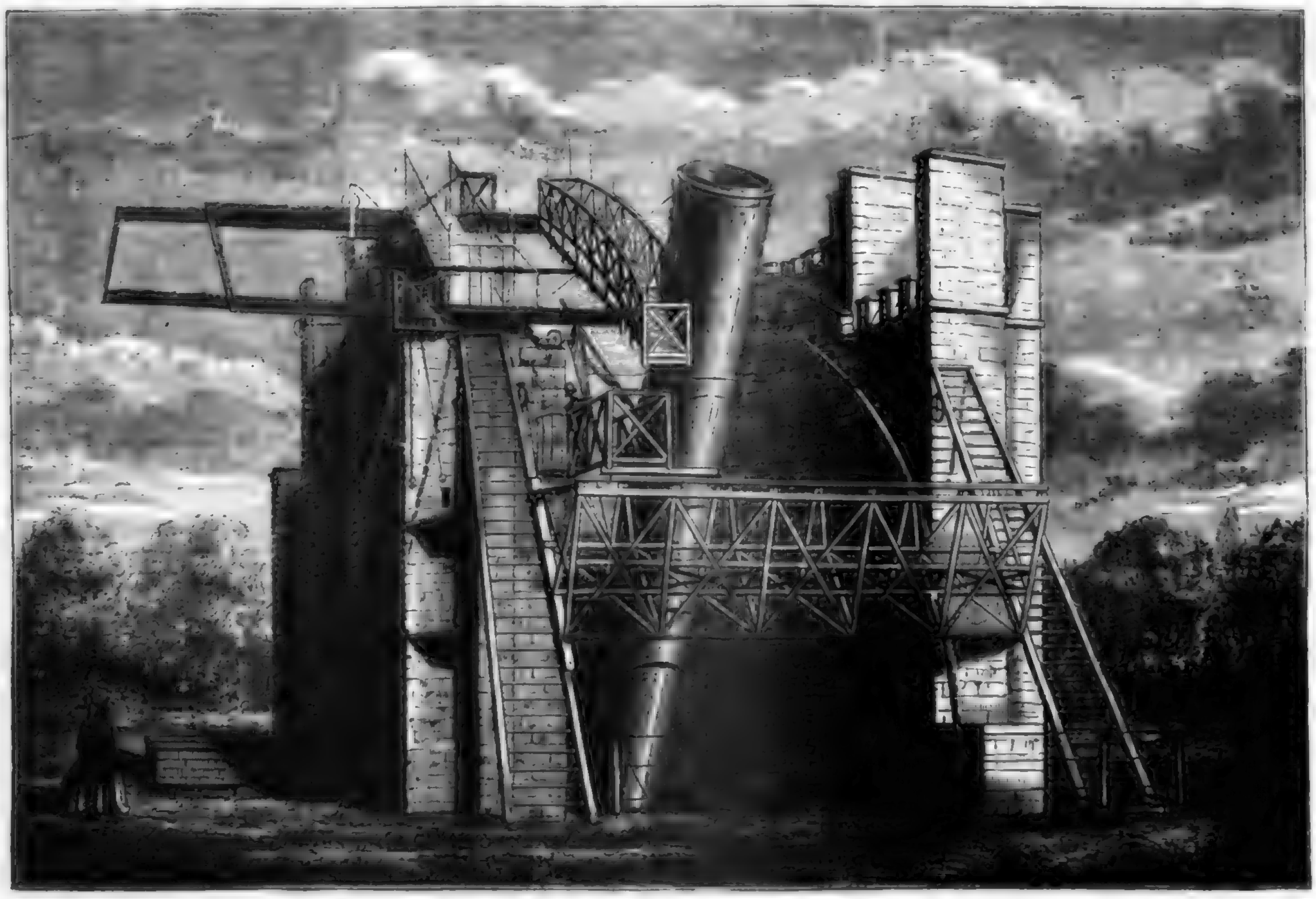


FIG. 1.—LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

Some of the earlier conceptions of the world are curious and grotesque in the extreme. One of the most primitive is, that the earth was a gigantic island, floating in the midst of a vast and boundless ocean, unknown and unexplored, the dark and cloudy mists of which were full of danger and terror to the venturesome *voyageur*. A little later, and the island earth, still floating on the unknown sea, sends down rootlets, after the manner of a gigantic seaweed, to sustain itself and its inhabitants by nourishment derived from the ocean. The Hindoos, even in modern times, had a very curious idea of the earth. This people, in many respects so learned, had discovered that the earth was not a plane, and even ascertained that it was hemispherical. But here their science deserted them, and their priests, appealing to the imagination, taught that the hemisphere was supported on four elephants standing on the back of an immense tortoise. By some it was asserted that the tortoise rested on nothing; but the more thoughtful East Indians maintained that it floated on the universal ocean (Fig. 2). From Grecian mythology is derived the familiar Atlas bearing on his shoulders the burden of the earth. It was not until the eighth century that even an approximate conception of the form of the earth was entertained. The wise Bede, known as the Venerable, regarded the earth as formed upon the model of an egg (Fig. 3). He says: "The earth is an element placed in the middle of the world, as the yelk is in the middle of an egg; around it is the water, like the white surrounding the yelk; outside that is the air, like the membrane of the egg; and round all is the fire, which closes it in as the shell does. The earth, being thus in the centre, receives every weight upon itself, and, though by its nature it is cold and dry in its different parts, it acquires, accidentally, different qualities; for the portion which is exposed to the torrid action of the air is burned by the sun, and is uninhabitable; its two extremities are too cold to be inhabited; but the portion that lies in the temperate region of the atmosphere is habitable. The ocean, which surrounds it by its waves as far as the horizon, divides it into two parts, the upper of which is inhabited by us, while the other is inhabited by our antipodes, although not one of them can come to us, nor one of us to them."

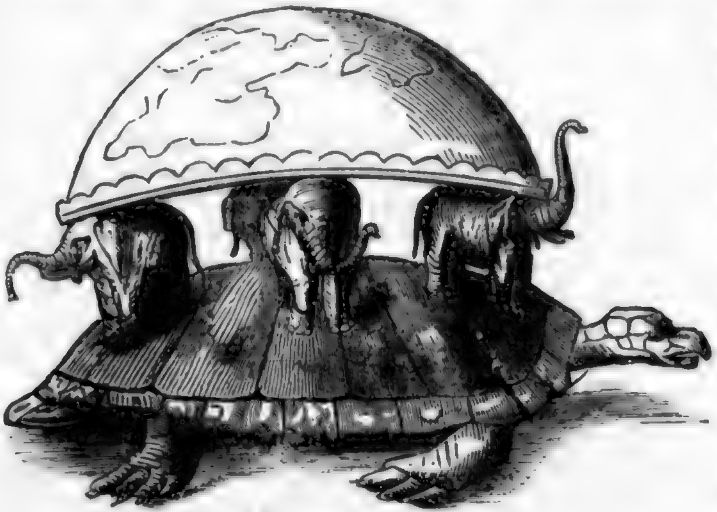


FIG. 2.— THE HINDOO EARTH.

What is it that has reduced all this chaos to system, and has given us a science that tells us not merely of the earth's form, and enables us to guide our ships from place to place on its surface with almost mathematical precision; but, leaving our globe, steps into space, and watches with the calm, contemplative eye of Science the sweep of the planets as they circle about the sun, and then, extending its vision, embraces other worlds and other suns; system after system, as the countless dwellers of infinite space pass before it in review, until even all-embracing Science, appalled by such immensity, is ready to exclaim, with Richter: "End there is none to the Universe of God. Lo! there is neither beginning"?

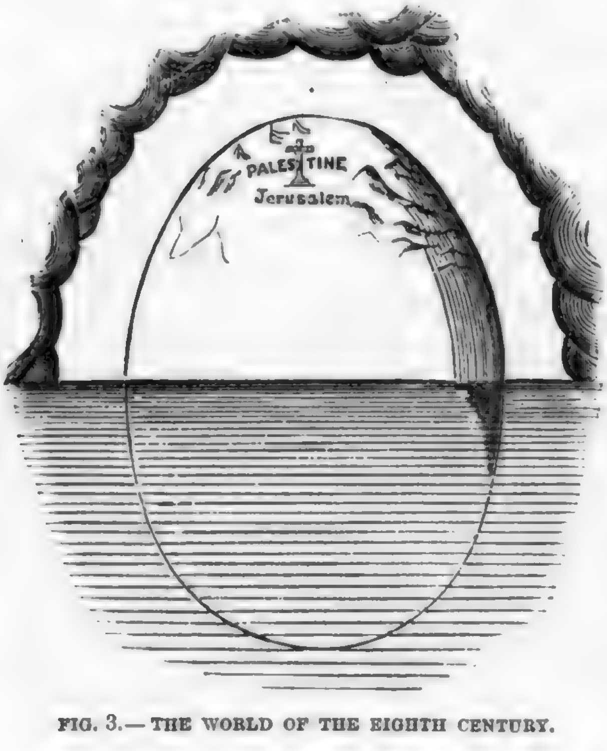


FIG. 3.— THE WORLD OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

So long as human faculties, unaided by mechanical appliances, were employed in speculation as to the condition of the earth and its relations to space, it is not strange that such singular freaks of the imagination received universal credence. The first step toward a more complete comprehension and definite knowledge was evidently some means whereby power of observation could be increased in scope and definiteness. The early astronomers were limited to their own eyes, and it is marvelous that the Phœnicians and Egyptians were able to reduce astronomy to the exactitude of which there is abundant record. Naturally something to supplement and extend the powers of the eye was earnestly desired. Precisely how the telescope was invented is perhaps uncertain. Current history ascribes to Galileo the credit of the earliest instrument of this kind. According to the story, the Italian astronomer complained to a friend of his defective vision, and was informed that a Venetian glassmaker had produced some astonishing results with curiously curved bits of glass. Some samples of these were procured by Galileo, and, after experimenting, he succeeded in producing the first telescope. The instrument was, indeed, but little more than an ordinary opera-glass, perhaps not half so good as those which nightly confront the stages in our popular theatres. But the little seed thus sown has grown until it has culminated in the gigantic and costly instruments of the present day.

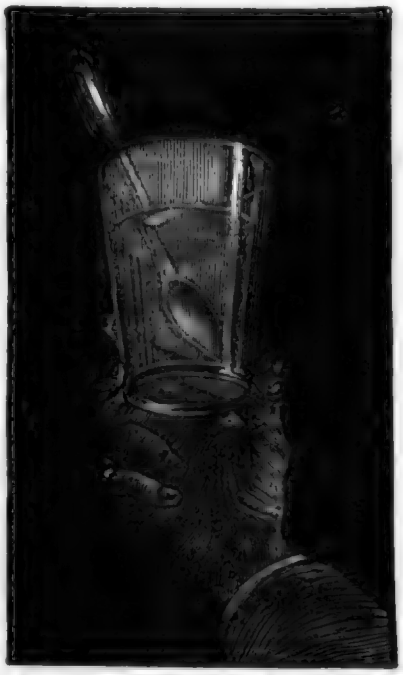


FIG. 4.— APPEARANCE OF A SPOON IN A GLASS OF WATER.

The principles of the telescope are quite simple, but in order to attain a thorough comprehension of them a little dry science is necessary. It is generally believed that all space with which we are acquainted is occupied by an exceedingly elastic, highly tenuous, and, so far as is now known, imponderable medium, which philosophers, with their fondness for long names, have denominated the

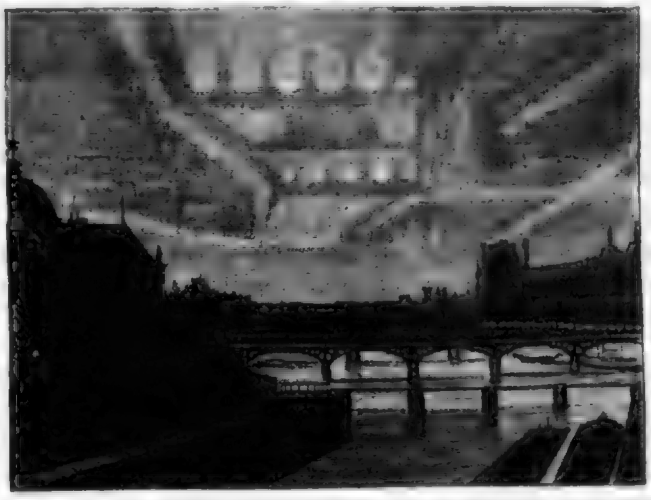


FIG. 5.— MIRAGE SEEN IN PARIS.

luminiferous ether. The phenomenon which we call light is believed to have its origin in an exceedingly rapid vibratory motion of the molecular particles of which all bodies are supposed to consist; and this ether is accredited with being the means whereby this motion is communicated from place to place. For example, ordinary illuminating gas consists of atoms of carbon and hydrogen. When the gas is ignited, the oxygen atoms of the air violently seize and enter into combination with the carbon and hydrogen. This terrific molecular disturbance, like a shower of stones falling on the surface of a pond, sets the ether into violent agitation, causing a series of waves to extend outward. When these waves break upon the retina of the eye, the exquisitely sensitive nerves are excited, and transmit to the brain a sensation which we call light. Further than this science does not venture to explain; but all the wonderful phenomena of optical science may be clearly understood if it is distinctly borne in mind that light is simply a wave-motion of the ether particles. When the ether waves fall upon a substance which allows them to freely traverse it, the light passes on with but little obstruction, and it is said that the body is transparent; while if, on the contrary, the nature of the substance is such as to extinguish the vibration, the material is pronounced opaque. Even in the most transparent bodies, the light-waves undergo a curious, though perfectly natural, modification; and it is upon this property we depend for the successful operation of many optical instruments. Suppose a ray of sunlight traversing the air to fall upon a pane of window-glass. The hard and dense particles of the glass retard the ether vibrations, and cause them to move more slowly. If the ray falls obliquely upon the glass, the part which first strikes it feels more quickly the disturbing influence, and thus the ray is turned aside and deflected from its original course. This power of causing light to turn round a corner is called refraction, and has its origin from the Latin verb *refrango*—to bend. Scientifically stated, the laws of refraction are as follows:

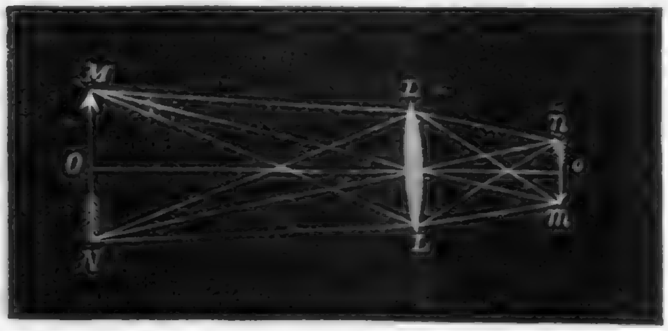


FIG. 6.—REPRESENTING THE THEORY OF THE LENS.

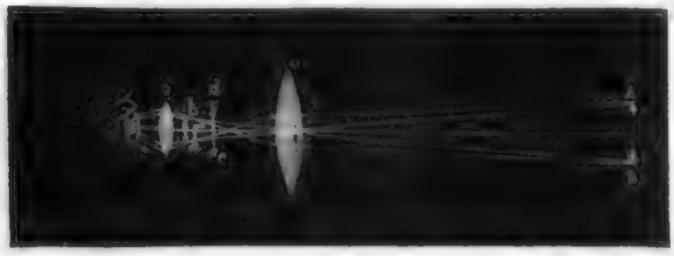


FIG. 7.—CONSTRUCTION OF THE REFRACTING TELESCOPE, IN OUTLINE.

1. *When a luminous ray passes from one medium into another, it is refracted, or bent out of its course.*

2. *When the ray passes from a rare medium into a dense one, the ray in the denser medium is refracted toward a perpendicular to the surface of this medium; and, conversely, when the ray passes from a dense medium into a rare one, the ray in the rare medium is refracted away from a perpendicular to the surface of this medium.*

Sometimes very curious effects result; for, strangely enough, the eye is not capable of recognizing any disturbance in the rectilinear course of the light-rays, but always refers the distortion to the objects seen; or, in other words, we think we always see straight, no matter how crooked and tortuous may be the path by which the light reaches the eye. A spoon placed in a glass of water will appear bent, and, in certain positions, even broken in two (Fig. 4). In tropical countries the heat of the sun frequently rarefies the atmosphere so as to produce layers differing in density. The light-rays passing through this attenuated air are distorted, giving rise to the phenomena of mirage. Certain peculiar states of the weather will sometimes produce a similar effect. One of the most noted examples of mirage occurred in Paris in 1869, when a large part of the city appeared to be upside down in the sky (Fig. 5).

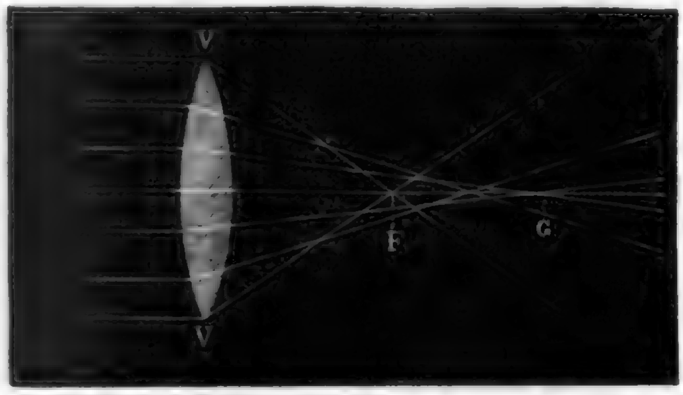


FIG. 8.—EFFECT OF EMPLOYING WHOLE SURFACE OF LENS.

It is this refractive property that renders possible the construction of a magnifying-instrument. Fig. 6 is an illustration representing the theory of the lens. L L is a cross section of a circular piece of glass, ordinarily known as a burning-glass, or double convex lens. Suppose any object, as an arrow (m n), to be placed before the lens. Rays of light from every point of the arrow fall upon its surface. Take, for example, the cone of rays from the point n. The upper ray of this cone n L meeting the lens at L is refracted downward, while the lower ray n L suffers a less refraction, and the two rays intersect each other at N. A similar train of reasoning may be applied to all the rays emanating from the object. As a result, the lens gathers these rays into a series of focal points at M N, thus forming an enlarged inverted image of the object. It is very evident that there is a definite relation between the distances of the object and the image from the lens. A small object at m n will give a large image (M N); while a large object at M N will cause a correspondingly small image at m n. The brightness of the image is also an important consideration. If all the light from a small body (m n) is spread out over the large space (M N), the image thus produced must be

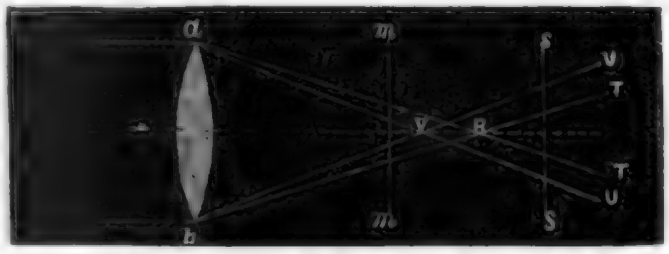


FIG. 9.—PHENOMENON OF CHROMATIC ABERRATION.

correspondingly faint and dim; while conversely, if all the light from a large body at M N be condensed at m n, the small image must be proportionately brighter. These interchangeable points are called the conjugate foci of the lens, and are utilized in the construction of the refracting telescope. For the study and examination of objects so faint and indistinct as most of the heavenly bodies, it is obviously necessary to obtain the largest amount of light possible. To accomplish this, a very large lens is employed, so as to collect and concentrate in a small image as much light as possible. Then, by means of a second lens, or a combination of lenses, this image may be magnified and examined. Fig. 7 gives in outline the construction of the refracting telescope. Let A B be an object at a great distance from the instrument. A large lens (o) is used to collect and form a small, but very bright, image of the object at a b. A second small lens (O), placed between the image and the eye, refracts the rays of light from the image a b, and causes them to enter the eye as if they emanated from a large image (d c). Simple as the theory of the telescope is thus seen to be, the mechanical execution of all its details with a precision sufficient to enable us to accurately follow the motion of the stars through space—of such immensity that, in comparison, the diameter of the earth's orbit, with its 180,000,000 miles, vanishes to a mere point—is a task full of difficulties, requiring the most arduous labor, the closest and most skillful attention.

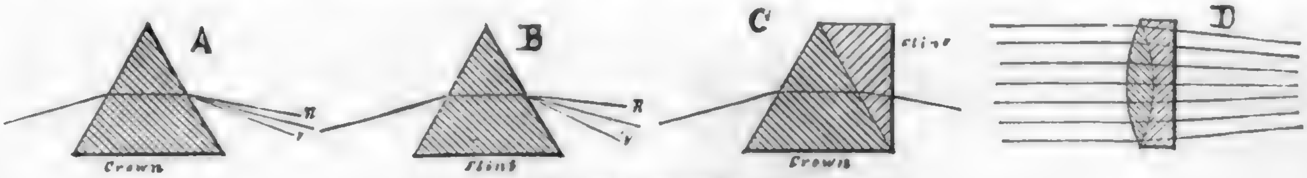


FIG. 10. - THE ACHROMATIC LENS.

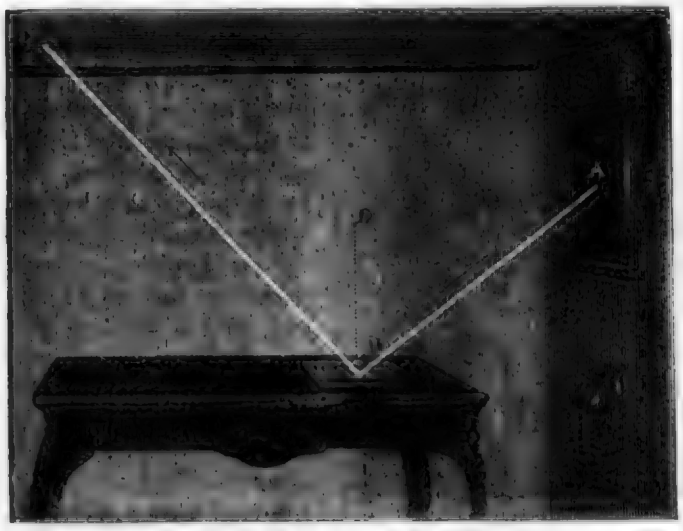


FIG. 11.—REFLECTION OF LIGHT.

In speaking of the foci and of the images formed by a lens, it was assumed that the rays emitted from a single point intersect after reflection at another point. This is virtually the case when only a small portion of the centre of the lens is used. When, however, the whole surface is employed, the rays which fall near the edges (Fig. 8) V V undergo a greater refraction and come to a focus at F than those falling on the centre which are focused at G. The result is that between the points F and G there are formed a great number of overlapping images, whose effect is to blur and render indistinct objects seen through the lens. This defect is termed *spherical aberration*, and increases rapidly with the size of the lens, becoming a very serious obstacle to the construction of large and powerful instruments capable of giving a sharp and distinct definition of the objects toward which they may be turned. Mathematical investigation has shown that by making the different sides of the lens of different curvature, so that the radius of one side is about six times that of the other, a lens is produced in which the spherical aberration is reduced to a minimum. Still, even with the most careful construction, this defect is always more or less present, and renders difficult the manufacture of telescopes of large size.

Early in the history of the telescope an obstacle was encountered that for a century and a half baffled the skill of the best opticians, and prevented the adoption of any instrument over the opera-glass of Galileo. It has been seen that, owing to spherical aberration, all the rays of light falling upon the lens are not concentrated at a single focus, but are spread over quite a sensible interval of space. It was also found that when a ray of light was refracted by a lens, it was separated into all the colors of the rainbow; consequently objects seen through the older instruments were surrounded by a fringe of color, giving a most curious appearance, and rendering the instrument absolutely unreliable when applied to the determination of the color of the heavenly bodies. This defect has been called a chromatic aberration. Investigation has shown that ordinary white light is composed of the seven different colors with which every one is familiar, as the tints of the rainbow, and the accurate measurements of modern science have shown that the waves of light in each color are of different length from those of every other. For example, there are about

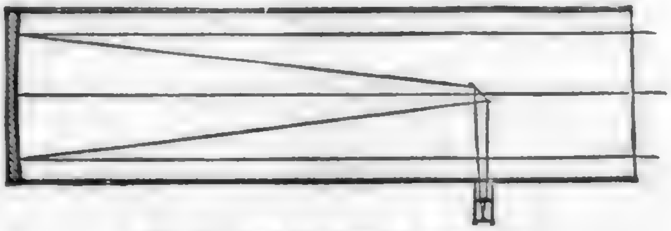


FIG. 12.—THE NEWTONIAN TELESCOPE.

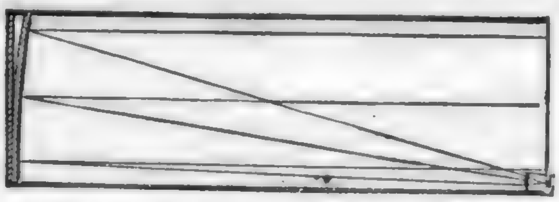


FIG. 13.—HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE.

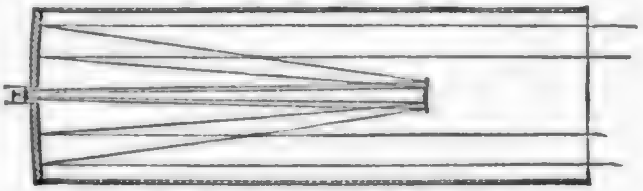


FIG. 14.—CASSEGRAN TELESCOPE.

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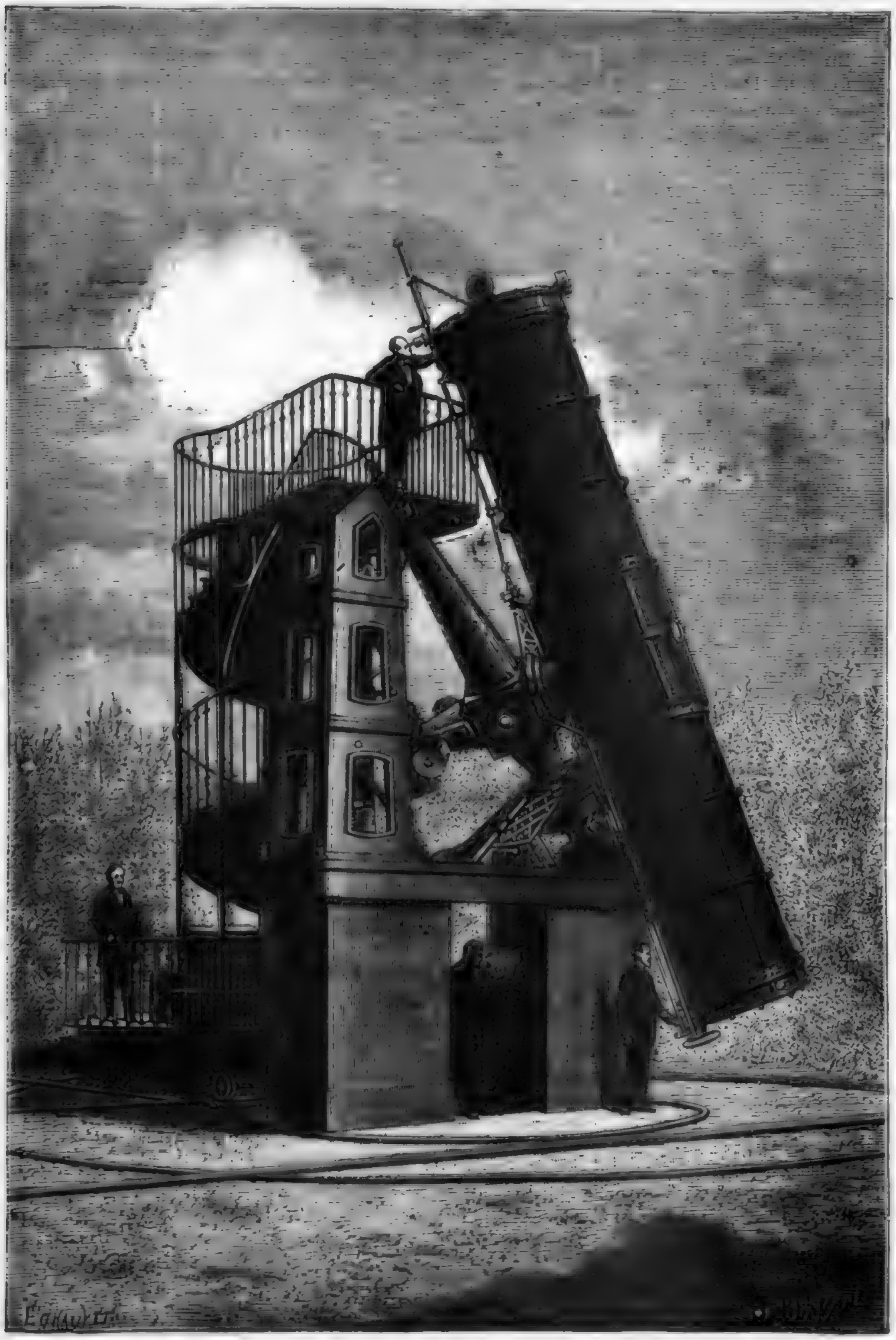


FIG. 15.—GREAT TELESCOPE, PARIS.

40,000 waves per inch in red light, while in a violet ray there are about 60,000 per inch. The greater the number of waves the more rapid must be the rate of vibration; and as it has been seen that the phenomenon of refraction is due to a retarding of the light-waves by a dense medium, it is quite obvious that the more rapid the vibration the greater will be the amount of retardation, and consequently the greater the amount of refraction. Fig. 9 illustrates this phenomenon of chromatic aberration.

Suppose a ray of light to fall upon a lens. The violet rays are brought to a focus at V, while the red ones are concentrated at R, and the space between V and R is filled with a series of colored images, marring and blurring the sharpness of the object to such an extent that lenses of more than a few inches in diameter are found to be worthless. Experiment has shown that different substances vary greatly in their refractive power, or their capability of bending light from its course. Similar experiments have also proved that there is a like difference in the power of dispersion, as the ability to separate into rainbow tints is called. Therefore, if two substances could be found, each having the same power of dispersion but different powers of refraction, a combination of the two might be arranged, so that the chromatic aberration of one part of the compound lens should be neutralized by the other part. This discovery was made by Dolland, a London optician, in 1757, and it is only since this time that large and accurate telescopes have been possible. Two kinds of glass are much used for optical work—flint glass, containing lead, and crown glass, containing iron. The dispersive power of flint glass is much greater than that of crown glass; consequently, by a combination of a convex lens of crown glass and a concave lens of flint glass, Mr. Dolland was able to produce a lens practically free from chromatic aberration, thus rendering possible the modern telescope and microscope, and giving to the world one of the most important discoveries in practical optics. The theory of the Dolland combination is shown in Fig. 10. A is a prism of crown glass, showing the amount of refraction, together with the amount of dispersion, between the violet ray V and the red ray R. In B a similar prism of flint glass is shown. Here it will be noticed that while the amount of refraction is about the same, the amount of dispersion between V and R is much greater. In C a compound prism is shown, consisting of a large piece of crown glass and a small piece of flint; the flint prism being set so as to neutralize the dispersion of the crown glass, and to leave the refractive power as nearly as possible unchanged. Here it is seen that the ray is refracted out of its course, but undergoes no dispersion. The application of this to the construction of the lens is shown at D.

After the discovery of Dolland, it appeared as if opticians, having the theoretical objections to the telescope practically removed, had nothing further to do but to go on indefinitely constructing larger and larger instruments. Unfortunately, however, the manufacture of the object-glass for a large telescope is one of the most difficult pieces of work that can be undertaken. Even the most transparent glass obstructs more or less light, and consequently it is the study of the optician to select the very clearest and purest material that can be obtained. It is found that the most desirable glass can be best manufactured in small quantities, so that, in order to get a sufficient quantity of glass that is optically good, a large number of crucibles full, in some cases as many as several hundred, have to be made. The contents of each crucible, after cooling from the furnace, are broken into small pieces. These pieces are then subjected to the most rigid examination, so as to exclude all those containing traces of air-bubbles and other impurities. A careful selection is also made so as to obtain pieces of glass as nearly as possible of the same specific gravity, in order that the resulting lens may be free from variations in density, which would tend to produce a blurred and distorted image. When, after this most searching inspection, a sufficient quantity of appropriate glass has been obtained, the selected pieces are subjected to a prolonged heating in the furnace at such a temperature as shall only soften the various bits of glass, causing them to thoroughly coalesce. It is very desirable, during this stage of the manufacture, to avoid melting the glass into fluidity, lest there be a tendency for the heavier ingredients to settle, giving thereby unequal refractive powers. After this process is completed, the material for the new lens is cast in a mold so shaped as to give the desired form, after which it is necessary that the disk should be most thoroughly and carefully annealed by heating to a moderate temperature, and allowing to cool with most extreme slowness—a process occupying some weeks. This care in annealing is extremely necessary, as otherwise the glass, being a poor conductor of heat, would cool exteriorly while the interior was still hot. Under such circumstances the piece would be in a state of internal stress, liable at any time to split and burst in a thousand pieces. Indeed, in the manufacture of very large lenses this accident is of frequent occurrence, and is often the source of much damage. After the annealing has been successfully accomplished the disk is ready to be ground. The workman having the glass in charge stands before a solidly built table containing a vertical spindle, so arranged as to be rapidly and steadily rotated by machinery. The embryo lens is fastened to the top of this spindle by a cement formed of pitch, and the workman, with an iron cup charged with sand and water, grinds the glass to the required shape. The sand is succeeded by various grades of emery, and finally by rouge, until, at the completion of the process, the surface of the glass presents the most exquisite polish. The lens is then tested by placing it in front of a luminous point, set at a distance of some twelve or fifteen times the focal length of the glass. The appearance of this point is examined with a magnifying-glass of high power, and from this the optician judges as to the accuracy with which the grinding and polishing has been done. Notwithstanding the greatest care and skill has been used in the operation, this searching examination usually reveals many inequalities of surface. To correct these, the finest rouge is applied by hand to the defective spots. This process is termed *figuring*, and taxes the skill and patience of the optician to the uttermost. Indeed, so laborious is the task, that an object-glass of even moderate size requires several months for its construction; and the objective for the Lick Observatory in California, the largest yet attempted, has been nearly five years in process of completion, and has cost $50,000.

While astronomers were vainly seeking to remedy

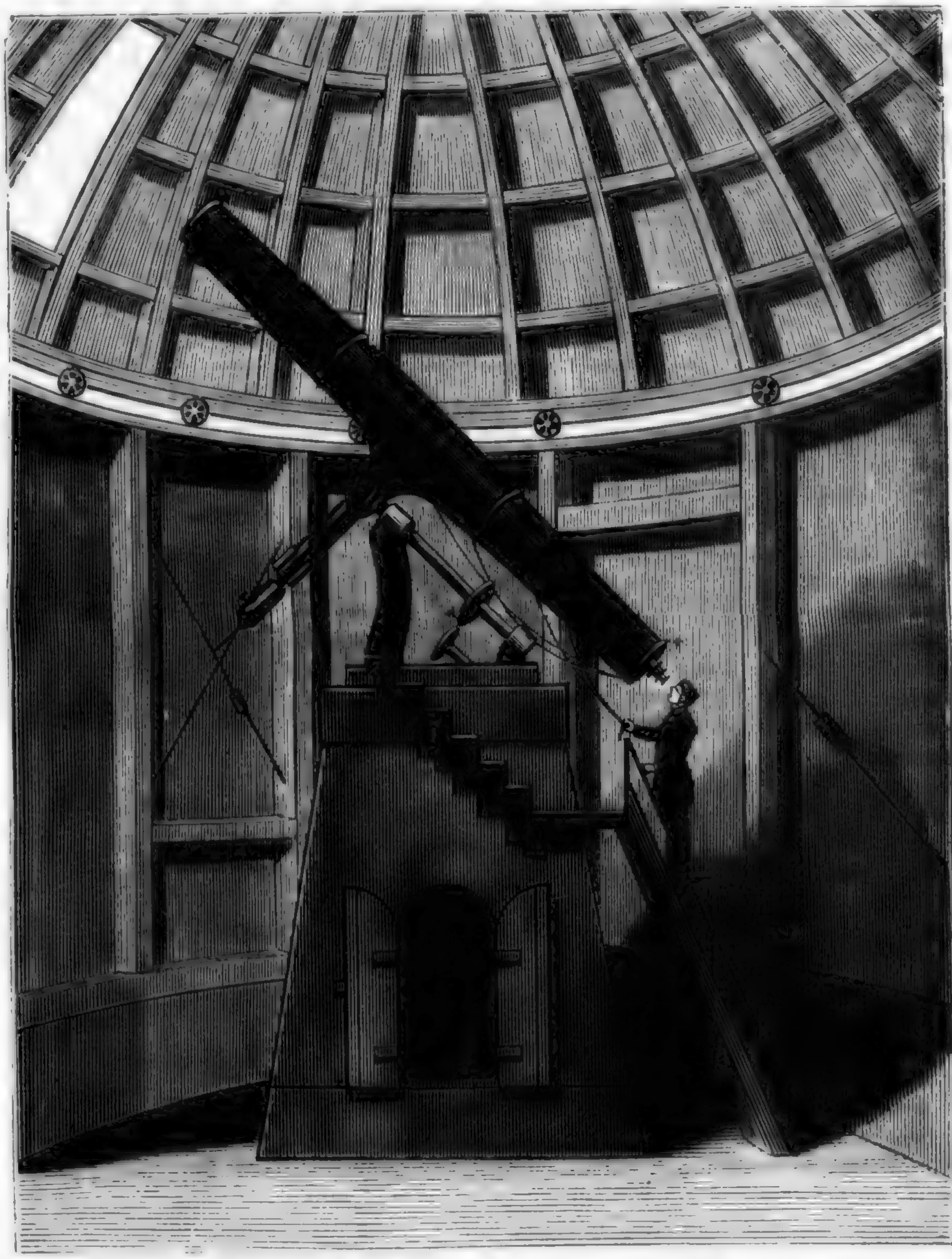


FIG. 16.—GREAT TELESCOPE IN THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON.

chromatic aberration, Sir Isaac Newton determined to abandon that line of investigation, and solve the problem in an entirely different way. It had long been known that a ray of light was reflected from a polished surface; just as the sea-waves, on meeting a wall of rock, are dashed back upon themselves. The scientific statement of this law is as follows:

1. *When a luminous ray meets a polished surface, it is reflected.*

2. *The angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence, lying on opposite sides of a perpendicular to the reflecting surface.* Suppose in Fig. 11 B to be the polished surface of a mirror. A ray of light (A B) falling on this surface at B, is reflected along the line B C. If a perpendicular, B D, be drawn to the surface of the mirror at B it can be readily shown that the angle between the *reflected* ray and the perpendicular is the same as between the *incident* ray and the perpendicular. It was discovered (it is not known by whom) that parallel rays of light striking a parabolic mirror were reflected to the focus, and were capable of forming an image. Newton first made a practical application of this principle to the astronomical telescope. He made the parabolic mirror of long focus, and, intercepting the rays by a 45° mirror, caused them to come to a focus outside the tube of the instrument, where the image is investigated by an eyepiece (Fig. 12). This has been called the Newtonian reflector. The famous Herschel tilted the mirror, as in Fig. 13. This brings the focus to the edge of the tube, where the eyepiece is applied. Cassegran adopted a more convenient method. A small convex mirror intercepts the cone of rays before they reach a focus, and reflects them back through a hole in the centre of the large mirror, where the image is examined by the eyepiece (Fig. 14). The observer is thus near the ground when using the instrument, while in those of Herschel and Newton he must be raised in the air to the height of the top of the tube; a great inconvenience in large instruments. The Cassegranian reflector is the most convenient to use. The Newtonian is optically the most perfect.

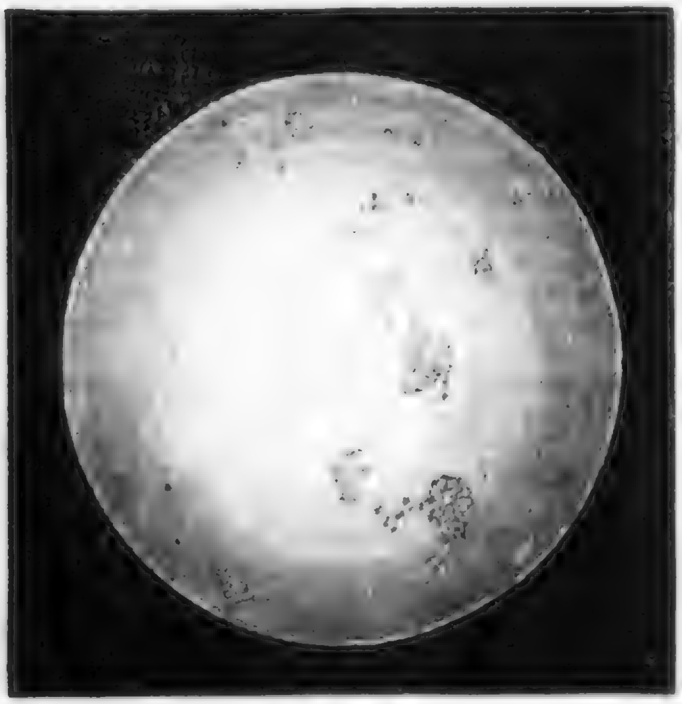


FIG. 17.—THE SUN.

This system of telescopes was very popular, as the rays of light are not separated into prismatic colors by reflection, and their work was received with the greatest favor until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Dolland made his discovery. There were serious obstacles in the construction of reflectors. In order that the light-rays shall be brought accurately to a focus, it is necessary that the reflecting mirror should be a parabolic curve. This curve is difficult to obtain mechanically, especially as even in the largest telescopic mirrors the difference between a circular curve and a parabola amounts only to a few hundredths of an inch. It was found also that, even after all possible care and skill was exercised in properly grinding the reflector to bring it to the desired curve, it was a matter of extreme difficulty to place it in its position in the telescope without slightly springing the metal, thus throwing it out of shape sufficiently to impair its value. Even a deflection of one or two thousandths of an inch is sufficient to destroy the sharpness of the image, and render the instrument unfit for the highest kind of observation. Furthermore, in the most highly polished speculum metal, there is a considerable loss of light, amounting to nearly thirty per cent. To obviate this, the plan of making the speculum of a large disk of glass covered with a thin film of silver was found to give very satisfactory results, and to much reduce the loss of light.

The freedom from chromatic aberration of the reflecting telescope caused it to be held in high esteem by the astronomical world, and nearly all the telescopes of the last century were constructed on this plan. The largest instrument in existence is the famous reflector of Lord Rosse (see Fig. 1), and was erected on his estate at Parsontown, Ireland, in 1842. The speculum for this instrument being so much larger than anything previously constructed, it was found necessary to build a foundry especially for this purpose. The metal of the speculum is composed of copper and tin, in about the proportion of three to one; and was cast in iron crucibles 2 feet in diameter and 2½ feet deep, requiring nearly twenty hours' heating in a furnace in order to melt the enormous mass of metal. After casting, the speculum was placed in an annealing-oven, where it was allowed to remain sixteen weeks, previous to undergoing the grinding process. This was done under water, by means of a huge cast-iron tool, filled with emery. Simply the grinding alone required six weeks. The tube of this immense telescope, including the speculum-box, is 56 feet long, and is made of iron-hooped 1-inch deal boards. Iron rings, at distances of 8 feet, are on the inside to strengthen the sides. The diameter of the tube is 7 feet, and it is secured to masonry in the ground by a universal joint, to give it free movement in any direc-

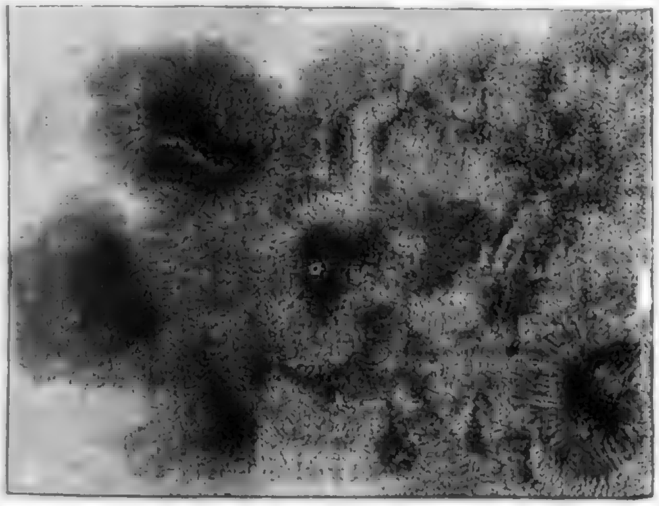


FIG. 18.—ENLARGED SUN-SPOT.

tion. Walls are erected 72 feet long, 56 feet high and 24 feet distant from each other, lying exactly in the direction of the meridian. These allow the telescope a motion of only about 15° on either side of the meridian, in an east and west direction. It may be lowered until nearly parallel with the horizon, and raised so as to point to the pole. By means of a chain and windlass, elevation or depression can be accomplished, and the telescope being counterpoised in every direction, two men can adjust it with facility, though the weight is about fifteen tons. The value of the instrument was placed at $60,000. Notwithstanding that Lord Rosse spared neither pains nor expense in the construction of his gigantic instrument, and while, owing to the enormous size of the reflector, objects appear very bright, yet the instrument lacks power of definition to such an extent that many smaller telescopes are capable of more accurate work.

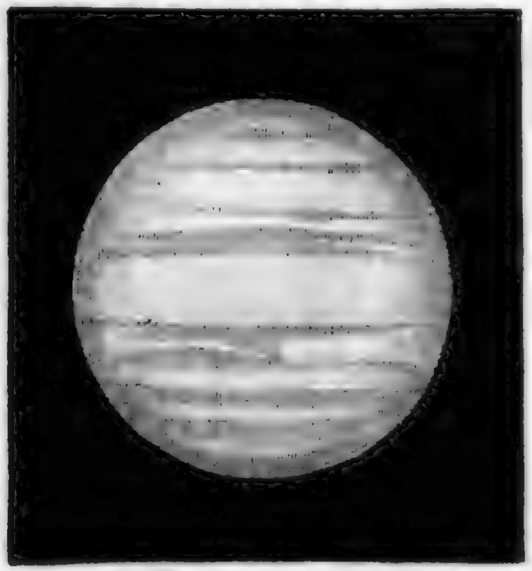


FIG. 19.—THE PLANET JUPITER.

The reflector of the Paris Observatory (Fig. 15), though a much smaller instrument than that of Lord Rosse, is capable of more exact work, and so is of more value to the astronomer. As soon as Dolland's discovery became known to the astronomical world, attention was at once diverted to the construction of refracting instruments, for, when the obstacle of chromatic aberration was removed, the mechanical difficulties of building good refractors were found to be much less than those encountered in constructing reflectors.

The value of a telescope consists in its power of definition, and its ability to magnify. The first qualification depends upon the accuracy with which the object-glass has been constructed, and the care used in correcting the spherical and chromatic aberration. The second depends upon the size of the object-glass, and the transparency of the material composing it. During the past century, opticians and mechanicians have been steadily improving old means and devising new methods in manufacturing, until now the art of lens-making has arrived at a very high degree of perfection, and it would seem that the possible size of a telescope was limited only by the amount of money available for its construction. But an apparently insuperable obstacle is encountered in the imperfect transparency of the glass, which occasions loss of light. Every additional inch in the diameter of a lens necessitates a greater thickness; consequently a point is soon reached beyond which a gain in light by increased size is more than counterbalanced by the loss caused by the additional thickness. With the best glass now at the optician's command, this limit is calculated to be reached by a diameter of about thirty-six inches. As this is the size of the telescope now in course of construction for the Lick Observatory, it is to be hoped that science will soon have the benefit of the largest instrument which our present knowledge is able to execute. Further improvements must be looked for in the direction of better qualities of glass, rather than mechanical progress.

The huge reflector of Lord Rosse has been instanced as the largest example of that class of telescopes. Probably the largest and best refractor now in existence is the one in the Washington Observatory (Fig. 16), having an aperture of some 26 inches, a focal length of 31 feet 6 inches, its total length being 32 feet 6 inches. The object-lens was ground, finished and polished by Messrs. Alvan Clark & Co., in 1872. The tube is of thin steel, in three pieces, and is mounted upon a brick pillar, supported by an arched foundation of bluestone, and having a capping of a sandstone block of about two tons' weight.

Attention has been so far directed chiefly to the difficulties encountered in the large lens or objective. The eyepiece, or portion of the instrument whereby the image formed by the objective is observed and magnified, has been constructed in a great variety of forms by different opticians, each method having some advantages in the special circumstances that call for its construction. Usually the eyepiece is made up of one or two small convex lenses.

Next to the objective, the mounting of the telescope has received study and attention. It is very obvious that the relative positions of the eyepiece and object-lens must be very exactly maintained, or otherwise the value of the combination as an instrument of precision will be seriously impaired. The mounting must be very light to permit easy manipulation; and at the same time great rigidity must be obtained, otherwise the magnifying power will cause the slightest jar or tremor to be amplified in a corresponding amount, and correct observation will not be possible. It is customary, therefore, in mounting large telescopes, to erect the most solid masonry foundation, setting the stonework on bedrock, and placing the instrument on a solid granite pier built into the foundation.

A curious difficulty encountered in the use of large telescopes and high magnifying powers is due to the motion of the earth itself; for this motion is amplified in the same proportion, and the object apparently sweeps across the field of view with great rapidity and disappears.

FIG. 20.—SATURN AND HIS MOONS.

To avoid this, a system has been devised which is called equatorial mounting. Two axes are provided, one of which, the polar axis, is set parallel with the polar diameter of the earth. The second axis is placed at right angles to the first one. If the telescope be directed toward a star, and slowly turned about the polar axis, it will evidently describe the same path as the star, and can be made to follow it with the greatest ease. If a

XUM

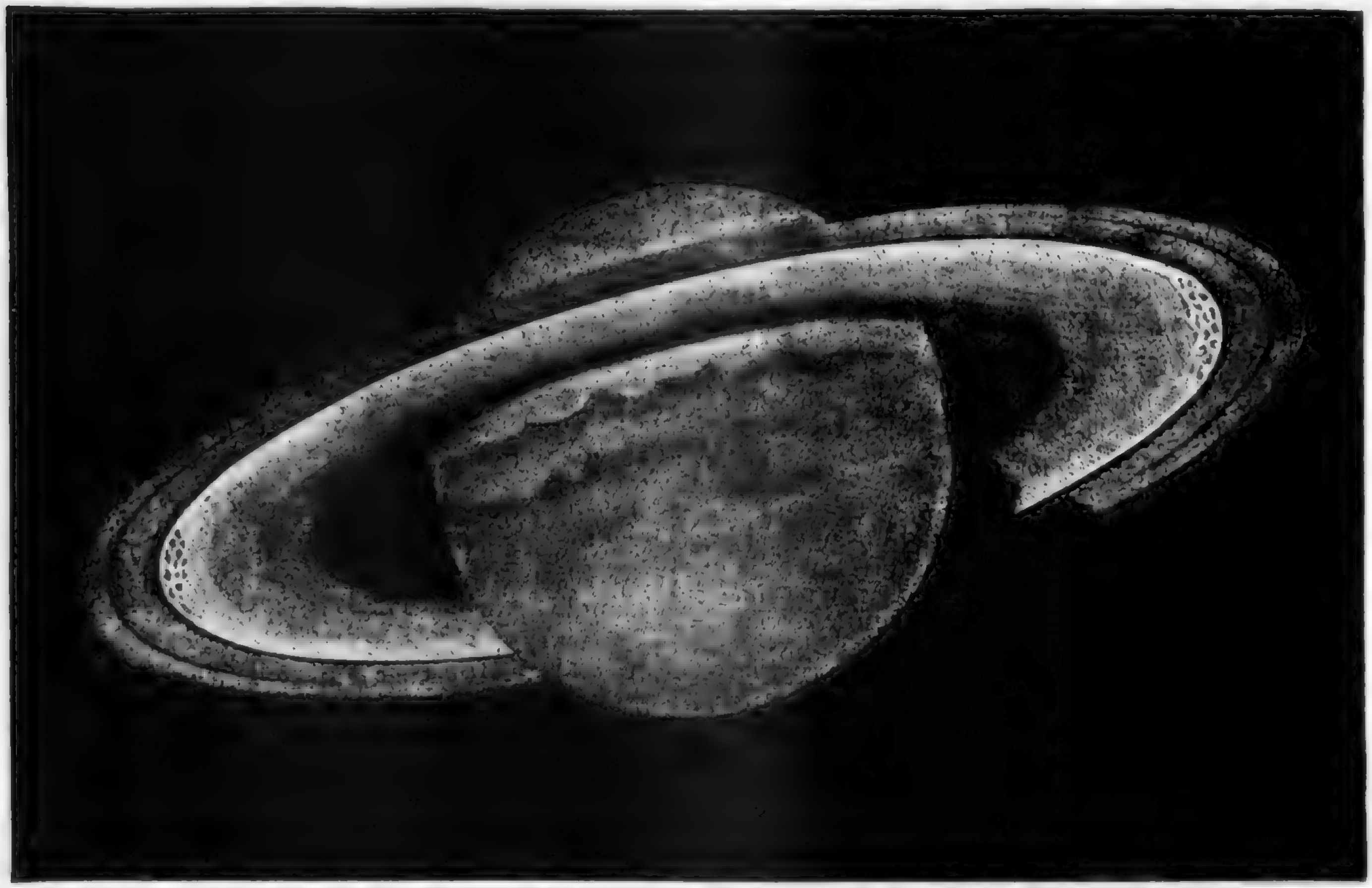


FIG. 21.—DETAILS OF THE RING OF SATURN OBSERVED BY TROUVELOT WITH THE 26-INCH WASHINGTON REFRACTOR.

powerful clockwork be attached to this axis, causing the telescope to revolve once in twenty-four hours, the instrument will remain directed toward the star, and will indefinitely follow its course, thus relieving the observer of all care. Also, by means of the graduated circles placed on these two axes, the position of a star may be at any time measured with the greatest ease. Referring to Fig. 16, the two axes of the Washington equatorial may be readily seen.

Allusion has been already made to the Lick Observatory, now nearing its completion. As this will be, probably, the finest astronomical observatory in the world, it merits a more detailed description. James Lick was born at Fredericksburg, Pa. He began life as a maker of pianos and organs, but removed to California in 1847, and died in San Francisco in 1876, leaving an estate valued at nearly four million dollars. By the terms of his will a provision of $700,000 was made for the construction and equipment of an astronomical observatory for the University of California. Previous to his death Mr. Lick had selected Mount Hamilton, one of the peaks of the Coast Range, as the site for the Observatory. Mount Hamilton is fifty miles south of San Francisco, and thirteen miles east of San José, which is the nearest point of railway connection. The summit of the mountain is separated into three peaks, the lowest of which is the site of the Observatory. The cap of this peak was cut down about thirty-one feet to get a solid foundation for the Observatory, which stands 4,285 feet above the sea-level. The Observatory is to be 287 feet in length, and will contain a transit house, meridian circle, a photo-heliograph and heliostat, and a photograph house. The domes are at the extremities of the main building, the large telescope being in the south dome, the foundations of which have been deeply laid in rock. The frame of the dome is to be of steel, the interior of the envelope being covered with paper, and the exterior with plates of steel. The weight of the dome will be fifty

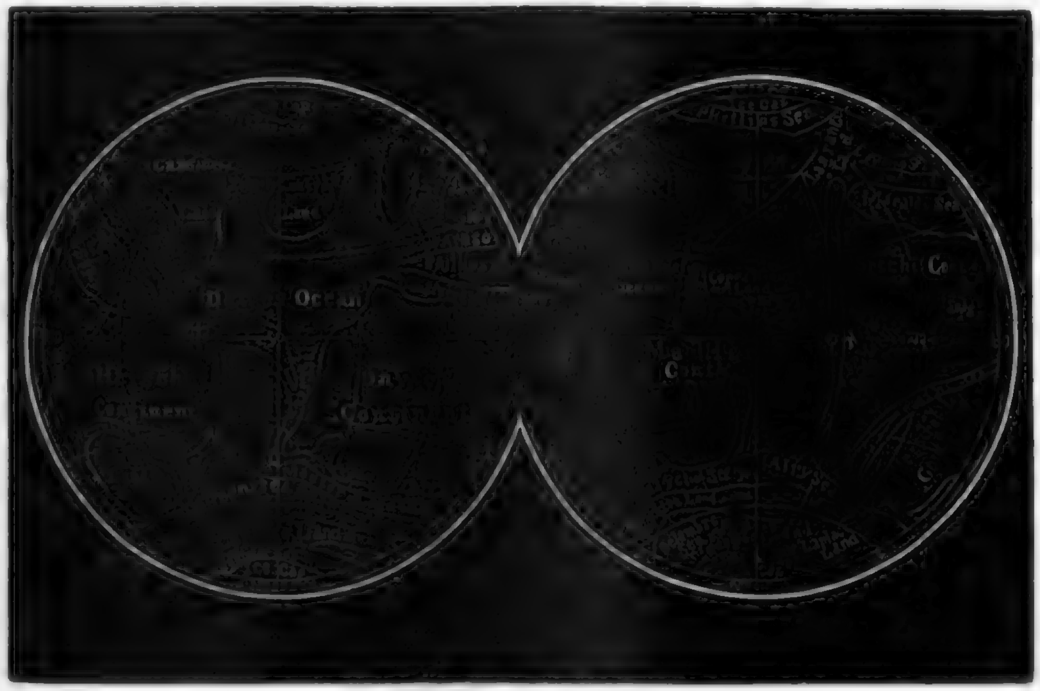


FIG. 22.—MAP OF MARS.

tons, and it will roll on an endless harnessed carriage. Hydraulic power will move dome, chair and shutter, all under control of the observer as he sits at the telescope. The north dome already contains a fine twelve-inch equatorial. The framework of this dome is of steamed bent oak, with coverings of thin copper sheets, plated inside with tin and outside with nickel. The machinery for revolving the dome consists of an endless rope of wire, running in a groove about the outer rim of the tower, over two large pulleys, and then through the wall to a drum set in an inside recess. In 1869 Professor Burnham, of the University of California, spent two months at the Observatory. On the most perfect nights of his visit he was able to use the highest powers to advantage, getting well-defined and sharp images.

The great altitude of the Lick Observatory, and the clear dry air of the Pacific Coast, will give the astronomers of this station extraordinary advantages, for at most locations there are only a few nights in each year when the air is sufficiently clear to permit the delicate observations of modern astronomy to be successfully made.

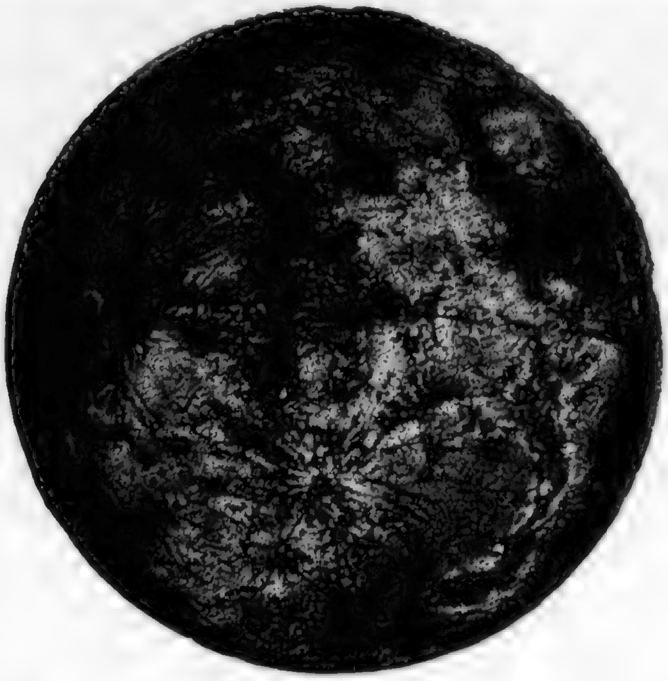


FIG. 23.—THE MOON.

The gain to astronomy from the discovery of the telescope has been twofold. First, the gain to physical astronomy from the magnification of objects; and, secondly, the gain to astronomy of position from the magnification of *space*, so to speak, which allows minute portions of it to be measured with great accuracy. The sun is about 90,000,000 of miles distant from us. Suppose, by means of a telescope, which will magnify say 900 times, we bring the sun within 100,000 miles of us. This is only about half as far as the moon is from us; but when we remember the enormous size of the sun, and, that if its centre occupied the centre of our earth, the circumference would extend beyond the orbit of the moon, we must acknowledge we have accomplished wonderful results in thus bringing the sun within half the distance of the moon. The ordinary appearance of the sun is that of a perfectly flat disk of intense brightness, the overpowering lustre preventing the eye from recognizing any details. If, however, it be examined with a telescope of even moderate power, such an appearance as is presented by Fig. 17 is seen; the surface being found to be mottled with light and dark spots, while here and there peculiar patches appear, which accurate measurement have shown to be many hundreds of miles in extent, and which modern science believes to be holes or openings in an intensely luminous envelope, through which the darker body of the sun may be seen. In Fig 18 a highly magnified representation of one of the sun-spots is given. Apparently, the envelope surrounding the sun consists of an inconceivable number of glowing filaments, which have received the name of willow-leaves. The most tremendous convulsions are constantly occurring in the sun, in comparison with which our most alarming volcanic eruptions are utterly insignificant.

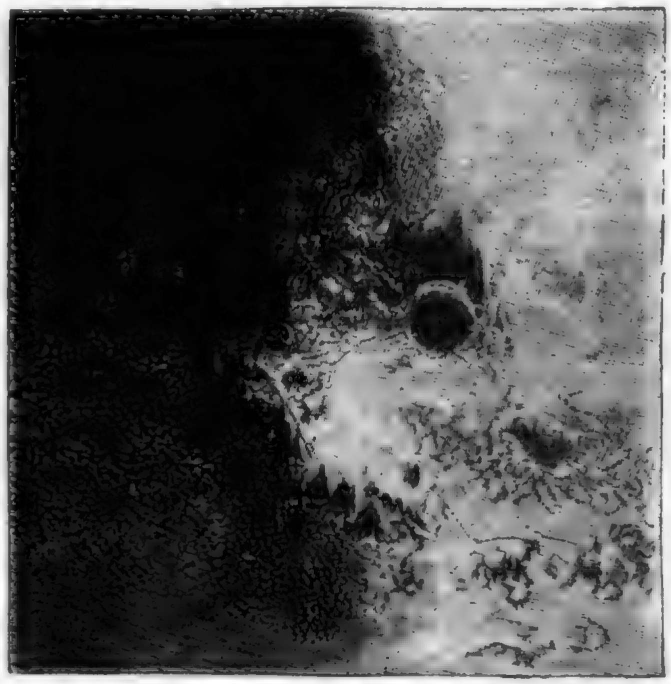


FIG. 24.—LUNAR APENNINES.

Turning the telescope toward some of our companion planets, we are equally amazed and enchanted. The planet Jupiter has been a fruitful field for investigation and speculation. It is probable that the real surface of this planet has never been seen, and that its appearance, as represented in Fig. 19, is due to the fact that the planet is constantly surrounded by a dense cloudy envelope, and that the curious streaked or banded appearance is owing to the varying thickness of these cloud strata.

Probably there is no more beautiful celestial object than the planet Saturn. With a three and a half inch object-glass, Saturn looks like a little silver ball as large as a pea, surrounded by a luminous ring (Fig. 20).

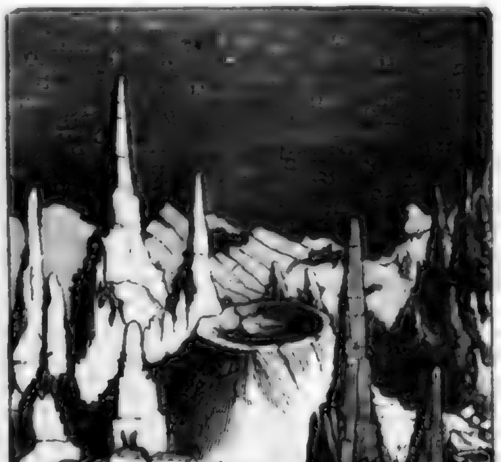


FIG. 25.—LUNAR APENNINES.

XUM

With the splendid Washington refractor, the little globe swells to a majestic sphere covered with cloud-bands, somewhat like the planet Jupiter, and encircled by the most beautiful rings (Fig. 21).

But of all the planets, our neighbor Mars has been susceptible of the most complete examination. Indeed, so satisfactorily has this scrutiny been accomplished, that the distinction between land and water has been perfectly recognized, and a map similar to that of our own earth has been prepared (Fig. 22). A peculiarity deserving notice is the relation between land and water upon Mars. On our globe the water occupies about three-fourths of the surface, whereas upon Mars it occupies half, or less than half. Astronomers have been also able to detect ice-caps upon the poles of the planet, which advance in Winter and retreat in Summer.

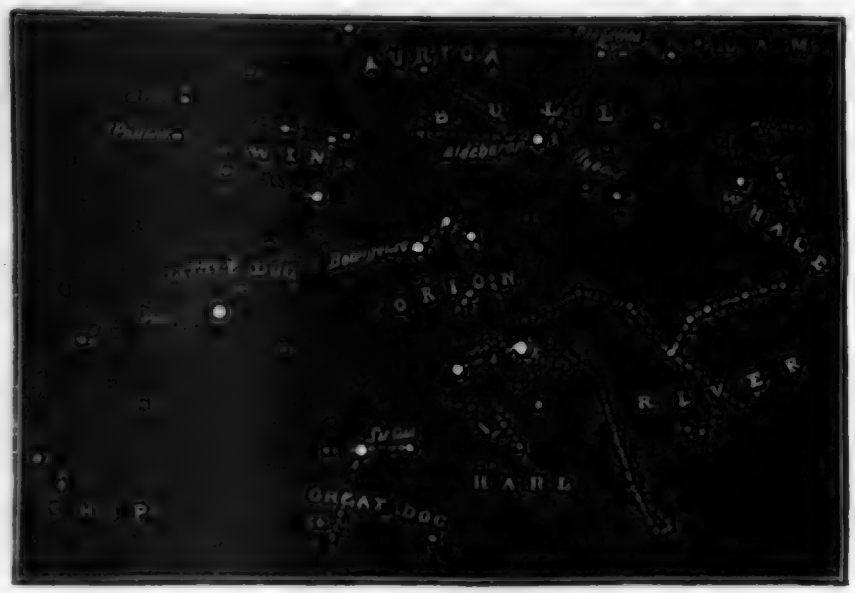


FIG. 27.—ORION AND THE NEIGHBORING CONSTELLATIONS.

Notwithstanding the proximity of our own moon, our knowledge of her is, perhaps, less attractive and more incomplete than of the other members of the solar system. The full moon, as seen through the telescope, is represented in Fig. 23. As the moon rotates on her axis in about the same time she occupies in a revolution round the earth, she presents the same face to us continually; consequently with one side of the moon we are totally unacquainted. The other side, with which we are familiar, has, however, been mapped with exceeding care. From a very interesting portion of her surface called the Lunar Apennines (Figs. 24 and 25), one may see that it is rough and rugged, rising into sharp, jagged mountain-peaks, and exhibiting huge craters, indicative of the most tremendous volcanic action. It has been also shown that there is an entire absence of water on the lunar exterior, which may, perhaps, account in some degree for its uneven and ragged appearance.

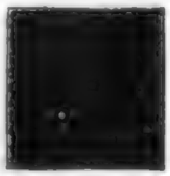
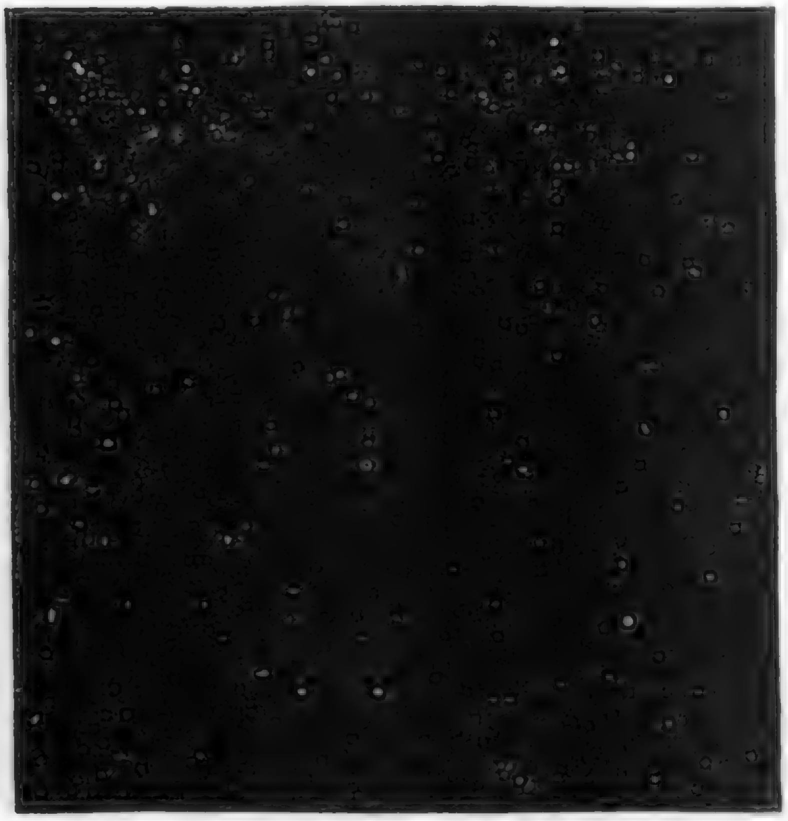


FIG. 26.—A PORTION OF THE CONSTELLATION GEMINI, AS SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE.



THE SAME REGION, AS SEEN THROUGH A LARGE TELESCOPE.

Physical astronomy gains immensely from revelations of faint objects which, without the telescope, we could not have brought within the limits of vision. But the former bounds of creation having been gradually extended for us by our discovery and use of telescopes of greater illuminating power and longer range, we cannot, even now, be said to have got beyond certain small limits; for millions of stars dimly suggest their outlines in space which are quite beyond the region revealed to us by the most powerful instrument. Though we have increased our range of vision sufficiently to perceive with greater advantage the members of our own solar system, we have also increased the 4,000 or 6,000 stars apparent to the naked eye to something like 20,000,000. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 26) of a region in the Constellation of Gemini, as viewed with the naked eye and with a powerful telescope, will suggest to the reader, more effectually than language can do, the effect of this wonderful space-penetrating power.

Interesting views of the nebula of Orion and of other nebulæ, as seen through the great telescopes of the world, are now given to us to examine. Orion's nebula is scarcely visible to the naked eye; but when a powerful telescope is used, it is by far the most glorious spectacle of its class in the Northern Hemisphere, and is probably only surpassed by that surrounding the variable star η Argus in the Southern (Figs. 27 and 28).

Some one has roughly calculated that, looking through the huge telescope of Lord Rosse, we should receive 120,000 times more light than from our eye unaided. If, owing to imperfections in reflection, etc., two-thirds of the light be lost, so that the eye receives

40,000 times more light than the vision unaided, then a star of the sixth magnitude, barely visible to the naked eye, would have 40,000 times more light, and might be removed to a point 200 times further from us than it now is, and yet be visible in the field of the telescope, just as it now presents itself to the unaided eye. Light comes to us from the stars at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, and some three and a half years are necessary for the light from the nearest star to reach us. We can undoubtedly behold stars from our earth so far distant that their light would be 60,000 years in reaching us, and while we look at the stars and their light, we do not see them as they are at the present moment, but as they were, perhaps, hundreds of years since. When the telescope assists us, the years become tens of thousands; the distances too great for the imagination to grasp; yet we are enabled to penetrate the wonderful abyss of space and see the laws of gravitation in action there, and calculate the orbit of one star about another.

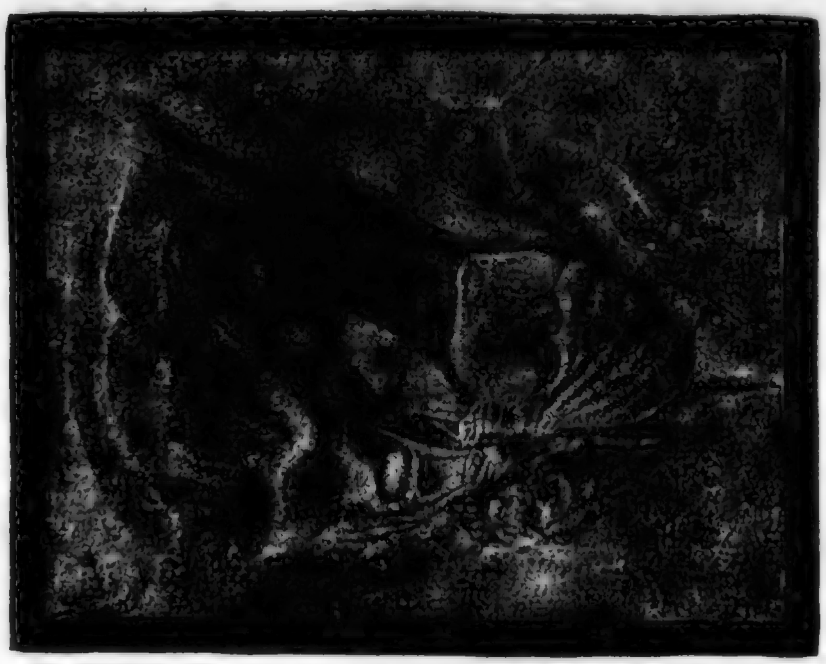


FIG. 28.—THE NEBULA OF ORION, REDUCED FROM LORD ROSSE'S DRAWING.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The latest venture in scientific literature is *The Swiss Cross*, which, its projectors announce, has been started to meet the known wants of a large class of persons deeply interested in the personal study of Nature. The existence of this class is proven by the Agassiz Association, which, made up of earnest workers of all ages united for the purpose of original investigation, has attained a membership of many thousands. For several years the association has found a kind patron in *St. Nicholas*. But the space which that magazine could devote to the association was so limited and the needs of the association have increased so much, that the establishment of a separate magazine became necessary. The first numbers have been issued, and promise to become very popular with the young naturalists whom it is intended to guide and instruct, and who are worthy of all encouragement in their effort to do something sensible in these days of frivolous occupations for the young. The editor is Professor H. H. Ballard.

According to an article in a late number of *The Amateur Photographer* the anthropologists have introduced into police practice in France a new method of identifying prisoners, which is proving very successful, and is based upon scientific precision. This consists in the exact measurement of the prisoner on his arrival at the jail. "His waist, the length and width of the head, the left middle finger, the left foot, the outstretched arms, the three other fingers of the left hand, the left arm from the elbow to the wrist, and the length and width of the ear, are measured, and the color of the eyes, and any peculiarities are noted down. A photograph is also immediately taken, and by these means the many mistakes which have been made by trusting to a photographer only are avoided. The fact that, since this mode has been in operation—two years ago—826 habitual criminals, passing under an assumed name, have been identified in France, shows that this method is superior to any other. Habitual criminals, particularly English pickpockets, are so convinced of the infallibility of the method, that they will on no account submit to it, and offer violent resistance whenever the attempt is made to measure them. In such cases we are assured that it is always sufficient to measure the inside of the hat and boots." The same method is used in Russia and Japan.

What is called the "hammer-blow" of a locomotive driving-wheel forms the subject of an article by an English writer in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*. What is alluded to cannot, strictly speaking, be called a blow—for, as the wheel does not leave the rail, the element of velocity is left out—but is simply a considerable additional pressure thrown upon the rail at each revolution by reason of the uncompensated vertical action of the counterweights, which are for the purpose of balancing the piston-action, the horizontal component of whose motion greatly exceeds the vertical component, while the action of the counterbalance weights is the same in both directions. The remedy he suggests is the enlargement of driving-wheels, which would diminish both the frequency and force of the blow; but he also suggests a plan for so arranging the springs of the locomotive by hanging them from bearings eccentrically mounted on the driving-shafts, as to slightly shift the weight from side to side at each revolution of the wheels to an extent as nearly as possible counteracting the "hammer-blow."

"Detective Cameras," as miniature photographic apparatuses are called, have been invented in many forms, intended to disguise their true purport. Some look like a small traveling-bag; others simulate a revolver, the dry plates in the cylinder revolving under the motion of a trigger; and other forms. The latest is inclosed in a watch-case, which opens in the ordinary manner by means of a spring. As the case opens, a miniature camera shoots out for a moment, shuts up again, and the thing is done—provided, of course it has been properly "aimed" at the face to be "taken." The sensitive plates to be used for this camera are miniature dry plates, several of which can be carried by the operator in a specially prepared locket to hang on the watch-chain. This invention is English, and is already in use by the London police.

Steel ties for railroad tracks are coming into use in Mexico, as they have long been used in India, as a matter of economy. The life of the steel tie may safely be set at from thirty to fifty years, whereas in Mexico white oak lasts only from five to six years. The expense of spikes is saved, also, and a large reduction in the repairing force of trackmen can be made. A better road-bed is required, however, than is usually to be found in the United States. In Mexico, on the Vera Cruz line, 1,850 per mile have been found to be a sufficient number. These cost in England about $1.25 each, and can be landed at Vera Cruz at $2 each. Wooden ties cost there from ninety cents to $1.62. With the present low price of cedar, chestnut and hackmatack ties in the wooded sections of this country, it will be many years before the steel tie will be adopted by our railroads. But in a place like Mexico, or India, or Central America, the use of the steel tie might be economical. Of course such experience as is detailed above is interesting and valuable, and its results will be watched with much interest by those of our railroad men whose lines run through sparsely wooded districts.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Some men are born great." Yes, but gracious! how some of them do shrink!

It is quite appropriate that the villain of the opera should always be the base man among the singers.

It is curious that when a dog chases his tail, his tail, which is certainly behind, should always keep a little ahead.

"By-the-way," exclaimed Smithers, "have you two fives for a ten?" "I have," responded Johnson. "Then lend me one of them."

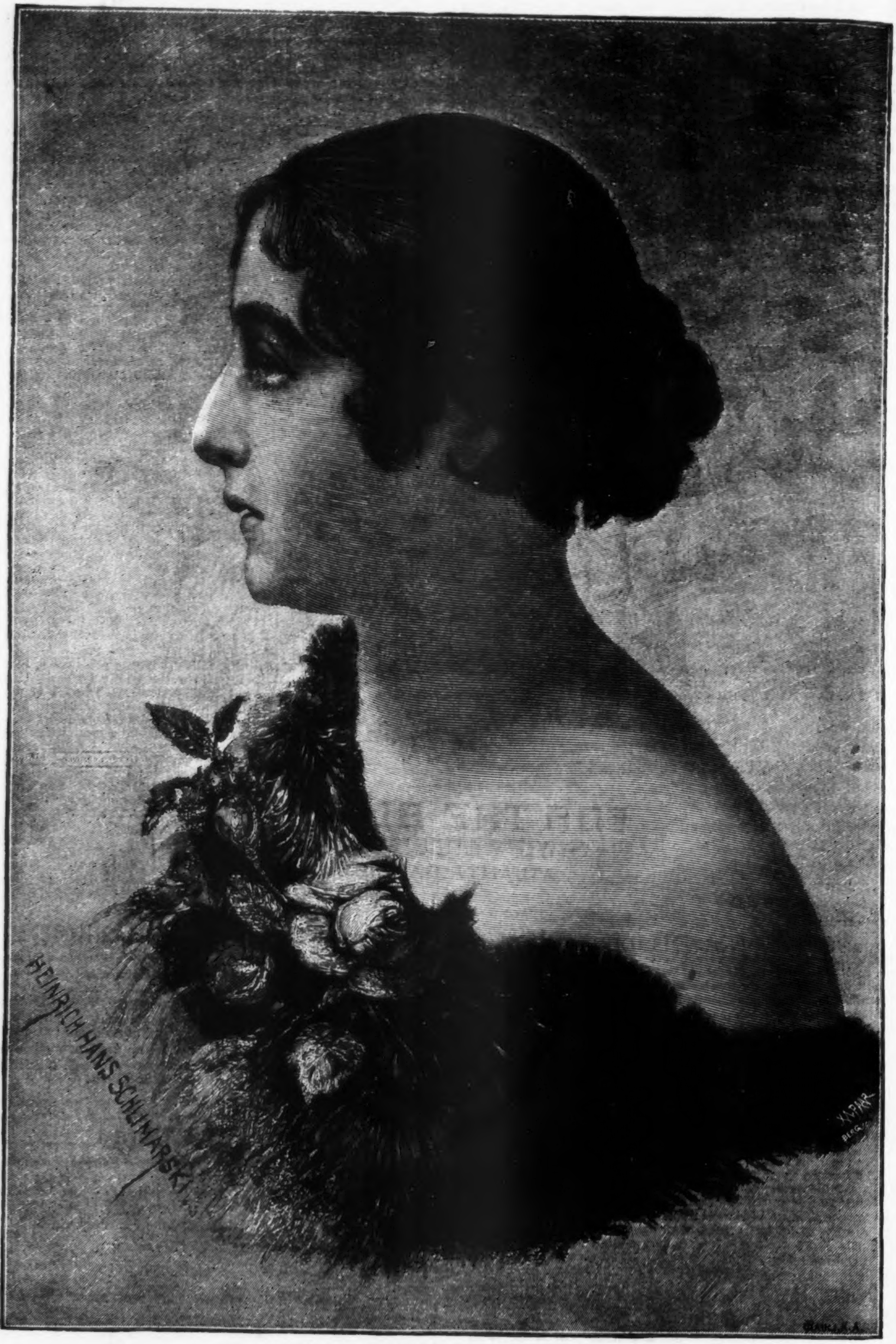
A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up to be a woman she often objects to having only one.

Brown says that the only objection he has to cremation is that people will not only have to earn their living, but will have to urn their dead.

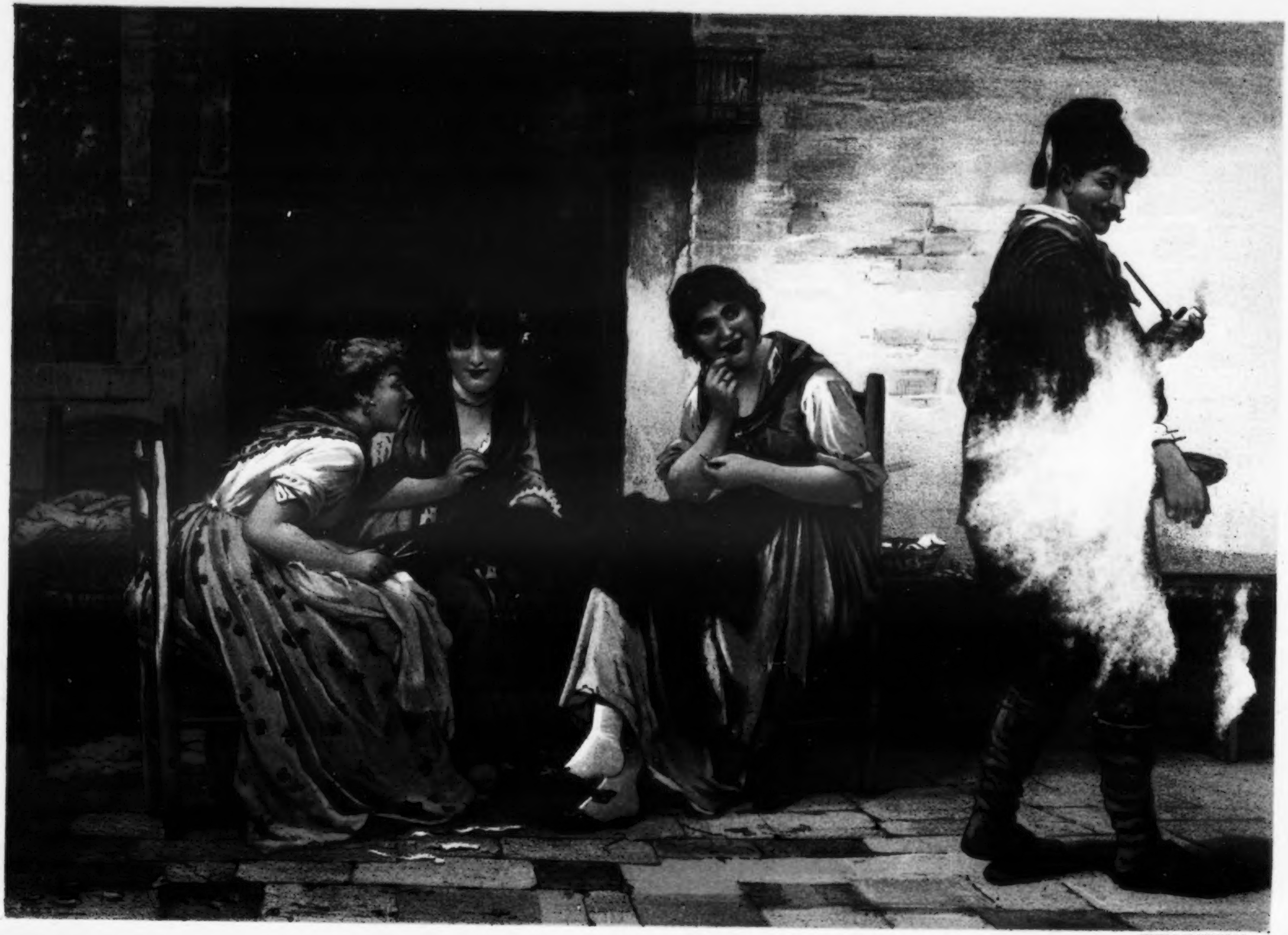
"May I aspire to your hand?" asked a dude of a witty belle, who instantly replied: "You may have the *refusal* of it, sir, for an indefinite period."

"See here, Tom, it looks as if you were trying to cultivate the Widow Balsted." "Well, Charlie, to tell the truth, I am trying to rid her of weeds."

"May I ride behind you?" asked a tramp of a gentleman who was passing him on horseback. "Yes; but not on the same horse," was the reply.


HEINRICH HANS SCHLIMARSKI

FAIR POLAND.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. SCHLIMARSKI.



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